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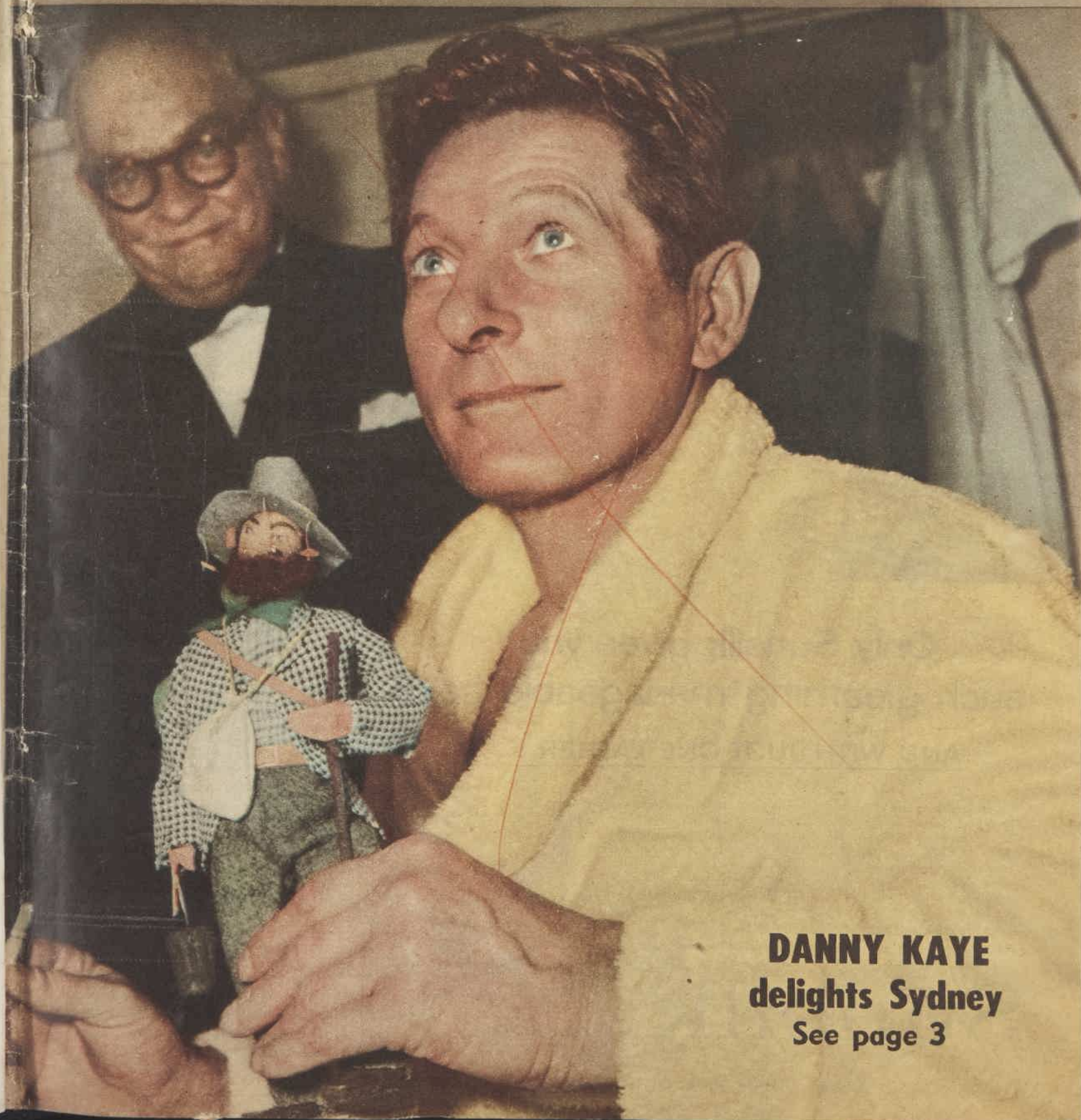
The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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DANNY KAYE
delights Sydney
See page 3

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JULY 1, 1959

Vol. 27, No. 4

Our cover

• Danny Kaye holds a "jolly swagman" doll backstage after his opening night at the Empire Theatre. The doll was a gift from Lady Tait, wife of Sir Frank Tait, managing director of J. C. Williamson Theatres Ltd., who is seen in the background. Our cover and the pictures on opposite page by staff photographer Ron Berg.

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• Teenagers' Weekly — 16-page pull-out.

The Weekly Round

• Princess Marina had enough money to spend on clothes for the first time since her girlhood when she prepared her trousseau for her marriage to the late Duke of Kent.

THIS picture of a once-impo-

verished Greek princess is revealed by Americans Richard Gehman and Vere Connaught, who have written the special feature "Widow Behind the Throne," which begins on page 11.

They say: "Instead of leaving all designs to the dress-makers, the Princess took a hand in the sketches for everything being made for her."

"Most of her clothes were made by Captain Edward Molyneux."

"Her hats, designed by Madame Suzy—in reality Arthur Payne, a retired Army officer—were copied not only in Europe but in the United States."

Richard Gehman and Vere Connaught tell an amusing story of Princess Marina's youth:

Once in London when the Duchess was discussing her childhood in Athens, a friend asked her what English publications the Greek Royal Family had read.

The Duchess said she remembered "The Times" more than any other.

"You don't mean to say you read 'The Times' as a little girl?" asked the friend.

"Oh, I didn't read it," the Duchess replied. "I was spanked with it."

RESULTS of our "Secretary Contest," for which we have received many amusing entries, will be announced in our next issue.

The best entries from a boss and a secretary describing the shortcomings of their secretary or boss will each be awarded £20.

Other entries published will win £2/2/- each.

NEXT WEEK

• "You and Your Food," a 16-page Family Doctor Cookbook, shows the way to better eating. The cookbook, sponsored by the British Medical Association, gives recipes for well-balanced, appetising family meals, each accompanied by a family doctor's comment.

DANNY... (First night) and Co.

● Aided by a top-line team, plus accompanist Sammy Prager, Danny Kaye took the starch out of the first-night audience at Sydney's Empire Theatre. Theatregoers shook with laughter during Danny's hour-and-a-half performance. They wouldn't have minded if he'd stayed on stage for a year.



DANNY

Donning goggles in his dressing-room, Kaye gave a hysterical laugh, said: "These will help me NOT to see the audience." Door of room bore a star sign.



The Juggler

Francis Brunn, aided by wife, Sascha, sent colored balls, hoops, glittering missiles whizzing through the air at jet speed, keeping up dance steps meantime.



The Dancers

"The Dunhills," who toured South Africa with Danny Kaye, donned boater hats, picked up canes, swung into 1920 routine, later into hectic 1959 style.



The Ventriloquist

Senor Wences has nose nipped by sharp-beaked chicken, Cecilia. Wences fascinated with a tiny character—his bewigged fist.

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK:

'Twixt Twelve and Twenty

Pat Boone talks to teenagers



● Within five weeks of publication in the U.S., Pat Boone's "Twixt Twelve and Twenty" was already on the best-seller lists.

Next week The Australian Women's Weekly publishes the first instalment of "Twixt Twelve and Twenty"—a folksy book in which the singer-film star discusses teenagers' problems.

At 24, Pat, married, with four daughters, is one of the most levelheaded young men in the American entertainment world.

In "Twixt Twelve and Twenty" he talks about:

- Personal and family relationships.
- Dates and going steady.
- Planning a future.
- Young marriage.

Don't miss the first instalment of "Twixt Twelve and Twenty" in The Australian Women's Weekly next week.

DRESSMAKING — MADE EASY

● Is dressmaking a burden to you because you have to fit a frock several times, twisting in front of the mirror?

You can avoid all this with a basic pattern fitted to your figure.

Lucille Rivers, noted American dressmaking expert, will teach you how to make a basic pattern in the first of her series of lectures in leading department stores during her six-State tour of Australia.

As well as bringing Miss Rivers to Australia, The Australian Women's Weekly will publish a 48-

page dressmaking supplement.

It consists of Miss Rivers' five lectures, and includes more than 140 easy-to-follow diagrams.

Her itinerary is:

BRISBANE: Finney Isles, July 27—August 1.

SYDNEY: David Jones, August 3—August 8.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, August 10—August 15.

HOBART: FitzGerald's, August 17—August 19.

ADELAIDE: Charles Birks, August 24—August 29.

PERTH: David Jones, August 31—September 2.

Times of the demonstrations and how and where to apply for tickets will be published later.

Miss Rivers will also appear on TV on Channel 9, TCN, Sydney, and Channel 7, HSV, Melbourne.



Lucille Rivers

Young violinist plays classics in nightclubs

By PATRICIA O'CONNELL, staff reporter

● Melbourne's 21-year-old Christopher Kimber, who has been described as the most promising young violinist in Australia, is playing his 300-year-old Armati violin in smoke-filled Sydney nightclubs.

HE has to do this, he says, because—while practising up to nine hours a day—it is the only way by which he can earn enough money to complete his studies overseas.

Christopher's favorite composers are Beethoven and Brahms, but the night-life audiences invariably request "The Hot Canary."

"I usually compromise, and play 'The Flight of the Bumble Bee.' If I don't get bravos and cheers I'm sacked," he says.

Christopher is the younger brother of 28-year-old Beryl Kimber, who has been studying under concert violinist David Oistrakh in Moscow for the past four months.

Beryl is expected home in Melbourne in a few weeks.

Since his first violin lessons at the age of five, Christopher has been following in his sister's footsteps.

He, too, wants to study in Moscow and the great music centres of Europe. But this would cost a lot of money. And how could a young violinist make lots of money and still have time to practise eight or nine hours a day?

Week's trial

Melbourne TV producer Mac Irvine provided the answer—a floor-show act in hotels or nightclubs.

Christopher said, "I went along to see an agent—a very hard-headed gentleman who wasn't a bit impressed or enthusiastic.

"Anyway, he signed me for a week's trial at a big hotel in Melbourne and said he'd hope for the best."

IN her letters from Moscow, Beryl Kimber mentions some of her difficulties with the Russian language:

When she ordered a piece of fruit she received a large cabbage instead.

In a hairdresser's she couldn't think of the word for "shampoo"—in the end she had to wash her own hair.

And in one letter she said to Chris: "You'd love it here, too—all the students at the Conservatorium would rather play chess than go to parties."

Christopher's ten-minute spots during the floor-show were a success—to the agent's surprise. A longer booking was arranged and his fee of £30 doubled.

Television appearances followed and since then Chris has played in all of Melbourne's leading hotels and at Surfers' Paradise.

Now he has a glossy brochure which lists his musical successes in competitions and on the concert platform.

Concentration

This helps to "sell" his performance to the nightclub and hotel managers who may doubt that "the classics" will be a hit with the customers.

During his first night-spot appearance, high-stepping, scantily clad ballet girls waltzed round the floor while he played Fritz Kreisler's "Caprice Viennois." I asked whether he thought then of concert halls hushed with eager music-lovers.

"No," he said with a grin, "I just concentrated on the music."

In 1955, when violinist Max Rostal described him as the country's most promising young violinist, Christopher won a £1200 radio prize and a scholarship at London's Guildhall School of Music for three years.

He studied under Rostal at the Guildhall—also travelling to Salzburg in Austria for



CHRISTOPHER KIMBER, who plays classical music to nightclub and hotel audiences—on a 300-year-old Armati violin valued at £300.

the master's three-week summer courses there—and carried off the Guildhall's principal scholarship two years running.

He lived just out of London with family friends who didn't mind his practising at least six hours every day.

However, when his funds ran out towards the end of last year he returned home to his family in Melbourne.

"I enjoy playing most of all at home with the family—Dad, an accountant, is a spare-time cellist, Mother plays the piano, and so does my doctor-brother."

These surroundings are a long way removed from the glare of a nightclub spotlight, but Chris enjoys making music there, too.

"It's a challenge," he says. "If I can get classical music over to the audience I've really done something, but it certainly is hard work."

I asked Christopher if he wore a special costume for his act.

He laughed. "If you mean do I climb into a gypsy costume—well, I don't."

Music is first

"I play fairly well-known classical music... of course, it has to be spectacular and have a well-known melody to go over."

"But I'm not going to get too wrapped up in money-making—you can't do that and be a good musician, too. As soon as I've saved enough I'll go overseas again."

There is just one popular song I think Christopher Kimber should add to his nightclub repertoire. It's called "I Know Where I'm Going."

Because if anyone knows where he's going, this lanky 21-year-old does.



BERYL KIMBER, Christopher's sister, shows their mother, Mrs. T. W. Kimber, some of the souvenirs she brought back from the Tchaikovsky International Competitions in Moscow last year. Beryl returned to Russia to study under concert violinist David Oistrakh.

Skis? Kite?

... Helicopter?

... Yes!

By: MARJORIE STAPLETON, staff reporter

This frail-looking home-made craft is all of these things. But its builder, 26-year-old Jon Emmerson, calls it a ski-copter.

WELL, it certainly flies. And, though it has no engine, and must be towed by a speedboat, it skims over the water like the fastest water skis.

Jon Emmerson successfully tested his spectacular red-and-white craft on the timber-banked Yeronga Reach of the Brisbane River.

The watching crowd cheered as he soared above their heads in the wake of the speedboat, his 'copter blades thrashing higher at every turn until he was up 50 feet and the tow-rope would allow him no higher.

Then he altered the pitch of the hand-made blades from "climb" to "straight-and-level."

Eventually, satisfied with his first water test, Jon feathered the prop and came down smoothly to skim along on the three-ski base.

Word to fiancée

One of his first actions after this flight was to send a telegram to his fiancée, Marion Liddle, a Chinchilla girl who is nursing at Charleville. They intend to marry soon.

Jon, the only son of Mr.

and Mrs. Norman Emmerson, has a share in his father's sawmill business at Chinchilla, 200 miles west of Brisbane.

He claims that his craft is the first of its kind in Australia.

No licence is required to fly it, because the tow-rope is not released at any stage.

Cheaper flying

A member of the Helicopter Association of Australia, Jon says his object in designing the craft was to promote rotary wing flying.

"It is cheaper than powered flying," he said.

Jon took three months to build his prototype model and had already tested it on land before he flew over the Brisbane River.

For the land tests wheels were fitted to the skis, and the craft towed behind a truck on an airstrip.

There were a few nervous moments when Jon brought the machine to Brisbane, removed the wheels, and prepared for the first water test.

Would the wind be strong enough? Would the speedboat be fast enough? Would he ever become airborne? Sceptics said he wouldn't.

President of the Yeronga Water Ski Club, Tom Lissimore, and friends Ron Keith and Gordon Yates believed that he would.

They started the speedboat 'Tom Thumb' while Jon spun the 20ft. rotor blade by hand.

Lifted easily

They began to move downriver. And as the speed increased to 25 m.p.h. the rotor blade lifted the machine easily to the maximum height allowed by the rope.

A longer tow-rope will, of course, allow the ski-copter to go higher.

Jon intends to patent some parts of his craft and make up kits to sell for £150 each.

"The kits will be flight-tested before sale," he said. "I can also sell assembled models for £280 — in fact, I've already sent one to Ingham Aero Club.

"I'll have to get a licence to manufacture my control system, which is a 45-degree cyclic azimuth control, or redesign it so that no licence is necessary.

"The craft weighs 160lb."

The Yeronga Water Ski Club is so impressed with the idea that Tom Lissimore says he's going to use Jon's control

system, rotor head, and blade idea, and fit a lightweight boat with outriggers instead of ski undercarriage.

"Jon's idea opens up a whole new field of thrills for a water ski club," said Tom.

U-boat idea

Jon has held a flying licence, but let it lapse after logging 60 hours in powered aircraft at Darling Downs Aero Club, Toowoomba.

"I got the idea for the Emmerson Ski-Copter from a magazine story about the Germans having towed a similar craft behind U-boats during the war. The pilot of the 'cop-

ter could get to a good height and act as a spotter.

"Then I wrote to a helicopter engineer named Igor Bensen in Florida Gardens, U.S.A., who flies a similar craft up and down the Everglades.

"He didn't mind helping me, and my control system is nearly a replica of his, but my airframe is original."

Jon Emmerson is a cousin of tennis player Roy, although their surnames are spelt differently.

"My grandfather put two 'ms' in our name, but Roy's grandfather decided that one was enough," Jon said.



● With Jon Emmerson in the chair, the ski-copter rises fast behind the speedboat. Picture shows the three tilted skis which help the rotor to lift the craft.



● At 25 m.p.h. Jon alters his control-system to "climb." At right, Jon examines the rotor blade of his steel, timber, and fibreglass invention.





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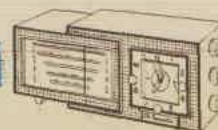
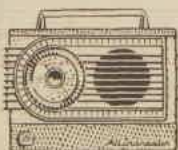
* 62 gns. (slightly higher in some areas.)



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Exotic new toast of the Orient

Your health in 'Aphrodite' and 'Apollo's Delight'

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

HAVE you ever sampled "King of Happiness" whisky or "Secret of Life" gin?

Unless you're a teetotaler, you probably have, for these two brands — under other names — are among the best-known on the Australian market.

Senta Taft, of Melbourne, who is now touring the East on a one-woman trade promotion trip, dreamed up the

exotic new names to appeal to Asian clients.

For, according to Senta, they like buying brands dealing with "long life, strange power, and fertility."

The manufacturers fell in with her ideas and changed the labels on their bottles from the conservative Australian style.

They also emblazoned them with ochre, red and gold, with Chinese characters, and with a drawing of an Oriental

temple of an anonymous character, which could not offend Malay, Thai, Filipino, or Chinese buyers.

Just before Senta left on her trip she called in at our office, presenting her visiting card — an elegant wood fibre slip nicely Paris perfumed.

"Women clients get the perfumed cards," said Senta. "Men don't."

She sat down in a chair, opened a briefcase packed with information, and told how she would plug Australian biscuits, greeting cards, light fittings, and wines while on her travels, which take in Singapore, Malaya, the Philippines, Thailand, and Hongkong.

"The wines have had their names changed, too," said Senta. "They were altered to 'Apollo's Delight' and 'Aphrodite' — translated into Chinese, of course."

Pint-sized Senta, who is only five feet and half an inch tall, believes in "going Oriental" when in the East.

"We're after the Eastern market, not the European," she explained.

She'd like to speak Chinese

"So I dress Chinese, I wear cheongsams — those high-collared, sheath dresses with slit sides. Only I don't wear those deep slits from hem to hip. I've modified those."

"When I was in Malaya earlier this year, Miss Chan, an authoress I interviewed, gave me six cheongsams."

"The ones for daytime are very simple, and the ones for evening are really glamorous, all dragons, and glitter, and sequins."

"And, of course, I wear Chinese sandals," said Senta.



SENTA TAFT, of Melbourne, displays the colorful labels which she has talked Australian whisky and gin manufacturers into putting on bottles for sale in the East. These replace the conservative labels used locally.

IN THE EAST, Senta Taft dresses in the Chinese cheongsam with conservative slits at the sides.



"I become really Chinese, you know, though I can't really speak the language. I only know a few phrases."

"What are they? Well, 'yum yum' means drink, for instance; 'yum sim' means 'bottoms up.'"

"And I've got a phrase book which I'll be using all the time."

"After all, I'm aiming to sell Australian products to Asians."

"Everywhere I go, I'm arranging window displays of our wares, and I'll be there

— with the help of an interpreter — to tell future customers all about them."

"I feel you must create affinity with customers, so I'll eat all the local foods."

"Before I left Melbourne I practised using chopsticks; I used to drop ice cubes into water and try to lift them out with chopsticks. I think I'm improving."

"In Malaya I've even eaten sharkfin soup. I don't really like it, but again I feel you must show courtesy."

"Sometimes I've even pre-

tended to belch after a good meal in the East. It's a custom to do it, so I have to as well."

German-born Senta has travelled much during her life.

She's lived in Kenya, done social welfare work in North Rhodesia, and been a tourist guide in Israel.

A variety of talents

In Australia she's been an air hostess and she also did public relations work helping to entertain visitors during the Melbourne Olympic Games.

Senta, who speaks fluent German, French, and Hebrew, took along camera and tape recorder on her last trip to the East, and interviewed hundreds of people.

Publicising Australian goods, she stressed, isn't a one-way mission.

In return, she hopes to introduce Eastern goods to this country.

And she is convinced that a woman can conduct a single-handed trade mission successfully.

For, she said, "A woman is like a mosquito. Where trade is concerned she certainly gets into people's blood."

"A man will talk business for part of the day, then it's over. But I can talk business all the time."

"Women of the East are amazed to find a European doing this work. They ask me questions and I tell them. I go into their homes and I talk. And trade is what I really like."

Awe-inspiring granny

● A human picture of Queen Victoria was painted by her grand-daughter, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, in Queensland recently. She recalled vivid personal memories of her childhood with her illustrious grandmother in a speech to members of the Royal Historical Society at the Pioneer Luncheon.

"I HAVE the great good fortune to have known Queen Victoria well, as I was 18 at the time of her death and my girlhood was spent close to her," said Princess Alice.

"She was most awe-inspiring to us children, though she was also very kind and used to give us £1 on every birthday."

"We were always careful to be on our best behaviour when Grandmother was about. If we became too noisy she would tell us to make off."

"Though she was small in stature, there was a majesty and dignity about her which was felt even by foreign potentates."

"And how interested she was in every individual person, whether or not in that person's own estimation he was important or insignificant."

"I remember Queen Victoria presenting the Victoria Cross to a group of men who had merited the honor."

"As each man waited his turn to have the Cross placed upon his chest he was white with fright."

"The Queen commanded the men to remain kneeling. Then she reached for a pair of fieldglasses and walked up

and down beside the men, peering closely into each face through the binoculars.

"The ordeal was terrific for the men, who were already nervous beyond description. But my grandmother was determined to have a good look at men who had been valiant enough to win the Victoria Cross."

"Queen Victoria was a great one for outdoor life. She always breakfasted outdoors on an open patio, even if it was frosty or pouring with rain."

"In the days when she gave her name to the State of Queensland—100 years ago—she was an indefatigable driver of horses."

"And I'm quite sure that had there been aeroplanes at that time she'd have flown to Australia and driven or ridden through the countryside to see it for herself."

"Many people have the impression that Queen Victoria was a dour old lady, but she was actually a great practical joker. I often heard her roar with laughter at her jokes."

"She loved the theatre and opera, and had performances brought to Windsor Castle so that she could meet the giants of theatre and opera who typified her era."

"She also adored meeting the political giants of her reign, and such people as Florence Nightingale, to whom she gave every support."

"Even when she was very old her spirit remained young."

"I remember on her 80th birthday she had a party, and the Earl of Cambridge remarked, 'The trouble with us, Your Majesty, is anno Domini.'"

"Speak for yourself," Queen Victoria said sharply."



● Princess Alice.



● Queen Victoria.

DOLL COLLECTION



CLOSE-UP of a doll from Italy shows her elegant period gown (see opposite).



PEG-SIZED dolls were made here. "I bought them because they amused me," said Mrs. Biddulph.



CLOWN DOLL, bought in Australia and photographed on a telephone, is typical of clowns all over the world, with his big floppy shoes and sad-glad face. Pictures are by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



CHINESE dancers (left) were sent from Singapore by Mrs. Biddulph's son.

FROM ATHENS, a Grecian doll (above) wearing colorful, traditional dress.



A world in miniature

DOLLS, DOLLS, DOLLS. Mrs. A. R. Biddulph, of Northbridge, N.S.W., shows part of her collection, some of which she bought overseas and in Australia, and others that she made and dressed herself. Most dolls are typical of the countries they come from, but others represent famous personalities like Marilyn Monroe.

COLLECTING dolls is a fascinating hobby, according to Mrs. A. R. Biddulph, of Northbridge, N.S.W. "It began two years ago when I went overseas for a short trip," she explained. "I wanted unusual souvenirs, and decided on dolls." Now she has more than 100, and her son has added to the collection by sending gifts from various countries in the East. Mrs. Biddulph has also made some dolls: "I bought Queen Victoria in London, but when I came home I made the other members of the Royal Family to go with her."

Mrs. Biddulph wouldn't try to estimate how long it takes her to make a doll. "I lose my patience," she said, "and I get so cross when it doesn't go right that I toss it aside till I feel better. But they're so fiddly that it's never smooth-running."

The dolls she makes are 9in. high to match the bought ones.



BEWARE

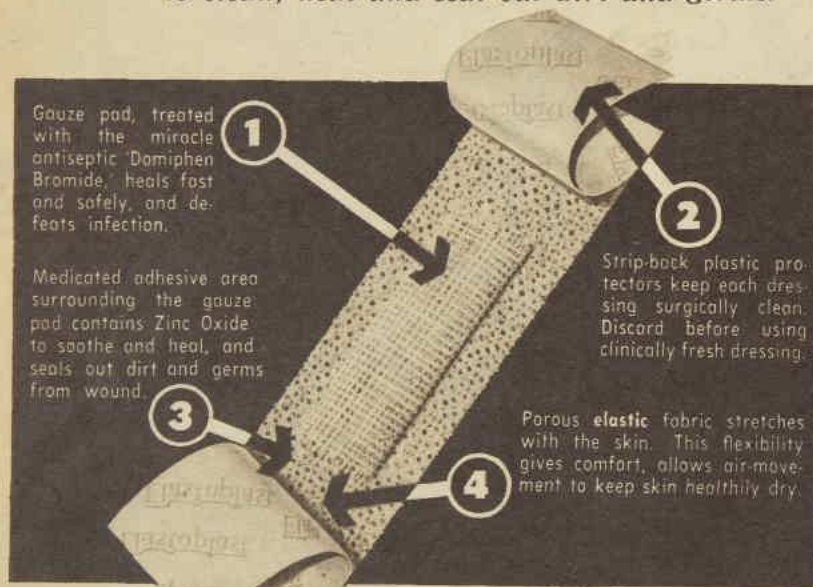
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FATHER



"He's been sitting that way since this morning when he suddenly realised he was fifty."

MOTHER



"But what's a tablecloth FOR if you can't spill food on it?"

It seems to me

MELBOURNE can take that smug My-Fair-Lady look off its face. Sydney, having Danny Kaye first, is for the time being one up on the premiere city.

Danny's was a wonderful first night. His delighted audience had only one complaint. No curtain speech.

To want a speech from Danny after his hour and 50 minutes on stage was a bit greedy, but you get accustomed to the usual ritual—the curtain going up and down like a yo-yo, the star bowing likewise.

But when you think about it, one of the main functions of the curtain speech is to reveal the real-life personality of the actor in contrast with his stage role.

With Danny there is no need for that. His stage personality is simply an extension, a heightening and sharpening, of his brilliant, everyday self.

The Press party given soon after Danny arrived in Sydney was one of the best ever.

Unflurried and unruffled, he turned from one questioner to another, answering gravely, cheerfully, or frivolously, as the question demanded.

"But isn't he NICE," said the women in ecstatic voices.

Middle-aged men, I shouldn't be surprised, rushed home and swallowed a couple of spoonfuls of honey. Danny eats a good deal of honey, and it happens that he is extraordinarily young-looking for 46—slim, with a clear, unlined complexion and enough hair.

WHEN the B.B.C. televised production of "David Copperfield" was running I never went out on Sunday nights.

"Nicholas Nickleby" is currently having the same effect on Friday nights.

Raving away on the phone the other day I remarked that I was so glad that Dotheboys Hall was disposed of in the first two episodes.

"I always hated that part," I rambled on, "though it's what most people remember about 'Nickleby.' Of course it's not as good as some of the others, so melodramatic, but then there are some lovely characters, Mr. Crummles and Mr. Mantalini. Don't you love Mr. Mantalini when . . ."

"You seem to have forgotten," said my listener coldly, "that you might as well be talking Beatnik talk to me."

One does forget. Not everyone digs Dickens.

NOTHING new under the sun department:

Remember that earliest of the shaggy-dog jokes—the one about the man who rubbed the salad dressing in his hair? When his dinner partner remonstrated, he said, "I'm frightfully sorry—I thought it was mustard and cress."

Well, a recent edition of the "San Francisco Chronicle" carries an interview with Gayelord Hauser, who advises: "Rub mayonnaise on your face for a healthy skin."

"But," he adds, "leave out the salt and pepper."

By



"WOULDN'T it be marvellous," said a woman at a party I went to the other night, "to win the big lottery. The things I'd throw out!"

"You mean the things you'd buy, don't you?" her husband, a prosperous accountant, asked irritably.

"No," I explained. "She means the things she'd throw out. I understand perfectly. I've got a floor covering like that."

"You mean," persisted the pedantic fellow, "that you want to buy a new carpet?"

"What I mean and what your wife means," I said, "is this: It isn't absolutely beyond my resources to buy a new floor covering, though it would cost a lot. But I look at the old one. It's ugly, but there's a lot of wear in it. A proper cleaning would do it good. And if I did buy a new one, would they allow a trade-in? Should I try to sell the old one?"

"If I won £25,000 I would simply ring up someone— whoever does these things—and say, 'Come and take away this frightful carpet.' And then if I couldn't make up my mind what new kind to buy I'd just move into the Australia Hotel for a couple of days and think it over."

"Exactly," said the accountant's wife. "I'd throw out thousands of things. There are two cups without handles . . ."

"My dear!" said the accountant, shocked.

"Oh, don't be silly," I said crossly. "I've got two cups without handles, too, and a battered saucepan. Of course you would buy her two new cups. Of course I could buy two. But we're cautious . . . We keep thinking, supposing we get sick or misfortune strikes us and we NEED those cups without handles or that saucepan. But if we won the lottery we could just throw them out and think nothing of it."

"Women!" said the accountant morosely, and went back to his drink. There are some things men do not understand.

A CORRESPONDENT in Hobart sends a cutting from an American magazine advertising a ten-week culture course which promises that after 40 lessons—"You can follow or join in any cultured conversation."

I once knew a damsel called Doris,
A girl lacking culture, but shrewd,
She didn't know Heyer from Horace,
But her pals all thought she was clued.
It was simple. When someone would mention

A concert, a book, or a play,
And they'd chat of the author's intention
And earnestly each have their say,
She'd assume a look of conviction
(It's a gambit on which you can bank)
And would say, in impeccable diction,
"Oh, that! I consider it stank."

"Widow behind the throne"

● Influential Marina, Duchess of Kent, has emerged as one of the Queen's most trusted and valued advisers, say two American writers. In this article the writers, Richard Gehman and Vere Connaught, cast new light on the career of the Duchess who was once an impoverished, though lovely, exile.

● In the purple and ermine shadows surrounding the throne of England three women—two widows and a young spinster—currently are engaged in what observers consider a purely feminine struggle for power, influence, and position.

The spinster is the wilful, headstrong Princess Margaret.

The first widow is the retiring yet strong-willed Queen Mother Elizabeth, who continues to exercise an element of control over her daughters and whose voice commands considerable respect.

The second widow, least known of the three, is the beautiful and highly intelligent Marina, Duchess of Kent, blood cousin of Prince Philip and aunt of the Queen.

The courtiers call her now "the widow behind the throne."



EXCEPT when she is despatched by the Queen on a goodwill visit, such as the one to South America last March, when crowds hailed her everywhere she went, or when her elder son, Prince Edward, finds himself in some sort of scrape, the reserved yet democratic Marina seldom gets into the headlines.

This is odd, for she is the most interesting, fascinating woman at the court. Certainly she has had the most remarkable life.

She was exiled twice from Greece, reduced to shopping for groceries in the streets with a basket on her arm; later, after living out a Cinderella story that put her into an extraordinarily happy marriage, she was widowed suddenly. There are still, in the small lines around her mouth and eyes, traces of hardship and tragedy.

Nevertheless, at fifty-two Marina of Kent remains exceptionally attractive.

She has made herself into one of the best-dressed women in the world on a budget that once was severely limited.

Her appearance is regal; she has brown, natural wavy hair; brown, yellow-flecked eyes; and a high forehead curving down into a delicate nose.

Plenty of suitors

Her mouth is firm but sensitive. Her carriage is so free and graceful that few people realise she was born with her right leg shorter than her left.

Because of her combination of looks, vivacity, wit, and talent, she has never lacked suitors and she does not today.

Though it has been denied

officially, the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VIII, still later Duke of Windsor, once was attracted to her. Marina gave herself instead to the Duke of Kent, Windsor's brother, in a contracted union that developed into a genuinely tender relationship.

Her violent grief at the Duke of Kent's death in 1942 shocked staid court circles, and for a time she was out of royal favor.

A likely husband

Then Prince Philip, her favorite cousin, came to London, and it was Marina who brought him to the court's attention as a likely husband for Princess Elizabeth.

Since that marriage she has been, with Philip's support, more influential; and today in many areas she all but eclipses the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret.

Reasons include that the Queen Mother has been more and more obliged to remain in the background in recent years. She counsels the Queen, but the Queen is gradually being won over to the vigorously democratic ideas of her young, dynamic husband.

Princess Margaret, embittered over the Royal Family's refusal to permit her to marry a commoner, has been rebelling when she can in whatever ways she can: perhaps by appearing deliberately late for public appearances (or so early as to throw committees into turmoil), or by not appearing at all.

She has chosen to demonstrate that she is an independent spirit who will take dictation, but not gracefully.

The Queen, who is at heart too conservative to trust her relatively radical husband wholly, relies more and more upon the Duchess of Kent. This is paradoxical, for it was due almost entirely to the Duchess of Kent's efforts that Elizabeth married Philip.

Today the Duchess is as trusted an adviser as the Queen has. She is invited several times each month to the palace for informal, private dinners. It is known that several of her friends' names have appeared on the Queen's honors list primarily because of her urging. She has been asked more and more often to undertake long State visits.

Her daughter, Princess Alexandra, has been the recipient of several marks of royal favor—later this year Alexandra will venture a visit to Australia, not only with the approval

of but at the insistence of the Queen.

"When lesser members of the court want to know in exactly what direction Elizabeth's thoughts may go," says one nobleman, "they try to draw the information from Marina."

And he adds, "But they seldom get far. She is discretion itself."

Marina's position is now so secure that she is in effect the only lady at court who can speak her mind without fear of falling out of favor.

Last year the Queen and some of

BEAUTIFUL Marina, Duchess of Kent, whom courtiers call "The widow behind the throne."

the traditions of the throne came under heavy attack, on the one hand by Lord Altrincham, on the other by journalist Malcolm Muggeridge. Their theme was that the throne was out of touch with the people.

Continued overleaf

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Courtiers are talking about the...

'Widow behind the throne'

Continued
from page 11

Princess Alexandra was shocked. "Have you read what Mr. Muggeridge is saying, Mummy?"

"I've read every word," said Marina, "and I believe there is a good deal to what he has to say."

Some time later she discussed her ideas with the Queen. Since then there is a feeling that the Queen's public addresses have been couched in less formal phrases.

The most dramatic demonstration of Marina's influence was given during the romance of Princess Margaret and Group-Captain Peter Townsend.

The Queen had been undecided about granting permission for her sister to marry the divorced commoner.

The Queen Mother, interested principally in her daughter's personal happiness, was inclined to let the girl have her way.

Prince Philip was emphatic in his disapproval. Apart from his desire to spare his wife the kind of behind-the-scenes turmoil that went on when King Edward decided to abdicate for Wallis Simpson, he did not like Townsend personally.

The conclaves went on for days. Marina, asked by the Queen for her opinion, sided with Philip. It was her dissenting vote that brought the romance to an end.

Marina also played a significant part in the discussions which led to the decision to send Prince Charles, heir to the throne, to public school.

The Queen, conscious of

tradition and duty, had been in a quandary as to how the boy should be educated.

On one hand were her conservative advisers, who insisted that he be tutored privately. On the other was Philip, who wished his son to learn to know the people. Marina again sided with Philip, and Prince Charles went off to Cheam, a public school.

It was Marina's manoeuvrings that partially caused, then wholly quieted, the greatest court scandal since the abdication.

In the summer of 1956 she noticed that Philip was beginning to chafe in his position as husband—powerless husband—of the Queen.

He had been married nearly nine years, and most of that time had been the only male in the Royal Family—a male without an official say in official matters.

She suggested that it might do him a world of good to go off on a tour; he agreed, and decided to go to Australia, where he opened the Olympic Games, and then visited several islands.

"Stag" parties

Philip was away seven months. He did not return for his wedding anniversary and he was not back for Christmas.

American reporters began to wonder aloud if something was wrong between the Prince and the Queen.

It was known that for some years Philip had been a member of a lively group of stags known as the "Thursday Club," and had attended several spirited parties in the flat of the club's organiser.

Reports began to appear on



● 1939. The Duchess of Kent, then aged 33.

the front pages of the world's newspapers.

At the same time, Lieutenant-Commander Mike Parker, Philip's closest friend, was being divorced by his wife in a case that also made headlines. The mere fact that he and Philip were so close made for scandal.

The Queen was disturbed. Even the British Press was asking if there was trouble in Buckingham Palace.

Then Marina took over. First she faced the Queen's horrified advisers. "Of course Philip has male friends," she said. "He is a high-spirited young man. What harm is there in his going to an occasional party?" She defended her nephew vigorously until the critics were content to admit that she was correct.

Marina then advised the Queen to meet Philip in Portugal on his way home. That, she pointed out, would silence all rumors. Since then there has not been a ripple of suspicion of trouble between Philip and the Queen.

Marina exercises powerful personal pressures as well. It was she who suggested to Princess Margaret that she cut her hair in a short, feathery coiffure. She frequently advises Elizabeth on sketches for clothes and helps her select fabrics.

She herself wears little jewellery—seldom more than a few strands of pearls or a pair of diamond earrings. Her wedding ring is a plain, inscribed gold band.

Because her taste is faultless, other women at the court hold a grudging admiration for the Duchess, but many of them show plainly that they are nettled by the power she possesses.

At a party given by the Queen last year one dowager duchess was heard to complain testily, "Marina is very nearly the only woman in England Her Majesty will listen to."

That is an exaggeration, of course, but the fact remains that the Queen relies more and more upon her aunt.

The Queen has seen to it, for these reasons and for others, that Marina is no longer pressed for money, as she was shortly after her husband's death, and that she has been given a luxurious apartment in Kensington Palace.

The thirteen-room suite at

Kensington is an expensive, feminine suite—but it is comfortable, which is more than can be said for many of the dwellings inhabited by the Duchess' relatives.

For one thing, it is heated throughout, as almost none of the others are.

Marina believes in traditions, yet most of her ideas are tradition-breaking. Her principles are at bottom democratic, but she believes that Britain benefits from its ancient monarchy.

When the Duchess entertains, guests arrive promptly, for she insists on punctuality. Dinner is at eight fifteen. In greeting her the men bow low over her hand; the women drop curtsies. Everyone calls her "Your Royal Highness" and "Ma'am" throughout the evening.

Marina, whose upbringing was strict and traditional, notices any small slip in protocol, and has dropped more than one acquaintance for some breach which she considered undue familiarity.

Her circle of acquaintances and friends contains more non-titled persons than that of any other member of the Royal Family.

Not a snob

Unlike Princess Margaret, whose taste for night life occasionally brings forth a gentle rebuke from her mother or her sister, Marina does not thirst constantly for companionship.

"She is content to spend an evening by herself," says a friend, "washing her hair, going through her clothes, listening to the radio or the phonograph, or watching television." Sometimes she will settle down with a crossword puzzle.

The Duchess is far from being a snob. She is the most down-to-earth member of the Royal Family.

The experiences she has endured also have given her a wisdom and a tough-minded maturity—and it is that on which the Queen instinctively relies.

"More than any other person," the Duchess once said to an acquaintance, "my grandfather influenced my early life." She was referring to George I of Greece, who first sat the throne in 1863.

Actually George I was not



● 1957. The Duchess of Kent kisses Queen Elizabeth on the cheek in a greeting at Wimbledon.

• **The wise and experienced Duchess of Kent has solved many problems within the Royal Family. Her own girlhood was marked by family tragedies and hardship.**

a Greek at all. He was the younger brother of Queen Alexandra of the House of Glücksburg, which had ties with the British Royal Family, and he married Olga, a Russian imperial princess.

They had three sons — Prince Constantine, Prince Nicholas, and Prince Andrew. The latter, the youngest, was the father of Prince Philip, now Duke of Edinburgh.

Prince Nicholas, the middle son, had three daughters — Olga, subsequently married to Prince Paul of Yugoslavia; Elizabeth, who wed Count Teering of Bavaria; and the youngest, Marina, born on December 13, 1906.

George I had been King of Greece for forty-odd years when Marina was born. He was a tall, commanding man with huge moustaches; a brave, dynamic, fiercely independent personality. Also, he was a firm believer in democracy and in keeping in close touch with his subjects.

Many of the democratic principles now shared by Prince Philip and Marina are the result of his convictions.

The Greek Royal Family, put on the Throne principally because of the intervention of Great Britain, always had kept close ties with the British Royal Family.

In 1910, when Marina was four and broke her leg, she was sent to Britain for treatment and recuperation. There she was presented to the Royal Family—and there she met her future husband, Prince George, who was eight.

The two took little notice of each other, but Marina formed an affection for England.

Almost constant political turmoil in Greece meant tragic years for that country's Royal Family. Marina's grandfather, the King, was assassinated in 1913. The next year the Great War broke out, and the new King Constantine (a brother-in-law of Kaiser Wilhelm) was deposed in 1917 after a troubled reign.

Marina, like many other members of her family, was exiled.

They were ostracised because of their supposedly pro-German sympathies by all the

British and French people they encountered.

In exile Marina began to paint. The hobby has held her interest throughout the years.

She has done portraits of Princess Margaret and the Queen, and in her house at Coppins hangs one of her favorite works, which she calls "Portrait of a Young Man."

The model for this picture was Count Alexander Poklewski-Kozel, son of the Baroness de Stoeckl, one of Marina's closest and oldest friends.

An old friend

The Count has been one of Marina's most frequent escorts for many years, and on various occasions the British Press has wondered if they might marry.

It was not until 1920 that the first exile ended.

Marina was just fourteen when the members of the restored monarch's family rode proudly and happily through the lines of cheering crowds that welcomed them home.

She had lost all trace of mischievous tomboyishness, and her slender figure was filling out.

Already she was being called the most beautiful princess in Europe.

In June of 1922, perhaps because the Royal Family had a premonition of more trouble in Athens, Marina and her sisters went with their mother to Paris.

But soon rebellion broke out in Greece. King Constantine was driven into exile and died.

Prince Nicholas, Marina's father, escaped the revolutionaries and managed to reach Paris.

The Prince decided to

settle in Paris because it would be less expensive than London. Although he could expect an income, it would be a small one at best.

And so a second exile began.

Marina rapidly learned to economise, and in order to save money did much of the family marketing herself, taking a basket or shopping bag to bargain with butchers and greengrocers.

She had one dress for evening wear, but her taste and ingenuity with flowers and ribbons and bits of lace kept it from ever looking twice the same.

She was also her own hairdresser—but then, since her early teens she had shown such ability that Queen Marie of Rumania once remarked, "Marina does my hair better than any professional coiffeur."

Both Prince Nicholas and Princess Helen approved of their daughter's methods of saving money, but they were less enthusiastic about her escorts.

When Marina entered the American Art School, she was thrown into contact with young men whom her parents disapproved of, largely because they lacked title, rank, and position; but, above all, they lacked money.

Marina already had served notice of her independence where love affairs were concerned. In 1917 her older sister Olga had become engaged to Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark. Everything had gone along well until a lovers' quarrel had caused Olga to break the engagement.

Prince Nicholas was horrified. While Princess Olga sat depressed, Marina, only eleven, spoke up.

"Why should Olga marry someone if she doesn't love him?" she asked her father. "I wouldn't."

She maintained that attitude in Paris. Her parents pointed out time and again that there were eligible young princes in the monarchies that had survived World War I.

Marina had an objection to each one. "He's stupid," she would say, or "He stammers," or "He's much too old."

When Olga became engaged to Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, the parental pressure on Marina increased.

The year was 1923. At the wedding of Prince Paul and Princess Olga, Prince Nicholas watched Marina carefully.

He bundled her off for a holiday in England as soon as the wedding was over, scraping together every cent he could find to pay for it. She

came back flushed and healthy and brimming with good humor—and still not engaged.

One day the Prince said to her, "Come, Marina, do you really think you're so good looking?"

Marina's eyes were bright. "When I look at you, darling," she said sweetly, "I am very thankful I am no worse."

Prince Nicholas collapsed into a chair, laughing. But efforts to make a match for the Princess continued.

"Radiant, alive"

Once Marina returned from a trip to England looking as though she had changed. A bit later she went back again, and after this second trip she seemed more radiant and alive than her family had ever seen her. They were certain she was in love.

The young man was Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VIII and still later, after his abdication, Duke of Windsor.

This romance was not reported in the Press. It is not mentioned in the Duke of Windsor's memoirs or in any of the other books of Royal Family gossip.

That Marina was smitten by the young Prince and he by her is attested to today by at least two of her closest friends.

Neither is able to give any reason why the romance—if such it can be called—came to an end. One opines, "The Prince in his younger days was something of a blade—playing polo all day long, dancing all night. I think the prospect of any permanent attraction was highly abhorrent to him."

Another suggests that Marina thought it over and decided that the future king was not a man with whom she could be happy.

There was one factor that made the romance impossible. The British Royal Family still could not risk the disapproval of public opinion by permitting one of its members—indeed, the heir to the throne—to make an alliance with a Greek princess.

The Princess was to wait until 1934 for real love to come into her life, when she was twenty-eight. Then the story arranged itself into one of those idylls that turn-of-the-century musical comedy composers were so fond of writing.

Marina renewed her childhood acquaintance with George Edward Alexander Edmund, Duke of Kent, Earl of St. Andrews, and Baron Downpatrick, in 1930 in England. By then the climate of opinion had changed.

At the time the gay Prince George was 28.

He was by far the handsomest of the four sons and by far the greatest trial to his father.

Marina and Prince George had known each other all their lives, so to speak. From about 1930 on they saw a good deal of each other in London and in Paris, but never as lovers, only as members of parties.

In fact, Prince George thought Marina a trifle quiet and mousy, and she viewed his cavalier air with alarm.

The friendship of the Prince and Princess might have remained no more than that had not it been for the Prince's alarming escapades.

From his teens on he had preferred the company of chorus girls, actresses, and the



• 1937. Royal Family party at Epsom. From left, the late King George VI, Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Royal, the Duke of Kent, and Viscount Harewood.



• 1953. Coronation group of the Queen and Royal Family. Princess Alexandra, Prince Michael, and the Duchess of Kent are at left.

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YOUTHFUL RACEGOERS in Brisbane . . . Jill Martin and Michael Moses, who attended the Stradbroke-Brisbane Cup meeting with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Martin, of Cassilis, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moses, "Yalais," Willow Tree. The Martins stayed with Jill's grandfather, Mr. A. E. Harrold.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

HIGHLIGHT of my week was attending the premiere of Danny Kaye's season at the Empire, where the velvet-and-fur-wrapped audience gave him one of the warmest receptions of the year.

Dark reds and greens were popular colors . . . Mrs. Warren Crosby and Mrs. Keith McDougall, both from Kew, Victoria, chose ruby-red velvet theatre coats . . . Mrs. Mackenzie Munro, up from Cooma, was one of the most elegant in dark green.

It was a family affair for the Munro clan—Mackenzie's mother, Mrs. John Broinowski, was there, plus his brother Dugald, from Marulan, with wife Romaine in a tomato-red Empire coat.

It was the end of a busy day for Romaine, who earlier in the day attended a committee meeting for the Golden Ball being organised by the Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children for Princess Alexandra on September 10.

WEDDING bells will ring in twelve months' time for Julie Cooke and Donald Peck. Julie, who is wearing a lovely solitaire diamond ring, is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Cooke, of Kingsgrove.

NEWS from Mary Conlon, of Wollstonecraft, now in London . . . she is raving about the parks and squares of London filled with spring flowers, and the window boxes.

Anne

FAIRYTALE wedding of Carol Cleary, of Lindfield, and American Milton Prince Higgins III. Mr. and Mrs. Higgins are pictured outside St. Stephen's with their two flowergirls, Barbara Brukarz and Cynthia Lennon.



GLORIOUS APRICOT TAFFETA theatre coat was chosen by Mrs. Brian Ettelson, who attended the Danny Kaye premiere with her brother, Mr. Warren Isaacs, from Bellevue Hill. Mrs. Ettelson came up from Toorak, Victoria, for the opening at the Empire Theatre.



LEAVING ST. JAMES' CHURCH after their wedding are Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jackson. The bride was formerly Ruth Green, the daughter of the E. R. Greens, of Warren. The bridegroom is the son of Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Jackson, of Armidale.



ELIZABETHAN Theatre Younger Set secretary Helen Jenkyn, of Pymble, wore a red velvet theatre coat to the Danny Kaye premiere at Sydney's Empire Theatre. She is pictured with Mr. Frank Hoffmann.



SHOES TO MATCH her gown and stole were chosen by Mrs. J. B. Fitzhardinge, arriving at the Empire Theatre with her husband.

Chic simplicity in Chanel's spring designs



● Scarf neckline, a new Chanel detail, is seen (above) in the jacket of a pearly pink suit. The blouse matches the jacket lining, sash, and hat trim.



● Gold buttons, a Chanel favorite, fasten the jacket and pockets of a cardigan suit. The check blouse is superbly simple.



● Classic tailored suit (left) has a slightly waisted jacket and slender easy skirt. The suit is worn minus a blouse with a decorative jewelled "fill-in."

● Cardigan suits à la Chanel (right) are made in mouth-watering colors. The forward-tilted hats are Chanel's spring signature.



Dynamic Gabrielle Chanel has done it again. After a lifetime of fashion, her current collection has been one of the most successful in Paris. As shown here, the

Chanel designing continues its chic formula—youth, plus close attention to fabric, color, and detail.

By day the colors are pure prettiness; pink in all shades is outstanding. After dusk all-black or all-white takes over. Jewellery holds high interest—fake gems to be sure, but inspired by or copied from Chanel's own priceless jewels. She uses it to spice her played-down designing.

—BETTY KEEP.



• Diaphanous black is Chanel's choice for these two short-skirted evening dresses. The understated chic of her designs and the decorative fake jewels are typical.

EVER since the death of his wife, TRINA, a terrible grief has surrounded LENNY, a writer, left alone to bring up his two little children, TRISHA and CHRIS. One day Chris is almost drowned and when Lenny runs down to the beach he sees a girl, tall and blond, standing near the children. For one wild moment he thinks it is Trina. Trisha tells him the girl saved Chris, but before Lenny can thank her she disappears. The children continue to talk about her and remark that they see her sometimes on the beach or in the water. He learns that her name is KATHLEEN.

She telephones the house and they arrange a beach picnic. Another night they ask her to dinner and he talks to her about Trina and how he loved her. She tries to console him by saying that love lives on, even beyond death. After spending a day in Los Angeles with some friends of Lenny, DICK BASSET, a writer, and an actress, ALICE, they return to the house to find Kathleen has left them a branch of pink coral as a present.

Later Lenny leaves the children at home to go to town to discuss selling one of his stories to a film-producer. Driving home, a little drunk, he is caught in a fog and almost has an accident. Suddenly it seems that his wife is driving the car, then he thinks it is Kathleen. Whoever it was, he knows, saved him from death. When he gets to the house he is greeted by Chris, who tells him that Trisha is sick and that Kathleen is there, looking after them. NOW READ ON.

Concluding a two-part serial

By ROBERT NATHAN

Color photograph
by J. Frederick Smith

KATHLEEN stood slender and tall and shadowy at the door of Trisha's room, and I thought I had never been more glad to see anyone. Through the doorway I could see Trisha propped up in bed, looking small, and shadowy, too. Kathleen moved out of the way, and I went in and looked down at my daughter. I felt her forehead; it was hot and damp, and her eyes were heavy.

"How do you feel?" I asked, and she shook her head. "You shouldn't have gone to the beach," I told her. "I didn't," she said.

And lifting her hand to mine she whispered: "Mommy was here."

I turned to look at Kathleen, but she had left the room. "I'm going to take your temperature," I said.

I wasn't ready to think about Trina then. We had both of us seen her, and Trina was dead; you don't see dead people. Maybe some day I'd think about it, but not then.

Trisha's temperature was 103. "I'm going to call the doctor," I said.

She shook her head again wearily. "I had the doctors," she said, "and one of them gave me a sea-horse."

I looked over at her bedside table, and there was a little sea-horse swimming around in a bowl of water. "That was nice of him," I said. "Who told him to come?" "Mommy did," she said.

Chris came in quietly and sat down next to the bed; and I went out and closed the door. I found Kathleen standing in front of the fireplace with her back to the fire. "Was the doctor here?" I asked. She told me he'd come, and that there was nothing to worry about. "It's just a cold," she said. "The fever won't last more than a day. Keep her in bed, he said, and keep her warm, and feed her fruit juice and lots of water."

I didn't realise how worried I'd been until then. "How did it happen?" I asked. "I mean . . . how did you happen to be here?" "I heard her crying," she said.

She must have been passing along the beach, I thought, below the house; and that's how she heard her. But it wasn't like Trisha to cry. "She said there were two doctors," I declared. "Was she dreaming?" "No," said Kathleen, "I sent for mine first, he's nearer." "And then?" I asked.

"Then I found your doctor's name," she said, "and I called him, and he came and

Her hair smelled sweet and fresh and of the sea. "Love is never lost," she said. "It follows you and finds you."

SO LOVE RETURNS

said not to worry." "What did your doctor say?" I asked. She looked at me quietly. "He said what a sweet child," she declared.

"Was that all?" "Yes," she said.

It sounded strange, but everything was strange, as though it was happening far away, or under water. I wondered if I had a fever, too. "Did he give her a sea-horse?" I asked. "He always does," she said.

And she added in a matter-of-fact way: "I have some supper for you."

We sat across from each other at the little table in front of the fire, where Trisha had had her party, and we ate together. She had cooked me a chowder, but she must have brought it from her own house, because she ladled it out of a big abalone shell, and there were a lot of things in it I didn't recognise.

"It's funny," I said. "I keep having to thank you. It's almost as though you kept watch over us." "Somebody has to," she said lightly, but her eyes were grave.

After a while I said, "I've missed you, Kathleen."

She told me that she'd stayed away to let me get on with my work. "It wasn't a good idea," I said. I told her that I hadn't been able to write at all. "Is it my fault?" she asked. "Yes," I said.

We stared at each other, and she got up and came around the table and bent down and kissed me. "I didn't know I had to watch over you, too," she said.

Her hair brushed my cheek for a moment, and she went back to her seat again. "Is that better?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. But the strange thing was, it wasn't better, it was worse. That first kiss should have been like dew and wonder and the whole wide world, and both of us should have been on tiptoe and shining; but it wasn't like that, it made me feel sad.

She must have known how I felt, because when I looked across at her there was a puzzled, hurt look on her face. "I'll get you some coffee," she said.

She went into the kitchen and brought back the coffee and the two cups. "Was there much

fog along the coast," she asked politely, "as you came through?"

I couldn't look at her. "Why do you ask me that?" I said. "You know there was, don't you?"

When she didn't answer I glanced up; she was looking at me in an odd way, almost regretfully, I thought. "You were there, weren't you?" I asked.

She let her breath out in a faint sigh. It was as though she'd come to a place she'd somehow hoped she'd never come to. "I don't know what you mean, Lenny," she said quietly. "How could I have been?"

How indeed? Yet someone had been with me out there in the fog; someone had been beside me in the car; I had seen her and talked to her. "I don't know," I said wearily. "I wish I did." "I was with the children," she said.

Her eyes held mine steadily, and I knew that she was begging me to believe her, and that I had to believe her, because if I didn't there wouldn't ever be anything else for us.

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Goya

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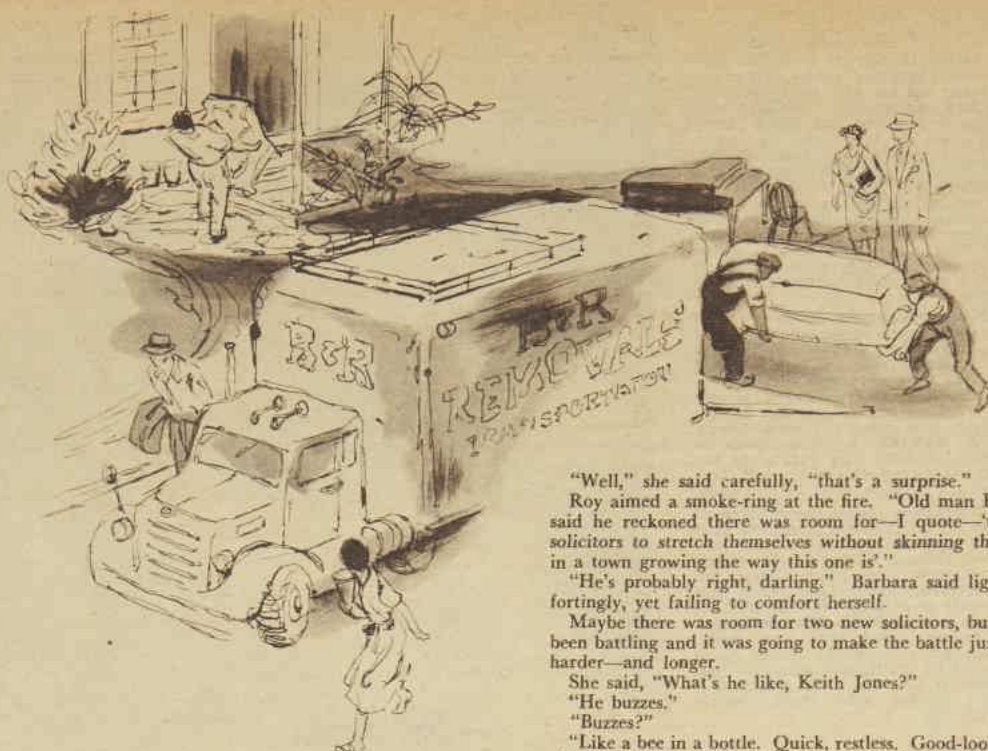


**Dip!
Rinse!
Dry!**

7/9

R257

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS GODDARD'S PLATE POWDER



PRESSED shoulder to shoulder, screened from view by crisp muslin curtains, the Goodfellows stood at their bedroom window and watched their new neighbors move in next door.

"She's a redhead," breathed Barbara. "Glamorous, too. And just look at that! A grand piano!"
"Wow!" Roy's nose was lost in the folds of the curtain. "A crystal chandelier. And that love-seat—sort of greeny yellow."

"Chartreuse," Barbara said absently. "Their name is Jones. The milkman told me. I'll go in later and ask her to lunch. She won't have time to get herself anything."

They turned from the window, arms entwined, and walked downstairs. At the front door Barbara said, "If you could pick up something for dinner on the way home it would be a help, darling. I'll probably have to use the remains of the joint for lunch."

"Anything for you, Mrs. Goodfellow," he said, kissing her. Barbara watched him until he had backed their four-year-old car down the drive, then she went in and shut the front door. She stood for a moment in the hall, looking up the staircase, savoring the silence and serenity of the old house that was much too big for them but which, Barbara felt, gave to their lives a background of spaciousness and dignity that was like a challenge.

It was a house in which you could grow. And Barbara hoped that she and Roy would grow and that the old house would be satisfied with them. But most of all it was a house that seemed to be waiting for children.

The waiting would not be long now. In less than six months Roy's son would be born. Barbara was serenely sure her baby would be a boy.

The grandfather clock on the landing chimed nine. Barbara moved towards the kitchen. At eleven, she decided, I'll go next door and ask that girl in to lunch.

Precisely at eleven she was knocking on the bright red front door of the Jones' bungalow. Precisely fifteen minutes later she was back in her own kitchen, standing in the middle of the floor, pulling thoughtfully at her thumb, eyes lightened by little darting gleams of humor. She lunched alone.

It was after six when Roy slammed the door of the garage and joined her in the living-room.

He stooped, twined a finger in her hair, and kissed her absently on the cheek.

"Well, how's the glamorous Mrs. New-Neighbor Jones?"

"Still glamorous," Barbara said, "even in the midst of moving. And a little older than I thought. About twenty-eight. She had a hired woman helping her and when I got there she was unpacking a lunch-basket sent up from the hotel by her husband. Jellied chicken, asparagus salad, buttered rolls. I have a strong suspicion that they are rich. You know—M-O-N-E-Y."

Roy grinned. "I gather we'll be eating the remains tonight."

Barbara nodded, amused. Roy settled his long frame in the chair on the other side of the fire and reached for a cigarette. "Did you see him—Mr. Husband Jones?"

Something almost too casual in his voice pricked Barbara's ears.

"No," she said, eyes on his face. "I did. Old man Rutherford brought him in. Keith Jones has bought Rutherford's practice."

Barbara stared. Rutherford was one of the three other solicitors in the town. An old man, Mr. Rutherford, not very active in his business in the last few years; not anxious to take on new clients—he had sent several good ones to Roy.

Barbara and Roy had shared the comfortable feeling that when Mr. Rutherford retired a good proportion of his clients would turn to Roy.

"Well," she said carefully, "that's a surprise."

Roy aimed a smoke-ring at the fire. "Old man Rutherford said he reckoned there was room for—I quote—two young solicitors to stretch themselves without skinning their elbows in a town growing the way this one is."

"He's probably right, darling," Barbara said lightly, comfortingly, yet failing to comfort herself.

Maybe there was room for two new solicitors, but Roy had been battling and it was going to make the battle just so much harder—and longer.

She said, "What's he like, Keith Jones?"

"He buzzes."

"Buzzes?"

"Like a bee in a bottle. Quick, restless. Good-looking chap, shortish. Talks with his hands. Energy bursting out all over. He pulled himself up from the chair swiftly, holding out a hand. "Oh, blow the remains, let's eat out."

Puzzled by Roy's manner, she slipped her arm in his. It was something more than natural disappointment about Mr. Rutherford's practice that was disturbing him; what was it? Keith Jones himself? Had he upset Roy in some way? Or was it that Roy simply had not liked Keith Jones?

She glanced up at her husband's face, loving anew the clean sweep of jaw and deep-set blue eyes. If Keith Jones had presented Roy with a problem, she thought confidently, he would find a solution. She had never known Roy run away from a problem yet.

It was four hours later, just as she was slipping over the edge of consciousness into sleep, that Roy's voice came to her out of the darkness.

"Almost forgot to tell you," he murmured drowsily, "I was at school with Keith Jones. College, too. Sleep tight, darling."

Barbara raised herself on her elbow to look at him. He was asleep, or feigning sleep. She sank back on her pillow. Forgotten? No, he had not forgotten to tell her, he had chosen this moment to do so in order to avoid pursuing the subject. She found herself suddenly intensely interested in Mr. Keith Jones.

In the weeks that followed they saw nothing of the Joneses, socially, despite Barbara's one or two neighborly efforts, but she came to know, instinctively, the days when Roy had been in contact with Keith Jones during business hours.

It showed, on their quiet evenings together, in a prowling restlessness, or a preoccupation which excluded her from his thoughts; sometimes in irritable dissatisfaction over the work he brought home to do.

It was a month after their new neighbors moved in that the printed invitation arrived. The Goodfellows opened it at the breakfast table. "The Jones," it read, "would be delighted if you could come to their Housewarming. Cocktails, 6 p.m. December 20."

Roy examined it carefully, his face expressionless.

"Well," Barbara said with an exaggerated sigh, "at last I'll discover where they've put the chandelier."

"Why, Mrs. Goodfellow, you nosy woman, you," Roy said absently. He fingered the card. "I wonder," he mused, "who'll be there..."

Everyone was there, or so it seemed to Barbara as she stood cocktail glass in hand, beside the fireplace in the Jones' living room.

It was a big room, but it was rapidly filling up with a number of people Barbara knew, and an even greater number whom she had never met. With a certain faint amusement she thought why, the Jones have got to know more people in a month than we've met in two years.

She watched Erica Jones, cool, friendly, poised, moving among her guests in a gold cocktail dress, red-gold hair smoothly shining. But it was Keith Jones in whom she was more interested. Roy, she thought, had described him perfectly.

His slight, quick figure was seldom still. He darted about the room, eyeing empty glasses with comical disapproval, snapping a peremptory finger and thumb for the hired waiter slapping a back here, sharing a smiling word there.

Excuse me, Mr. Jones, thought Barbara, but your super-atomic self-confidence is showing...

She put her glass on the mantelpiece behind her, excused herself to the group with whom she had been standing, and went to find Roy.

He was in the crowded study, which was serving temporarily as a bar. Seeing Keith Jones just about to join him, he lingered a little in the background.

It was, she felt guiltily, rather like peeping through a keyhole, but perhaps seeing Roy and Keith together would provide a clue to the mystery of the disturbance she had sensed since Roy ever since the Jones' moved in.

When Roy and Barbara watched their new neighbors move in they never guessed what a difference it would make to their own lives.

ONE UP

A complete short short story

By ISABEL GRANDIN

Her eyebrows lifted in wonder as she witnessed the boisterous demonstration of friendliness with which her husband greeted Keith Jones. She did not know what she had expected, but this was certainly not it. With too-loud voice and a wealth of gesture foreign to him, she heard Roy plunge into enthusiastic talk.

Hearty, she thought; he's being hearty. She stifled an inclination to giggle. It was rather like watching Roy enact a role. His laugh rang out, over-loud, over-confident, and the inclination to giggle left her abruptly.

Why, she thought, with a mixture of astonishment and dismay, it's no part he's playing; it's real. Roy's suffering from the most acute attack of inferiority complex and hating it!

As if he had shouted it to her across the room she knew, with certainty, that he was despising himself for his emotional reaction to Keith Jones, yet powerless against it. She slipped quietly from the room. Now was not the time to examine her discovery; it must wait till she was alone.

Walking home under the stars an hour later Roy put his arm around her. "Not too tired, sweetheart?"

She rubbed her cheek against his shoulder. "No, it was a good party. But I didn't find that chandelier. Probably it's an heirloom and Erica's hidden it like a guilty secret."

"She would be too smart to try to fit it in with their modern scheme. I like their house, but I like ours much better. Do you know what? Erica's going to have a baby, too—I'd say about the same time as we are."

"She is? How? Did she tell you?"

"No, I just know," Barbara said calmly. "Of course, it won't be so lucky as our baby."

"Why not?"

"It won't have us for parents, silly," giggled Barbara. Roy kissed her ear. "Don't you like Erica?"

"Oh, yes, I do. Don't you like Keith?"

"Of course," Roy said. "Of course. Nice fellow."

Presently, lying beside Roy in the soft darkness, cradled in the peaceful security of the old house, Barbara pondered on that "Of course. Nice fellow." It meant Roy was going to keep his feelings to himself. Which was no more than she expected.

It was Roy's way to tackle his own problems and present them to her only when the solution was an accomplished fact. It was an independence in him which she respected.

Roy stirred. "Barbara, honey?"

"I'm here," she said, feeling for his hand.

"I was thinking," he began. His voice sounded sleepy but Barbara was not deceived.

"Do you feel up to giving a party?"

"A cocktail party like tonight?" Carefully she imitated his sleepy tone. "Just name the date, darling."

Roy yawned. "Cocktails and buffet supper would be pretty good."

"Perfect," Barbara said drowsily, smiling tenderly into the darkness.

So they were to go one better than the Jones? Well, she was on Roy's side. If this was what he needed—and perhaps, she thought with sudden perception, he does need it in more ways than one.

We've entertained so little, perhaps that's something I've failed him in. A wife needs to be more than a wife when it is important that her husband should make contacts in a new town; she should be a kind of publicity agent, too.

"I'll make it a good party," she vowed, and fell deeply into sleep.

It was while she prepared Roy's breakfast the next morning that she remembered the attic, and the bundle of books in Roy's old trunk.

Presently, kissing him with more than her usual tenderness, she watched him drive off and then went swiftly up the stairs to the top floor.

The books—they were school and university magazines—were in neat date order. She sat on the floor and went through them carefully, one by one, page by page.

It was like reading the story of two people in a race, one of them—the same one—always out in front, the second one never catching up.

The one out in front was Keith Jones, the one behind was Roy. In examinations, in competition for scholarships, in sport, all through the years, Keith had been the winner, Roy the runner-up.

Barbara put the books away and went slowly downstairs. Now, she thought soberly, for Roy the race was on again.

There was no doubt that the party, two weeks later, was a success, but Barbara was to look back on it ever afterwards as the night when she had the first real glimmering of just how disruptive a force had entered their lives.

As they closed the front door on the last guest she leaned against Roy in a happy glow of tiredness.

"It was a good party, darling?"

"The best," Roy said. "As a hostess and cook my wife is without parallel."

"We'll have another one some day soon."

"I tell you what, Barbara," he said with sudden unexpected irritability, "before we do we'll have to do something about this old place."

She leaned away from him, appalled. "Why, Roy, this old place is our home!"

"Well, look at it, bare as a barn. There weren't even enough seats for our guests. We'd be smart to sell the old place and start off again in something small and modern."

"No," she cried sharply.

"Well, if we're going to live in it we've got to fix it up. As a matter of fact, Keith Jones gave me the name of a good interior decorator fellow. I'm getting him down from the city next week."

"We can't afford it, Roy. We agreed not to touch our capital for furniture."

"We can't afford not to," he replied, quietly stubborn. "For goodness' sake, darling, we've got to cut some kind of figure in this town. I owe it to my business."

"I see," Barbara said quietly. "All right, darling, if it's as important as that."

But in bed she lay wakeful, saddened by the knowledge that Roy's faith in himself was more badly shaken than she had guessed. Saddened, too, by the feeling that somehow, tonight, an act of treachery had been committed against the old house.

Yet when the interior decorator came his instant appreciation of the house lifted Barbara's spirits, and the ultimate beauty which his scheme gave to living-room, dining-room, and hall could not fail to delight her.

If, thought Barbara, it could have just stopped there, but there was the matter of the furnace. A week after Keith Jones had spent an evening in their living-room extolling the advantages and efficiency of the system of heating in their bungalow, the old coal furnace in the Goodfellows' basement was converted to oil.

It was a further encroachment into their

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KNIGHT IN BLUE JEANS

A short short story by RHODA ELIZABETH PLAYFAIR

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS



From their position at the top of the hill Dee and Carol anxiously watched the little scene down below.

FRANKIE SHIPPAN, sleek and smooth in lime-colored shorts, size twelve, reached past Ellen Winters for her coffee. There were four of them on Myra's strip of beach at Hunter's Cove. Lake water lapped gently against the sand a few feet from their canvas chairs and an assortment of children splashed in the sunshine within watching distance.

"Cindy! Get those shoes off before you go into the water!" Ellen called abruptly and held her cup suspended. "Kids!" she muttered.

"Just listen to her, will you?" Frankie Shippan laughed. "You don't know you're alive! Just wait till Cindy gets into her teens and your troubles really begin. Eh, Myra?"

"Oh—I don't know," Myra said. Myra's voice and her dark eyes held a youthful quality of gaiety that belied her thirty-odd years. "Dee isn't so bad—" she paused to grin at all of them—"for a fifteen-year-old!"

"I think Frankie's absolutely right," Mavis Edney said primly. "I'm fed up with some of the teenagers around here! Do you know, we had a window deliberately broken at our place last night?"

"But who in the world—" began Frankie.

"It was Terrence Cameron, that's what!" Mavis pursued her thin lips. "Bill caught him running down that hill back of our place. He ad-

mitted it, but said he'd pay for the damage."

"But why—?" Myra began and Mavis shrugged.

"No reason. Just wanton destruction!"

"If that isn't typical!" Ellen Winters cried indignantly. "These kids today just don't have enough to do to keep them busy, that's what I say."

"And the way they talk," Frankie sighed. "You'd think it was a foreign language."

"Well—I never did like that Terrence Cameron," Mavis said firmly. "Thank goodness Bill caught him. The next time something like this happens we'll know where to look!"

"Oh, come now!" Myra laughed, but the others were nodding in agreement as they gathered up their possessions and prepared to go.

Because it was Friday and Ed would be out by seven with most of the other husbands, Myra cleaned through the cabin thoroughly, prepared a quick lunch for herself and Dee and proceeded to bake a batch of cakes. Dee stood before the windows in her bathing suit.

Myra watched her through the open door with satisfaction. It was an endless source of delight to her that Dee at fifteen had undergone some mysterious overnight alchemy that had altered her from a sturdy little girl to rounded late-style perfection.

She said absently, "What happened to your knee?"

"What? Oh, that. I fell." She kept looking out of the window. She seemed to Myra unaccountably nervous.

"Going swimming?"

"Yes. Terry said he'd stop by for me."

Myra paused in her mixing. "Terry Cameron?" she asked casually, and Dee nodded.

"Mrs. Edney is pretty annoyed with Terry," Myra said carefully. "Seems he broke a window at their place last night."

"Mother!" Dee said abruptly. She whirled on Myra, her face distorted with worry. "It—it wasn't Terry. It was me!"

"You?" Myra said foolishly. "But Bill Edney caught him! And Terry admitted it—he even paid for the window!"

"I know," Dee said miserably. "But it was me just the same. Terry covered up for me."

"Tell me about it," Myra said.

"There's nothing much to tell. Carol Shippan and me—we were just mooching around on the hill behind their place—and well, we saw Mr. and Mrs. Edney having coffee through the window and—we threw dirt lumps down on the cabin. I must have thrown one with a stone in it. It hit the window."

"But why?" Myra said distractedly.

"I don't know. We just wanted to see them jump."

For one completely wild moment Myra envisioned Mavis and Bill, so staid, so stuffy, jumping and choking over their coffee.

"But what about Terry?"

"He'd been down fishing off Winters' pier. He was just on his way back when he heard the window go and then he saw me fall when we were running. Terry can run a lot faster than Mr. Edney. He got up the hill and made it look like he'd done it."

"But Dee!" Myra's shocked protest was entirely sincere. "You should have admitted it was you!"

"I know." Her daughter's eyes pleaded for understanding. "But—I was so scared and so—so relieved when Terry said he'd done it."

"But don't you see?" Myra said. "It means a bad name for Terry. People are talking about him! He'll get blamed for everything that happens around here from now on."

"Oh, mother," Dee wailed. "Do I have to tell Mr. Edney? What could I say?"

Myra opened her mouth abruptly and as abruptly closed it without saying what she'd intended to say. Terry Cameron was coming up the beach. She could see him through the window, tall, a little awkward still. She turned to her daughter to say quickly what she had in mind and stopped short a second time.

For Dee was watching Terry, too. And Myra's heart did a sudden flip-flop and missed a beat to see the look she gave him. Breathless, adoring, wondering as spring! He might for all the world be Sir Lancelot riding a snow-white charger, Myra thought dazedly. And she knew, in a lightning flash of feminine wis-

dom, that what she had intended to say was all wrong!

Dee mustn't tell Mr. Edney now! It was true, of course, that Terry's reputation would be restored intact. Indeed, he would be looked upon with indulgence by the entire adult population of Hunter's Cove. He would be, figuratively speaking, patted upon the head and referred to as that nice little Cameron-boy who had done his Boy Scout deed!

But—who wanted to be patted on the head when he could be Sir Lancelot striding across a sandy beach to call upon his fair lady?

With a craftiness she hadn't known she possessed Myra said smoothly, "Why don't you talk the whole thing over with Terry? Offer to tell Mr. Edney and clear things up and then—well, just leave it up to Terry."

It was late in the evening before Ed was through his round of golf with Bill Edney and Ron Winters. It was the nicest time of the day, Myra thought fondly, watching her tall husband relax against the sofa cushions. She poured two cups of coffee, cut the cake in generous slices and sat down opposite him.

Ed smiled at her lazily. "Where's Dee?"

"Dancing," Myra said. "Terry Cameron came down for her and they went over to the Pavilion."

He said hesitantly. "Is she seeing much of this Cameron kid? What I mean is—well, Bill Edney was saying tonight he's a bit of a bad influence on the other kids around. Deliberately broke a window at their place last night. Bill caught him trying to get away."

Myra looked at him. "What would you say if I told you—Dee broke that window?"

"Dee?" He looked stunned while Myra rapidly outlined the story she had heard from their daughter.

"And she never told?"

"She told me," Myra pointed out. "She asked what she should do."

"And you told her to tell Mr. Edney?" Relief filled his face.

"Well—not exactly," Myra said innocently. "I told her to talk it over with Terry and to do as he says."

"But he'll go on taking the blame and you know what that means in a place like this!"

"I know," Myra said complacently.

She moved to sit beside her husband. Close beside.

"Ed, remember that night I was caught smoking in the high school cloak room? The night of the June Prom? Nearly caught, that is. I'll never forget the look on Mr. Pendle-

ton's face when he came in! You were in the hall and didn't even know what it was all about, but you took one look at scared me and said, "I did it, sir!" And all the time you knew what that meant. And everybody in the whole school knew what that meant. And everybody in the whole school knew what Mr. Pendleton could do with a strap!"

A warm and magic silence mantled the living-room as Myra put her head on her husband's shoulder.

"Well, well!" he said softly. "Didn't I always say you were the smartest girl in the class?"

He put both arms happily round Myra and the light in his eyes suggested that the years had indeed been very good.

It was Ellen Winters' turn to hostess the coffee party on Saturday morning and as the women stretched lazily in their chairs each kept an eye on the point of the cove around which the men would presently appear from their fishing trip.

"Isn't that Sharon Ferguson?" Frankie said suddenly. She sat sharply forward and squinted down the beach toward a shapely figure wading gingerly into the lake. "I'm surprised to see her up this early! She usually sleeps till noon. Never does a blessed thing to help around the place." She sighed. "I don't understand these kids today. They're so different to what we were."

They watched Sharon in silence for a long disapproving moment before Myra spoke.

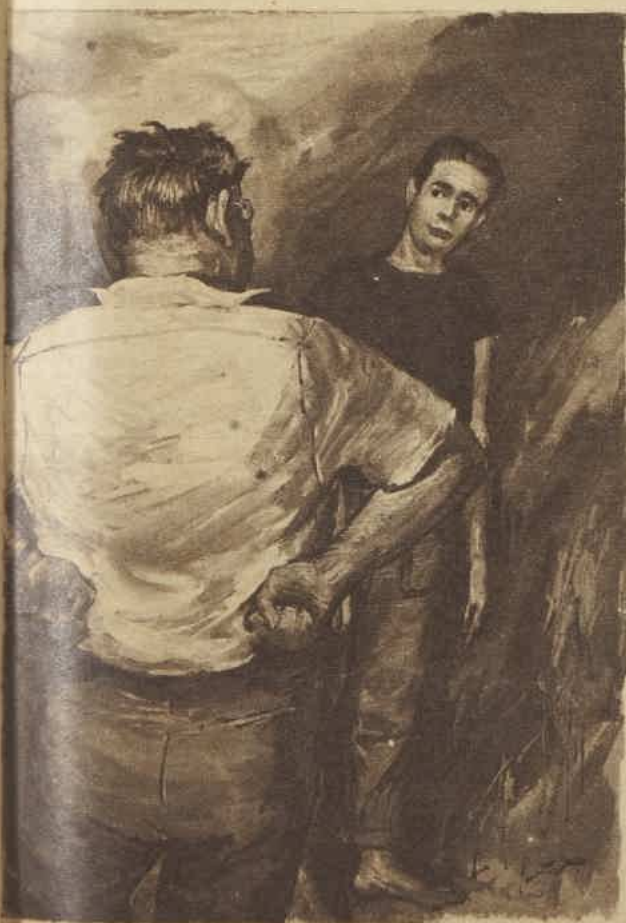
"I don't think they're so different," she said softly. "I think—we've just forgotten their language."

"Oh, Myra!" Mavis said. She fixed her pale eyes on Myra's warm dark ones and said sternly, "Did you know Dee was with that Terrence Cameron at the Pavilion last night?"

"I know," Myra said contentedly. She stretched her bare toes in the sand and wiggled them, feeling a wholly earthy sensation of pleasure. In her mind's eye she caught a glimpse of Dee and Terry dancing, awkward, unsure, with brand new stars in their eyes.

"He's got kind of a cute nose at that," she said reflectively. "Kind of—well, snubby and freckled." And then, oblivious to the shocked faces of her friends, Myra Hammond giggled, and more to herself than to the others she said reminiscently, "Do you know—that's the first thing I kind of liked about Ed? He had a cute nose—sort of snubby, with freckles."

(Copyright)



Bill Edney questioned Terry angrily and the boy admitted he had broken the window.



Every week the plane flew over the hill, and down below the pilot saw . . .

The girl in the tree

By DANA BURNET

IT was Thursday in Lymington, Connecticut. It was Thursday in a lot of other places, too, but in the small coastal town where I live, the fifth day of the week has a special significance for me. For on Thursdays my wife, Jane, goes to the local beauty parlor to have her hair done, and so forth.

She comes home around noontime with curled locks, polished nails, and a spirit refreshed by the latest bit of village gossip, which she passes on to me during lunch. Thus my spirit is also refreshed and at times uplifted, as it was on a certain Thursday last autumn.

Indian summer had descended on Lymington. That morning a hot sun shone down, so I decided that Jane and I would have lunch on our lawn. Exploring for food, I happily found in the refrigerator a bowl of salad, some hard-boiled eggs, a pitcher of lemonade, and some cellophane-wrapped sandwiches which apparently my wife had made and forgotten.

Carrying all this provender outdoors, I arranged it on a table near the seawall—our place is on the waterfront—where Jane and I could look, as we ate, at the sparkling waters of Little Narragansett Bay. I mention these lyric details because they all contributed to the charm of the setting in which, when my wife arrived, she told me her newly gleaned tale.

"Darling, I'm glad you thought of lunching out here," she said as she kissed me. "I had the same idea when I got up this morning. That's why I fixed a cold lunch before I left. I see you found it all in the refrigerator."

"Yes," I said. "But I didn't realise you'd fixed it. I thought I was finding all that food by mere chance."

"Oh, no," Jane said, sitting down at the table. "Important things don't happen by chance. Not in this world, they don't. I mean, you always have to do something if you want something else to happen, don't you think?"

"You mean like making sandwiches if you expect to eat them?"

"Yes," Jane said. "Or like Rosie Beckwith waving at that plane."

I also sat down at the table. I had something of the feeling I have in a theatre just before the curtain goes up.

"What plane did Rosie Beckwith wave at," I asked, "and why did she wave?"

"Well, that's just it," Jane said. "That's what I'm going to tell you. And it's all true, too—but you needn't look disappointed! It's just as interesting as if someone made it up, though I must say I thought the girls were gossiping when I first got to Sally's. They were simply buzzing in every booth."

I knew that the Lymington beauty parlor was known formally as Sally's Salon, but I found my wife's reference to "the girls" rather vague.

"Please be specific," I said. "Who was buzzing—the customers or the hairdressers?"

"Both," Jane said. "And, of course, you can't blame them, because it's exciting enough to have someone like Captain Pride settle here in Lymington, especially when he's the pilot of a transatlantic airliner. But when you think that he came here because of Rosie—just because she waved at his plane—well, that seems almost a miracle, doesn't it, darling?"

"I've no doubt it does," I said. "But would you mind going back and leading up to this miracle one step at a time? To begin with, I have no idea who Captain Pride is."

"I just told you. He's an airline pilot. He flies to Europe about twice a month and he's going to settle here because of Rosie Beckwith."

"All right," I said. "So much for the captain. Now tell me about Rosie Beckwith. I'm not even sure I know who she is."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, darling! You met Rosie and her

mother—she's a widow—when they first came here to live last June. Mrs. Beckwith bought that old salt-box house next to the Admiral Browning place and Whaleback Hill and the Brownings gave a big cocktail party for them because Mrs. Beckwith and Mrs. Browning went to Dana Hall together. But come to think of it, you weren't here for that party."

"No," I said, "I was in New York, trying to sell a story to an editor."

"You sold it," Jane said, "because that's when I bought my new bathing-suit. But, darling, all last summer you saw Rosie Beckwith swimming at the club. She's that pretty, red-haired girl who limps."

"Oh, that one," I said. "Yes, I know her. She's lovely. I just didn't associate her with the name."

"You never do," my wife said. "You always say you have a system for remembering names, but it doesn't seem to work. Like the time old Mrs. Bass begged you to stop calling her Mrs. Fish, because she said she was getting confused herself."

I said, "That was one time when my system failed me. Please pass the eggs. And tell me more about Rosie."

"Rosamund her name is, but she's always called Rosie and she's lovely, as you say. Not a smitch of self-pity in her makeup, though she had polio as a child and can't dance or play running games. But when she was still quite young she decided she wasn't going to let her lameness spoil her life."

"How do you know she decided that?" I asked.

"Why, her mother told me—or rather, told us. Didn't I say that Mrs. Beckwith came into Sally's this morning while I was there?"

"No, you didn't."

"Well, I should have. Because that's how I learned the facts about Rosie's romance."

"Is it a romance?" I asked.

"Why, of course it is," my wife said. "What else would I be so excited about? Because I mean I'm always fascinated by the way any particular girl gets any particular man, especially if it's at all out of the ordinary. Now let's see. Where was I? Oh, yes; Mrs. Beckwith came into Sally's and, of course, everything stopped and everyone crowded around her, because all we knew up till then was what Sally had heard from her husband, who's in real estate."

"Wait a minute," I said. "What's Sally's husband got to do with it?"

"I just said, he's in real estate. He's that Old Colonial Realty Company on Water Street. And he told Sally—and she told us—that last Saturday morning this Captain Pride came to him wanting to buy a house in Lymington."

"Captain Pride is the airplane pilot?"

"That's right, pet. Hand me a sandwich, please. And Sally said her husband asked the captain how he happened to come to Lymington—just making conversation, you know—and the captain told him confidentially it was all on account of Rosie—only he called her Miss Beckwith—because she'd waved him down out of the sky."

"Well, that does sound romantic," I said. "But don't stop there."

"Let me take a bite of my sandwich," Jane said; and I said, perhaps somewhat explosively, "How the devil could a girl wave a transatlantic pilot down out of the sky?"

Jane swallowed and said, "Well, you see, she always waved at his plane or at the plane making that particular flight—and every other week or so it was Captain Pride's plane. Not that Rosie knew that, of course. She just knew that every Saturday morning about nine-thirty this huge plane appeared and it always flew directly over her head, so she had a kind of personal feeling about it."

"Where was she when the plane flew over her head?"

"On the hill back of her house. There's a tree there that she climbs for exercise and—"

"Rosie climbs a tree for exercise?"

"Yes, she thinks it strengthens her leg muscles. So she goes to the hilltop after breakfast every morning—except when it's raining—and climbs the tree. She wears a one-piece bathing-suit with long red tights, so she won't chafe her legs when she wants to hang by her knees, and she's been doing that—"

"She hangs by her knees?"

"That's what her mother said. Mrs. Beckwith said Rosie'd been exercising regularly in the tree since last June, and quite often she was hanging from one of the top branches when the plane flew over the hill. But even when Rosie was upside down she still waved, and Captain Pride must have noticed the red tights and seen this odd arboreal creature waving at him, so no wonder he wanted to come down and have a closer look . . . May I please have some salad?"

I passed Jane the salad bowl, while my mind dwelt in rapt fascination on the picture of a pretty girl with red hair and red legs dangling from a tree branch as she waved at the unknown airman, who now, it seemed, had been brought to earth by that warmhearted gesture.

"Well," I said, "it just goes to show the power of sex over altitude. Or would you say that fate had arranged Rosie's romance?"

"No, I wouldn't," Jane said. "It happened because she waved—and kept waving. She's a very friendly girl, her mother said." Here my wife took a sip of lemonade; then continued, "Everything I tell you from now on is what Rosie's mother told us at Sally's this morning. Of course, I'll have to put it in my own words, but I'll try not to embroider it—though if I do it'll be because I've lived so many years with a fiction writer. But they've been very happy years, haven't they, darling?"

"Very happy indeed," I said. "But don't digress. You were saying you'd learned everything from Rosie's mother."

"Yes, and Rosie'd told her everything, so this is the real story. And Mrs. Beckwith said it was so unusual—and so wonderful—that she wanted all of us there in the beauty shop to hear it. And she said she was sure if we heard it, then every other living soul in Lymington would hear it, and that was what she wanted, especially since it was a kind of triumph of faith for her daughter."

"A triumph of faith? In what way?"

"Well, you see, Rosie's not only naturally friendly. She also believes in friendliness. I mean she believes there's a great store of love in the world—I'm quoting her mother—that you can sort of tap into by making affectionate gestures. Then somehow you get your own share of it."

I said, "That's not what I'd call a profound philosophy."

"No, darling," Jane said. "But if I had to wait for something profound to tell you I'd be practically speechless."

"Heaven forbid," I said. "So when Rosie waved at that plane she was really showing her faith in the world's store of love, and asking for her share of it."

"Yes. You might say she was casting her bread upon the waters." Here, inspired by her thought, Jane tossed a bread crust towards a gull that was strutting on our seawall. This instantly brought other gulls swooping down, with fierce, raucous cries, and for a few seconds there was a wild war of wings on our lawn.

"Well, anyway," Jane said, "Rosie Beckwith's waving wasn't just aimless. It was a matter of belief, and that's what infuriated Bill Browning when she explained it to him. Because, of course, Bill's such a sourball—or anyway such a realist—that he can't stand people having ideals or illusions or—"

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ILLUSTRATED
BY PHILLIPS

As Bill caught Rosie in his arms he
still had his customary angry, grim
look on his face.



• 1938. The late Duke of Kent and the Duchess.

like. Time and again a courtier had gone to King George with a tale of some scrape, and time and again the stern father had reprimanded the young man.

When the Prince was thirty-two the King heard that his son was again causing gossip.

The King was enraged. He called in the Prince, and in a dressing-down handed his playboy son an ultimatum: Marriage to a girl of royal blood or an assignment in a part of the Commonwealth as far away from London as possible.

Prince George thought over the list of eligible princesses and did not like the thought of marriage with any of them.

He put his problem to Nadia, Lady Milford-Haven, and one by one she began eliminating all the eligible European princesses. Presently she came to Princess Marina.

"We're too different," the Prince said.

"I wonder," said Lady Milford-Haven. Marina, she went on to point out, was young and beautiful, obviously not stuffy.

Prince George reported to his father glumly that he had made his choice.

In London when Marina arrived for the first "official" visit she was agreeably surprised — and so was Prince George. In the time since they last had met each had become more attractive.

Marina returned to Paris, where reporters immediately asked her if she was in love. Her only answer was a smile.

Prince George meanwhile discovered to his surprise that he could not get the Princess out of his thoughts. He remembered a long-standing invitation to visit Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, Marina's brother-in-law. He cabled at once and was answered within hours: "By all means come."

By now the Press of Europe

was certain that something was going on.

In Europe the couple took hikes together, went shooting, swam, went on picnics, walked everywhere—in short, behaved like a couple wholly in love. Much later Prince Christopher, one of Marina's uncles, wrote:

"The atmosphere grew more and more electric . . .

"One evening we all played backgammon in the sitting-room until we could hardly keep awake. One by one we departed for bed until George and Marina were left sitting alone at opposite ends of the sofa.

On the sofa

"I had been in my bedroom for about half an hour when I found that I had left my cigarette-case on the backgammon table. I pulled on my dressing-gown and descended the dark stairs.

"Light shone from the open sitting-room door. George and Marina were still seated on the sofa, but they were no longer at opposite ends."

Soon afterwards the engagement was announced.

Bells rang; England was overjoyed. There had not been a royal wedding for eleven years. The wedding date was set for late in November, 1934.

In Paris Marina went happily about the business of assembling her trousseau.

The color selected to dominate her wardrobe, Marina blue, became the rage of Europe that year.

Her hats were copied not

only in Europe but in the United States.

The Duchess still is a fashion pace-setter in England.

But remembering her Paris days, she still economises.

Marina interrupted her shopping in mid-September of her wedding year to pay her first visit to England to meet her future relatives formally.

Before her visit some grumbling had been heard in Britain. "Why couldn't he have chosen an English girl?" one editorial demanded.

But when the Princess stepped off the Channel boat, wearing a russet costume with a matching pillbox hat and carrying her ring hand self-consciously in the manner of newly engaged girls, she enchanted the hordes who had lined up to greet her.

At their demand she held up the ring for them to see.

The crowds cheered; hats went into the air.

Even the most cynical journalists in Fleet Street wrote paeans of welcome.

The visit to the Royal Family at Balmoral, in Scotland, for the first formal presentation to the King and Queen could not have been more successful.

She captivated everyone. Prince George's brothers clustered around him, exclaiming about what a lucky fellow he was. The King himself was charmed.

She returned to Paris to finish her preparations, and nine days before the wedding set out for the country that

was to be her home. This time the reception was greater than the first, the cheers louder.

Her wedding dress was a long gown of silver lame woven with a rose design, with a huge veil suspended from a diamond tiara, a present from King George. She carried a bouquet of lilies. Her train measured fourteen feet.

The Abbey was packed with visiting royalty, ambassadors, the nobility.

The wildly clanging bells marked the beginning of a new phase in the life of the new Duchess (the Prince had been made Duke of Kent by his father just before the wedding). For eight years it continued.

The two found they had much in common. He was interested in art and antiques and was acquiring a collection of antique furniture, both for

the London town house they took in Belgrave Square and for the manor house, Coppin near Iwer, in Buckinghamshire.

The Kents' life together in the beginning could have been a scenario written by their good friend Noel Coward. It was a constant round of parties and of holidays at Cannes and Biarritz and Paris in the spring with the cream of international society as their companions.

During the summer of 1935 a formal announcement was issued from the house in Belgrave Square: "H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent has cancelled her forthcoming engagements and is not undertaking any further functions this summer."

The Duke was wild with happiness. He planned the nursery personally.

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• 1945. The late Queen Mary talks with her widowed daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Kent

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- Hints must be written on plain paper, attached to an entry form, and addressed, fully stamped, to "Kwit," P.O. Box 22, Botany, N.S.W.
- Entries must be received by August 31.
- All entries become the property of Kwit.
- At the point of reaching a State final an entrant must—
 - produce a medical certificate that she is in good health and fit to travel abroad;
 - produce a signed statement that she is willing and able to attend the Grand Final in Sydney on a date to be fixed by the organisers and that she is willing and able to travel overseas when required;
 - sign an agreement with the organisers that she will not sign any management contract with any individual or corporation and will not give any verbal or written endorsement of any mercantile commodity nor permit her name or photograph to be used in connection with any advertised commodity or service without the written permission of the organisers of the contest.
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Continued from page 26

'Widow behind the throne'



● 1956. The Duke of Kent on his 21st birthday with Princess Alexandra (left) and the Duchess.

H.R.H. Prince Edward George Nicholas Paul Patrick, Duke of Kent, now seventh in line of succession to the throne, was born on October 9, 1935, just ten months and ten days after his parents' marriage.

Princess Alexandra Helen Elizabeth Olga Christabel was born on Christmas Day, 1936. The third and last child, Prince Michael George Franklin, was born on July 4, 1942. The "Franklin" was put into the Prince's name because President Franklin D. Roosevelt had agreed to be his godfather.

The happy life continued, and towards the end of 1938 the Duke began making plans to assume his duties as Governor-General of Australia.

But the war changed all plans. He went immediately into the Royal Air Force.

On August 25, 1942, he left on a mission. As required, he did not tell Marina his destination.

Baroness de Stoeckl, the long-time friend of Marina and her family, describes the day as follows:

"After lunch we waited outside the drawing-room on the lawn. The Duchess comes out to us. She looks so young in her thin summer frock. The Duke comes, handsome in his uniform. He kisses his wife. He stoops and strokes Muff, his chow, turns to the butler and asks: 'What will you do with him when I am gone?' Strange question, for he was so often leaving. He gets into the motor. The Duchess waves goodbye."

It was the last time she saw him.

At ten that night the phone rang. The Sunderland flying-boat in which the Duke and thirteen crewmen had been winging to Scotland had blundered into a hillside in misty weather near Caithness, in northern Scotland. All but one of the men aboard had been killed.

Marina broke down; her grief was uncontrollable. She screamed and sobbed far into the night; no sedatives could soothe her.

Two days later Queen Mary drove to Coppins, but Marina was still distracted and scarcely able to move. For six months she seldom ventured outside the house.

She was invited less and less to Palace functions.

Only old Queen Mary, herself a widow, seemed to sympathise. As far as the others were concerned, Marina was behaving in a "foreign" way,

not at all as members of Royalty were expected to behave.

As well as her intense personal grief, the Duke's death struck her a terrible financial blow. She had no money whatever of her own. Kent's will, by royal tradition, left virtually his entire fortune, including the million pounds bequeathed him by his father, to his son and heir, Edward, who also inherited the title. Until Edward reached twenty-one Marina could not touch it. Even Coppins was the boy's.

Her income thus dropped overnight from £75,000 a year, which had been her allowance when the Duke was alive, to £2000.

Once again she was back at the old business she had operated with her exiled family—that of making ends meet.

Dinner jackets

Marina's return to favor, and to near solvency, came about directly as a result of her advocacy of her cousin Prince Philip as a suitor for Elizabeth.

Philip had been exiled from Greece with the rest of the Royal Family.

On leave from the Navy, he would stay with Marina; she often lent him one of the Duke of Kent's dinner jackets to wear in the evenings.

She introduced him to her circle of friends and ever so subtly brought him to the attention of the Royal Family.

Philip himself was rather undecided in the beginning as to the advisability of marrying a princess, and again it was the Duchess who influenced his decision.

Some of the Duchess' enemies have said that she did all this solely with her own interests in mind. Others say she served as a delicate go-between because she, who had had such a happy marriage, was convinced that Philip and Elizabeth were in love.

But it was not until four

years ago, when the Queen settled on her an allowance of £7000 a year, that she felt the financial tension begin to ease.

The Duke of Kent has now come into his inheritance, and it is known that he materially assists his mother.

As though her state duties, her responsibility as an adviser to the Queen, and her social functions were not enough to keep her busy, Marina is faced with three other distinct problems—her children, whose personalities are as dissimilar as three hybrid peas in a pod.

Michael, now sixteen, gives her fewer worries than the others. He seems to be taking after his uncle Harry of Gloucester, the least dynamic of the four sons of George V. Prince Michael at Eton College is a bright but not exceptional student, and less of a prankster than his older brother was.

Princess Alexandra, who was twenty-two last Christmas Day, is something of a concern to Marina.

The Princess has shown no special interest in any one young man, which is disturbing to the Duchess. Marina wants her daughter to marry well.

The simple fact, which Marina knows well, is that eligible young men are wary of marrying into the Royal Family.

As things stand now, the husband of a Royal Princess would have to defer to his wife in all public and social matters. Prince Philip himself is in this position—that he must always walk three paces behind Queen Elizabeth is symbolic of his status. For this reason fewer and fewer highborn bachelors in modern Britain will consider a marriage into royalty without profound misgivings.

Alexandra is an attractive girl. "She has a lovely figure, but it's somewhat hippler than her mother's," says one of her companions. She is always well dressed.

"She has inherited Marina's ability to make do," says an employee at the salon of designer Norman Hartnell.

Marina's biggest problem is twenty-three-year-old "Eddie," as the Duke of Kent is called.

He is the handsomest of the three, the brightest ("If only school were harder for him!" Marina once exclaimed), and the most spoiled.

In the Royal Family he has the reputation of potentially being even more of a "buck" than his father was. His school life—Ludgrove, a

preparatory school for Eton, Eton itself and Le Rosey in Switzerland—was a long series of mischievous stunts.

Once out of school he began setting something of a record for royal motor crashes. He smashed up his mother's station wagon in a crash in which he was all but given up for dead. Subsequently he smashed up his first car, a Sunbeam-Talbot.

IS HE SAFE ON THE ROADS? a headline demanded.

Eight months later the same automobile, repaired, skidded across the highway and catapulted him out on his head.

And Eddie seems to have not the slightest interest in doing anything that royalty supposed to do.

He scoffs at Princess Alexandra, who enjoys laying cornerstones.

Rich eligibles

He has said time and again that if he cannot be a magazine or newspaper photographer (he has shown ability as a cameraman), he will be anything.

King George VI more than once said, "Marina, dear, you really should remarry."

But it is not known if she has remained single because of the memory of her husband or because there have been no appealing suitors. The latter seems hardly likely. On this she had partially recovered from the shock of Kent's death, the men appeared contented, rich men, all roles them eminently eligible.

Among her most frequent companions in recent years have been: the prewar mentioned Count Alexandros Pukowski-Koziele; Malcom Sargent, the dynamic symphony conductor, a visitor to Kensington Palace with whom Marina discusses music; and Andreas Berka, a successful Rumanian painter who did Marina's portrait some four years ago; and Paul Leigh Fermor, a wartime hero of Britain's Special Operations.

Whether or not Marina is serious about any of these men, or any others, is open to question.

Her friends are of two minds. One says he feels certain she will marry now that her children have grown up. He points out that she is unusually attractive at fifty-two, that she is in excellent health.

Another friend is of entirely opposite mind. He insists she will never marry. "She's too young to good a time," he says, "being the widow behind the throne."

(Copyright)



● 1953. At Ascot, the Duchesses of Kent (left) and Gloucester, the Queen's Mother, and the Queen saw the Queen's horse, Choir Boy, race and win.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 1, 1956



● Cedric and Pat Flower at work in their Darling Point, Sydney, home.

The team behind our thrilling new serial

By BETTY NESBIT

● Cedric Flower, one of Australia's leading artists, has illustrated our new serial which begins in next week's issue — the murder mystery "Goodbye, Sweet William," written by his wife, Pat.

"GOODBYE, Sweet William" is the first serial illustrated by Cedric Flower, whose work is in such demand that his paintings and drawings blossom red "sold" tickets as soon as his exhibitions are open.

The opening illustration contains one full page in color, which is reproduced so that it can be framed.

It is a delightful water-color (Cedric Flower's preferred medium) of a colonial-style house in the Richmond-Windsor district of N.S.W.

This is Pat Flower's second novel. The first, "Wax Flowers for Gloria," was published last year. "Goodbye, Sweet William" has just gone into Australian bookshops.

Her third, "A Wreath of Waterlilies," will appear in England at the end of the year, and she is busy writing rather fourth, "One Rose Less." "Goodbye, Sweet William" and its fascinating illustrations were created in the Flowers' charming tiny house in Darling Point, N.S.W.

In this doll's house Cedric and Pat run a busy working life according to strict routine.

Night writer

Pat has a full-time job as a copywriter with a big advertising agency and Cedric works at home, using the living-room as a studio.

Pat does her novel-writing at night ("if the day at the office hasn't been too tiring") and tries to get in a full day of writing on Sundays.

Talking to Pat and Cedric together makes one wish that one had, if not two heads to take in the conversation on either side, at least two right hands to take notes with.

Pat: "Sweet William" really began when we were having a Sunday drive in the Richmond-Windsor district, where there are so many lovely old colonial homes.

Cedric: "When we got home, Pat said, 'I think I'll write my new novel about a

lot of people on a weekend party in a country house.'"

Pat: "I've always liked the classic setting of so many good English mysteries — the weekend house party, and I thought it would be just as effective in an Australian house."

Cedric: "And my impression of 'Thornton,' Pat's house, is really put together from a lot of houses . . . a pillar from one, a fanlight from another, a balcony here."

Pat: "All the characters are entirely imaginary. So are the dwellings."

Cedric: "I like drawing old houses, so I was pleased that Pat's leading character could really be called the house. It gave me a chance to do the sort of rococo design I admire."

But how did Pat come to start writing mysteries?

Pat: "I've always been mad about puzzles, anything from crosswords to jigsaws and I suppose that a mystery story for me is an extension of that passion."

Cedric: "What I admire about Pat is the pace at which she works. I'm rather slow."

Pat: "Well, frankly I wouldn't be able to get through so much work if Cedric and I

didn't co-operate wonderfully in housework and shopping."

Cedric: "With me doing rather more because I happen to be at home all day."

Pat: "I'm afraid I much prefer slaving over a hot type-writer than over a hot stove. My publishers have asked me to aim at writing two novels a year."

Cedric (sotto voce): "More housework for me, no doubt."

Third novel

Pat: "The third novel, 'A Wreath of Waterlilies,' is set in France in a small seaside resort, Cassis, near Marseilles."

Cedric: "She's taken her dear Detective-Inspector Swinton and his assistant, Primrose, to Cassis to solve the murder."

Pat: "Though he's very unhappy without his meat-pies and spends a lot of time looking for the French equivalent."

Cedric: "Munching a meat-pie helps him think. It's rather like us. We like them, too."

Pat: "As Swinton is a very down-to-earth Australian type I made meat-pies a sort of symbol of his essential Australianism."

Cedric: "Just like all those American private eyes who are always swilling down

bourbon and munching ham-on-rye sandwiches."

Pat: "Talking about what Swinton enjoys reminds me that Cedric, who likes fountains, suggested that the Archibald Fountain in Hyde Park should be a favorite spot for the detective's reflective moments. This required, as Cedric knew it would, a nice piece about the fountain."

Cedric (he's on the design committee for a fountain competition which was organised in Sydney recently by the City Council): "If Swinton can do anything to make Sydney more fountain-conscious, good on him."

Pat: "Swinton's a nice man . . . solid, appearing unimaginative, but full of a deep compassion for the unhappy wretches he tracks down."

Cedric: "The only part where Pat and I fell out while I was illustrating this serial was over Swinton."

Pat (indignantly): "I should think so. That back view you drew of him isn't a bit like him."

Cedric: "Well, it's only a back view."

Pat: "That awful coat and he looks so dejected."

Odd ending

Cedric: "And so he was. The case of William has an odd ending, you know. Swinton wasn't pleased about it."

Pat: "But you have enjoyed doing the illustrations?"

Cedric: "Well, it was rather unnerving with the author breathing down the back of my neck at every stroke of the brush. However, now it's done maybe I can get on with MY work for my exhibition in September."

Pat: "He's done some of his best work for this show. Water-color drawings of Sydney."

Cedric: "It's such an exciting city to me, just as stimulating as Paris or Rome . . . and when it gets a few more fountains it . . ."

Pat: "Heavens, don't let him get started on the fountains or you'll never finish this interview."

But I had, so I said: "Goodbye, Sweet Pat and Cedric."



● The Flowers on a morning walk. Pancho, the boxer, is owned by their neighbor, Costa Vrisakis.

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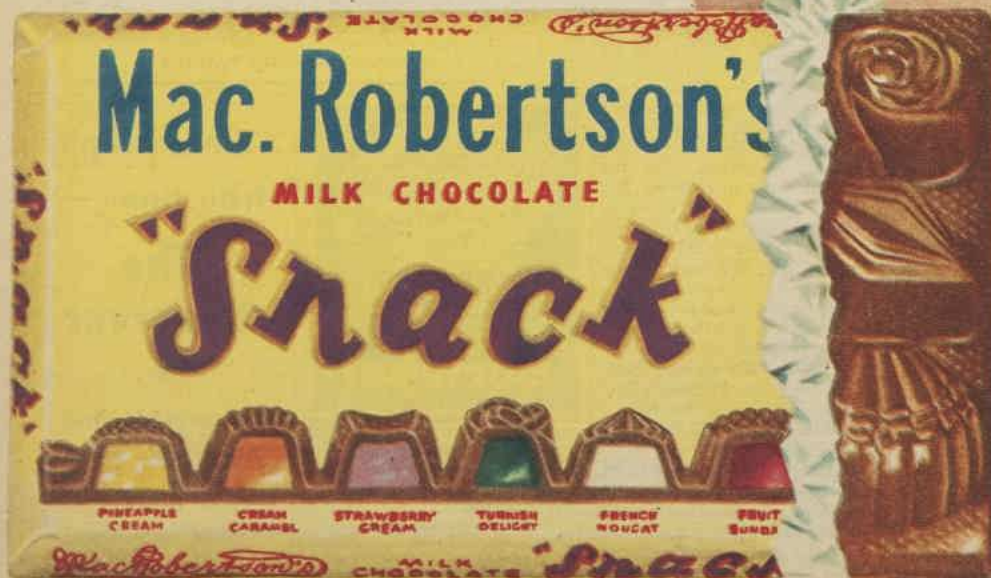


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WORTH REPORTING

WHILE the Duchess of Kent's private secretary, Mr. Philip Hay, has been touring Australia to finalise plans for Princess Alexandra's tour, his wife stayed in London carrying out her own duties with Royalty.

The Lady Margaret Hay is a lady-in-waiting to the Queen. Lady Margaret was first appointed to wait upon the young Princess Elizabeth at the time of her wedding in 1947.

When the Princess became Queen, Lady Margaret became a Woman of the Bedchamber. Lady Margaret, the daughter of Brigadier Lord Henry Seymour and Lady Helen Seymour, married Mr. Hay in 1948, and they have three sons. Tall, Irish, and a diplomat to his fingertips, Philip Hay is the man who arranged the Duchess of Kent's tours of Malaya in 1952, Canada in 1954, Ghana in 1957.

He also arranged her recent visit with Princess Alexandra to the Latin American countries, and accompanied the Duchess on all these tours. "They have been immensely interesting," he told us, "but we all have a special affection for the Australian tour we're working on now."

He added that Princess Alexandra was particularly



WYNFORD THOMAS... his speech left them almost speechless.

Double talk wasn't funny

YOU just have to sympathise with B.B.C. broadcaster Wynford Vaughan Thomas.

Recently he said he'd solved the problem of finding time to compose the after-dinner speeches he's expected to give.

He simply gives the same one time and time again, provided he hasn't previously spoken within a 50-mile radius of the town.

Then a sad thing happened. "It was a hideous mistake," said Mr. T. "I think this society had changed its name — I wasn't too certain where I was."

"I delivered my speech, but it didn't go down as well as I had expected."

"Then the chairman got up and, in a solid Northern voice, said, 'I think we all enjoyed Mr. Thomas' speech.'"

"And since he delivered it to us two years ago I think we'll all agree that he's polished it up wonderfully."

WE were given a packet of soup, made in France, the other day.

These instructions for cooking were printed on the back:

"Add the small bag content to a pint of cold water, raise to ebullition, stirring with a birch or fork. Let cook during ten minutes on low fire, then take it out and cover immediately. Let it puff for ten minutes..."

The pen IS mightier...

TWO penfriends, one Australian and one American, met for the first time recently in Texas, U.S.A.

They'd been writing letters to each other for 37 years.

"It all started in the geography class at school," recalled Mrs. Sid Campbell, of Mosman, N.S.W. "A letter arrived from a school at Fort Worth, Texas, asking for penfriends. All these years we've been waiting to meet."

Mrs. Campbell's penfriend is now Mrs. J. Nile Freeman, of Beaumont, Texas — and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell spent four months staying with the Freemans before they travelled on to England and Europe.

"They made us feel so welcome with all their warmth and informal hospitality that I'm sure we could have stayed four years as their guests instead of four months."

Mrs. Campbell told us about some American customs she couldn't get used to.

"Our friends ate rockmelon, salted and peppered, as a vegetable with their steak, instead of as a dessert. And they had plum or apricot jam, which they call jelly, with bacon and eggs."

If you like a juicy book...

THE British Museum—which has, among other treasures, the largest collection of books in the world—has been open to the public for 200 years.

In a B.B.C. broadcast, commentator David Stone was talking about the immense value of the museum's vast reading-room to scholars and students.

"It is inevitable," he said, "that any free institution which offers warmth, light, and something to read should attract eccentrics."

"My favorite was the woman who was seen peeling oranges."

"An assistant went over to her and said very politely, 'I'm afraid you're not allowed to eat oranges in the reading-room, madam.'"

"I'm not going to eat them," she replied crossly. "I'm going to squeeze the juice over the books."

ONE of our colleagues wandered into a Sydney post office on a bleak wintry day and found the postal clerk humming contentedly to himself.

"You sound happy today," she remarked.

"Yep," he said. "It's because I'm stupid. Stupid people are always happy."

Helping hand that's no puzzle

WE heard of a generous offer the other day that we're only too happy to tell you about.

Mr. Cyril Smith, a 60-year-old pensioner, is willing to make jigsaw puzzles — free of charge — for crippled children.

The children's parents can write to Mr. Smith, who lives at Moore Street, Ganmain, N.S.W.

Mr. Smith works as caretaker of Ganmain's Literary Institute and makes the jigsaws in his spare time, pasting the pictures on to three-ply wood and cutting the pieces out with a fretsaw.



THE QUEEN... she has received a crossword puzzle from Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith has made jigsaw puzzles for the Queen, Dame Pattie Menzies, the Sara and Lucke quads, old people's homes, and spastic and crippled children.

Since he began making his puzzles in 1952 — because he wanted to help handicapped children in some way — Mr. Smith has given away more than 600 puzzles, comprising more than 100,000 pieces.



PHILIP HAY... he says that Alexandra is longing to get here.

looking forward to the country part of her Australian trip. "Her buoyant health and good spirits were particularly apparent during country parts of the Latin American tour, and I know the Princess will find everything interesting here."

"She has read so much about Australia in preparation for the tour that she is longing to come and see it for herself."

ACCORDING to an English columnist, the Pope is learning English — with an Irish brogue.

His tutor is Monsignor Thomas Ryan, who acts as interpreter whenever the Pope has an audience for English-speaking pilgrims.

IN England, all the best-dressed dogs wear fur coats. Now — to match the coats — manufacturers are turning out special boots and shoes with fur uppers. Mink for special occasions, too.

It's a dog's life right enough.

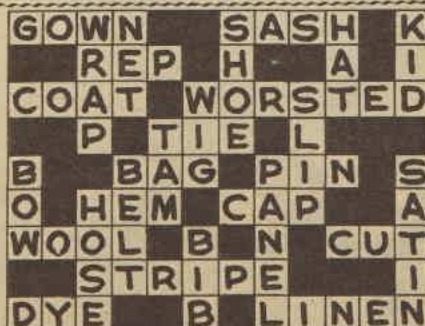
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 1, 1959

Winner of Crozzle 8

THE £500 prize for the winning entry in CROZZLE No. 8 goes to Mrs. J. Castner, of 23rd Avenue, Happy Valley, Mt. Isa, Queensland.

A copy of Mrs. Castner's entry, drawn by our artists, is reproduced at right.

Her ingenious entry brought her a total of 155 points for interlocking letters, and a grand total score of 445.



12, - 35, 21, 10, 19, 13, 11, 15, 9, - 10

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 155

PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 290

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY 445

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Page 31

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Choose a shady spot for liliiums

LILIUMS are ideal plants for potting or growing in semi-shade, where the blooms are protected from fierce sunlight.

Twelve-inch pots or four-gallon drums, with plenty of drainage holes, are suitable for potting liliiums. A good compost consists of 50 per cent. leafmould, 25 per cent. virgin soil, and 25 per cent. ashes. Many gardeners use sand in place of ashes.

Bulbs — one to a pot or tin — should be planted four inches deep, and larger ones slightly deeper, from May to early July.

Good drainage is the most important item of liliium culture. Pots and drums should contain at least three inches of lumpy charcoal or crocks (broken flower pots or roofing tiles) in the bottom.

Water sparingly until the pots are full of

roots, gradually increasing the moisture until the plants are in full bloom. Do not water every day or the compost will hold too much water and the bulbs may rot.

Plants may receive full sunlight until the buds form, when they should be kept in shade during the heat of the day. This will help blooms to last longer and retain color.

There are dozens of species of liliiums and hundreds of hybrids. Some of the hybrids are among the most beautiful and the most expensive. Plants also

can be grown from seeds or bulblets. Seedlings take up to three years to flower and small bulbs or plants raised from scales about the same.

Aphids are the worst enemy of liliiums. They cause distorted buds and spread virus diseases. Kill them with regular sprayings of DDT emulsion.

GARDENING



● *Jillian Wallace*, a lovely Australian-raised hybrid, rich pink with deep crimson spots set off with a white margin. Highly fragrant flowers spread about nine inches across and open almost flat. Good for cutting.



● *Excelsior*, a hybrid, is one of the most striking 10-inch liliiums. Perfumed blooms are crimson with white outside rims. It is a Melford-Auratum hybrid.



● *Gold Lady* hybrid is a fine Auratum cross speciosum hybrid. Blooms have green nectaries. This flower was raised by Dr. J. H. Yeates, of New Zealand.



● *Sylvia Holloway* is from Opal Hybrid by Crimson Queen. These three pictures from Mr. Raymond P. Holloway's Beverly Hills, N.S.W., nursery.



● *Dianne* is a delicately pastel-shaded liliium, best suited to cool climates. Spots are deep purple. Should be grown in high country in N.S.W.

● *Martagon Album* is suitable only for cold climates. This picture and *Dianne* taken at the nursery of Mr. C. Smith, of North Earlwood, N.S.W.

capital; another expense they had previously decided could wait a year or two.

It was not an unusual event these days to find Keith Jones in their living-room, or in any other room of their house.

Sometimes it seemed to Barbara that Roy could not bear to have Keith out of his sight. He cultivated him with fierce concentration.

As if, Barbara thought, he were hoping that familiarity with Keith would breed a healing contempt for him.

Summer was well advanced now. The Jones' bought a new car. Keith drove up to their door to show it off. "Get your self one, Roy," he roared boisterously. "What's an up-and-coming young lawyer like you doing in your old rattletrap!"

Roy said airily, "Maybe I will." And he did.

Barbara said nothing, afraid that she would say too much. She loathed the new car for what it represented. The whole situation, she felt wretchedly, was so absurd that it should have been laughable. But she could not even smile.

The Jones' joined the country club. The Goodfellow became members the same week. It was when Barbara saw the first month's account from the club that the patience she had been trying to exercise snapped.

"It's absurd," she cried hotly. "It's even frightening. We can't afford to live this way!"

"Sweetheart," Roy said, "ninety per cent. of this is business entertaining. It comes under the office expenses."

"Office expenses! Why that's as much as if it were house expenses. You're reducing your

profits, aren't you? That's the equivalent of taking a cut in salary."

"If I were running a shop I'd be advertising, wouldn't I? Advertising costs money. Entertaining is the professional man's method of advertising."

Barbara looked at him steadily. "It's Keith Jones," she said, "you're competing with him."

"My dear, sweet Barbara, of course I'm competing with him. We're deadly business rivals, remember?"

"There's only one way you compete with him, Roy, and that's by being yourself. Financially you can't compete with him because he has a lot more money—I think it's probably Erica's money, but it's there, anyway. To ape him and his methods is undignified and unworthy of you."

"Thanks, it's such a help to know you have your wife's understanding and encouragement."

He slammed out of the front door.

Barbara put her head down on the kitchen table and cried. She was tired; the heat was intense. She cried as much for the change in Roy as for her own worry at the shape their life was taking. And she cried because these months of waiting for their first baby were to have been the sweetest they had ever known, and they were being spoiled.

But by the time Roy came home her need for his love was so great that she went to his arms like a bird to its nest. Resting there, she knew that Roy had been unhappy, too.

They stood in silence, locked

together, until suddenly Roy said quietly, "Bear with me, Barbara."

Her arms tightened. It was the nearest he had come to admitting anything. And, suddenly, she knew, as if the knowledge came through their close physical contact, that there was an element of real fear in the battle Roy was waging, because their whole future was involved.

Only a very short while remained before her baby was due when her doctor delivered his bombshell. The news he gave her sent her out into the sunshine tremulous with joy.

Reaching home she went up to the nursery and stood beside the small blue cot. She cried a little and laughed a little, and for the happiness of saying it she told the house.

"We're going to need two cots. We're going to have twins! Two babies! Two!"

The hours until Roy was due home dragged intolerably. She longed to share her joy.

But when at last she opened the door to him she knew her news would have to wait beyond tonight.

In the droop of his shoulders, the defeat in his eyes, she read the signs, and knew with an aching pity that was mixed with fear and impatience that he had reached a depth of depression he had never plumbed before. She put her arms around him, clinging.

"How can you love me?" he asked. "I'm just a second-rater."

She stopped his mouth with a kiss. Now was not the time for him to tell her that Keith Jones had defeated him, had always defeated him; to put into words his humiliating sense of weakness and inferiority.

These were things that, for his own self-respect, he must only tell her when he could laugh about them. And he will, he will, she thought fiercely, one day he will be able to laugh at them.

She let the days slip by, the news the doctor had given her still untold. As she watched Roy struggle under the burden of his depression, which was aggravated by worry about their finances, she could not bring herself to speak.

Her news was too precious to risk seeing him receive it with less than the joy it deserved. Jealously she guarded her secret, watching for a break in Roy's mood to tell her that the time had come.

Now her happiest hours were spent while Roy was out. Sitting quietly in the rocker in the nursery, she did not feel as much alone as she did with Roy, for now they could no longer enter into each other's thoughts.

The house, she felt, knew everything. Dreaming there one day she told herself, as long as we are under this roof no harm can come to us. It is our fortress, from within its walls we can fight everything, because the house is on our side. We'll live here, and our children, and maybe our children's children.

It was that very night that Roy stilled his restless pacing of the living-room and said abruptly, "Barbara, have you ever stopped to wonder what we're doing here, you and I? In this town, I mean? Why did we come here?"

"We came because we thought there was a good opening for you here. That, and because the house was here, too, waiting for us."

"Well," he said, pushing out his chin, "it was a mistake. The sooner we get out the better."

Barbara bent her head over her needlework.

"Well," Roy said impatiently, "what do you say?"

Continuing . . . ONE UP

[from page 21]

She stood up. "I say it's time to go to bed."

"You're upset," he said. "You're angry with me. You don't want to go away from here, but it's not the town, it's the house you don't want to leave. It is the house, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said, "in a way it's the house, but if we go away from here we'll leave something behind that's far more important than the house." She folded her needlework. "I'm tired, Roy, I'm going to bed."

She undressed in the dark and lay between the sheets with her eyes closed, feeling unhappiness like a weight anchoring her to the bed. Downstairs there was silence.

She wondered if Roy were sitting there thinking of the thing she had said. Would he come near guessing what she had meant? That the important thing they would leave behind them if they moved was faith? Her own faith in Roy, Roy's faith in himself.

She was startled from her thoughts by the sound of the front door bell. She glanced at the bedside clock. Nearly midnight. Lifting herself on an elbow she listened intently, hearing Roy's footsteps go across the hall, hearing the front door open and then the sound of a voice.

Keith, she thought bitterly. Tonight of all nights. It was



not the first time he had knocked them up late, jauntily confident of his welcome.

"Barbara! Are you awake?" Roy's voice came to her from the foot of the stairs. "It's Keith. He's just come from the hospital. Erica has a daughter."

"Oh," said Barbara, "oh, I'm coming." She was fastening the belt of her long woolly robe as she went down the stairs, her own problems temporarily forgotten. Emotionally stirred by the miracle of birth, of new life, she clasped Keith's hand warmly.

"I'm glad, Keith, I'm so glad. How's Erica?"

"Just fine, Barbara, so's our daughter. Seven pounds, six ounces. Looks as if we've got another redhead in the family."

Barbara smiled, feeling his excitement reach out and touch her; seeing the universal new-father look on his face.

Impulsively she said, "It was nice of you to come and tell us straight away."

"Even if your lights had been out, I'd have come. This is the sort of thing a chap wants to share with his best friend, I guess."

Involuntarily, Barbara felt herself withdraw a little, mistrusting the sentiment, wishing Keith had not struck what she could only feel was a false note.

Keith was looking at Roy. His eyes were smiling, filled with a warm pleasure that was unmistakable.

Why, thought Barbara

dumbfounded, he really means it. He really thinks Roy is his best friend! And then immediately a further thought came to her. Why should that surprise me? After all, what do I know of this man really? I've only ever seen him through Roy's eyes.

She glanced at Roy. His face wore a shuttered look.

"I'll make some coffee," she said hurriedly.

"I'll make the coffee," Keith said, pushing his arm companionably through hers. "Let's all go to the kitchen."

Sitting beside the kitchen table Roy and Barbara did not need to talk. Keith put an apron on, he found the percolator, rattled away in the cupboard, brought cream from the refrigerator. Darting about the room, he maintained a quick flow of excited chatter.

And then, when the coffee was made and served, abruptly the flow of words was cut off. He turned to face them, coffee cup in hand. He glanced at Roy, and Barbara felt her curiosity quicken as she saw that while he was smiling there was something anxious, something vulnerable in his expression, something out of character with the Keith Jones she knew.

Almost immediately the old look of confidence returned. Striding across the room, he drew out the chair between them and sat down.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "I suppose there's only one way of proving the temperature of the swimming-pool and that's by taking the plunge."

Leaning across the table he looked Roy straight in the eyes. "What do you say to us going into partnership? Us, You and I. Goodfellow and Jones. How do you think it sounds?"

Even after he was silent it was almost as if you could hear his words bouncing about the kitchen, Barbara thought, as she watched Roy's face go a deep, slow scarlet. She herself was aware of an inner excitement, of a queer sense of being on the verge of discovery.

Keith settled back comfortably in his chair. "It's what I've wanted for a long time, you know," he said.

Roy's face was carefully expressionless. After a long while he said, "Why?" and the single word came out bluntly.

Suddenly it was as if an explosion had occurred in the room. Keith jumped to his feet. He leaned on his hands across the table until his nose was nearly touching Roy's.

"Because," he shouted, "you've got something I want and I know I'll never have! So I want to be able to use what you've got, that's why!"

I wonder, Barbara thought, why so many men have to shout when they're embarrassed? She was sitting on the edge of her chair, but she felt quite calm. It was as if she watched the climax of a play approaching, and knew she would have no part in shaping it, and that this was right and as it should be.

Roy said, "I've got something you want?"

"Your pig-headedness!" Keith roared. "That's what you've got. Pig-headedness!"

He subsided suddenly into his chair. He turned to Barbara. He ignored Roy.

"Barbara," he appealed in half-comic, half-earnest exasperation, "have you ever heard of a little thing called an inferiority complex? It's an exasperating malady that makes you feel about knee-high to a grasshopper in size. Well, that fellow there," he flung an arm in Roy's direction without turning his head, "nearly turned me into a chronic case!"

"Do you know why? Because I could never beat him. For years I took scholarships and sports trophies away from him with monotonous regularity, but I never won. Roy always won because he would never accept defeat. He's pig-headed!"

"He just used to grin and shake hands with me and try again, while I knew very well that if the position had been reversed I'd have given up the ghost or gone sour. It made me mad! It made me madder because I knew I envied him this quality I didn't possess."

"And then when we graduated—maybe I'd shed my adolescent skin by then—I found the envy had turned into what you could call a most almighty respect, and I made up my mind that if I could ever hit him over the head and drag him into a partnership I'd do it."

His voice trailed away, Barbara could not look at Roy even while her heart beat painfully for him.

How, she thought, could he, how could anyone accept so generous a gift—even though unconsciously given—from a man he had looked on as an enemy without feeling humiliation?

Oh, the partnership was not the gift Keith was offering Roy. The gift was Roy's own restored pride. Was Roy going to be big enough to accept this and start again from here, or would he take the other alternative open to him?

He could, if he chose, use what Keith had told him as a weapon against Keith himself. For in assuming the sincerity of their friendship, in seeking the partnership, Keith had rendered himself vulnerable.

If Roy chose to avenge himself for what he considered past humiliations at Keith's hands, all he had to do now was to reject Keith's offer.

Everything Roy is going to be, ever, Barbara thought, is being shaped now, in this little piece of time. Whether he accepts the partnership or not is unimportant, but whether he rejects Keith himself is terribly important, for he does, though he might think he is defeating Keith, he will really only be defeating himself. Keith will have won the final and most important battle.

At last she looked at him. She saw the signs of struggle, in his face, and watched them slowly fade.

Suddenly he was grinning at Keith across the table.

"In view of the fact," he said, "that no notice of motion was given, I beg leave of my learned friend to suggest that court be adjourned in order that the question may be studied from all angles."

"You old so-and-so, you," breathed Keith. "You mean you'll really consider a partnership?"

Roy nodded. "But not yet. Maybe not for a year." His eyes sought Barbara's. "I want to be quite sure first," he said slowly, "that I'm really the guy you've been talking about."

When Keith had gone he stood beside her playing with her fingers, looking down. "I feel—humble," he said.

Enough, thought Barbara, there's been enough humility around here for a while.

She pressed closer to him. "I'll tell you something," she said, "that will cure that. You're going to be the father of twins, Mr. Goodfellow."

He stared. She saw the look of incredulous delight reach his eyes.

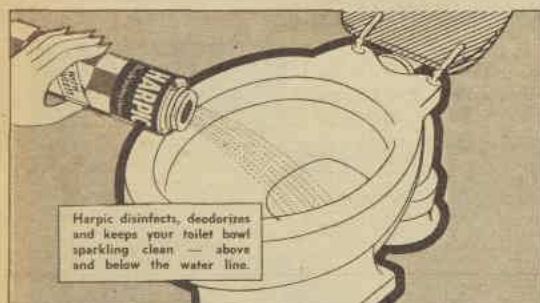
"We're going to be," Barbara said demurely, "one up on the Jones'."

Their eyes locked in understanding, in mirth, in love.

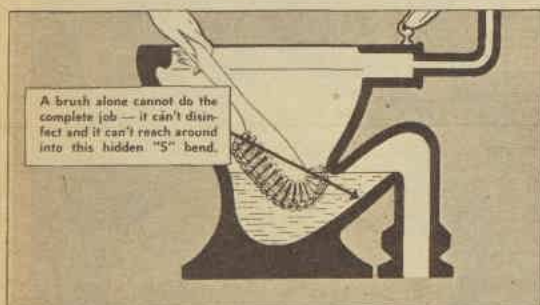
He gathered her close. "Barbara, honey, let's have lots of children! Let's have a round dozen! And on winter nights when we're sitting round the fire telling boggy stories we'll tell them how a certain man who shall be nameless nearly lost his wife, his home, and his self-respect by trying to live up to the Jones'."

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● Hall's Creek (above), isolated school, hospital, and stores centre for the cattle stations of the Kimberleys in the far north-west of Western Australia, was the site of a booming gold rush in 1886. This picture was taken by Miss M. J. Hill, of Floreat Park, W.A.

AUSTRALIA FROM THE AIR

● Another lonely outpost (below) is the Methodist Overseas Mission on Milingimbi, one of the Crocodile Islands off the Northern Territory coast. The mission is the home of seven missionaries and 500 aborigines from Arnhem Land. Picture by Miss E. Kettle, of Darwin.



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Continuing . . .

THE GIRL IN THE TREE

[from page 25]

"Jane, dear," I said, "I hate to interrupt you. But will you kindly tell me how Bill Browning comes into Rosie's romance?"

"Why, he's her next-door neighbor. I told you Mrs. Beckwith bought next to the Browning place, and Bill lives at home, so, of course, he's known Rosie ever since that cocktail party his mother and the admiral gave for the Beckwiths last June. But Bill is older than she is—than Rosie is—and he paid no particular attention to her till one Saturday morning when he caught sight of her in her tree. He was looking through his field-glasses and saw something red in a treetop, and so—"

"Bill was looking through his glasses?"

"Yes."

"Where was he?"

"At home. Up on the widow's walk, looking out—"

"The widow's walk?"

"Yes," Jane said. "Don't you remember the admiral had a widow's walk built on his roof so he could go up there and look out to sea? Well, it seems Bill often goes up there, too. I don't know why Navy men always want to look out to sea. I should think they'd get enough of it while they were on it, but anyway—"

"Wait a minute," I said. "Bill Browning isn't a Navy man. He works in a bank in New London."

"But he went to Annapolis, didn't he?"

"So he did. I'd forgotten."

"Darling, how could you? All his family have always gone to Annapolis—the men, I mean, or anyway his father and grandfather—and that's why it almost killed Bill when he was washed out in his third year."

"I remember now, he had some kind of bad luck."

"He had flu, and it left him deaf in one ear. Only slightly deaf, but it was enough to end his Navy career. Such a little thing, really. Yet it changed his whole life, and Bill couldn't get over it. Don't you remember how sort of crushed he looked when he first came home from the Academy? Then after a while he turned into this grim character with an absolutely hard-boiled outlook on life."

"I wouldn't call Bill grim exactly," I said. "But his character doesn't bear on Rosie's story, does it?"

"Yes, it does," Jane said. "Because if he hadn't bawled her out for being so idealistic—well, Rosie might not have gone on waving at that plane, and then Captain Pride would never have come to Lynton to find her."

"All right," I said. "But when did Bill bawl out Rosie? The last thing you said he was doing, he was looking through his glasses and seeing something red."

Jane nodded. "Of course, what he saw was Rosie's fights. But he didn't find that out till he went over and stood under her tree."

"Bill went over to Rosie's place?"

"And stood under her tree, yes. She was sitting on a branch, and she must have looked a little startling in her one-piece bathing suit, but cute, too, because she has a really cute figure. But apparently Bill wasn't interested in her looks. He just wanted to know what she was doing up there."

"So she told him. And Bill said she'd do better—get more exercise—in a gymnasium. And Rosie said she preferred to climb a tree, and then, all at once, here came the plane. It wasn't very high—it never was—and it passed directly over the hill,

and Rosie stood up on her branch and waved at it.

"Then she looked down and saw Bill staring up at her. He asked her why she'd waved. Did she know anyone on that plane? Rosie said no, that she'd waved because she wanted to, and anyway she always did. And Bill said, 'What for? What good does it do you?' Well, she didn't want to tell him about her philosophy, so she said, 'Oh, I don't know. I just think if you feel like waving at something, then you might as well wave.'"

"Bill didn't say any more at that time. He simply shook his head and went home. Rosie never expected to see him again—that is, under her tree—and she hoped she wouldn't. Because he always seemed to her a kind of barbarian, with his thick hair and bushy eyebrows and that big, hulking sort of fierce look of his."

"But about a month later, on a cloudy Saturday morning, there he was again, standing below her as she hung by her knees from a top branch. So she had to say hello, and Bill asked her please to come down, or at least pull herself right side up, because he wanted to talk to her."

"But Rosie just swung there and asked him what he wanted, and he said he'd been watching her through his glasses for the past four Saturdays and she always waved at that plane. He said he couldn't figure out why, and it was driving him nuts."

WELL, of course, Rosie didn't want him to go nuts, so she climbed down and sat on a low branch—I can just see her with her arm around the tree trunk and her red hair all wild and her red legs dangling—and Bill begged her to tell him why she waved. Well, barbarian or not, he seemed so intense about it that she told him about her philosophy. And that's when he bawled her out.

"He said, 'So you think the world's full of love, do you? And you want your share of it, do you? Well, that last part's understandable, because everybody wants love—especially women. But you're not going to get it by being mystical about it. You're not going to get it by waving at a transatlantic aeroplane flying a quarter of a mile above your head.'"

"So Rosie said, 'That aeroplane has people in it. I'm waving at them, and especially at the pilot, because I think he's so wonderful to fly across the ocean.' And Bill said he was no more wonderful than a gob in a submarine, but never mind that. The point was that her waving made no sense, because she got no response from it."

"And Rosie said, 'Oh, yes, I do—or at least I did once.' And Bill said, 'When did you?' And Rosie said, 'It was one Saturday morning with a high overcast, just like this, and the plane flew low under the clouds. And when I waved, I saw the pilot wave back at me.'"

"Well, Bill said she'd imagined it, and Rosie said she hadn't, and they argued till they both lost their tempers, and then—you can guess what happened, can't you? The plane came over, flying low under the clouds, and Rosie pulled herself up on her branch and leaned out as far as she could and waved at it as hard she could. And the pilot saw her. He turned towards the

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window beside him and waved his hand. Not only that, but he made a circle with his thumb and forefinger signalling O.K. to Rosie.

"It all happened in a few seconds, of course, but Bill saw it as plainly as she did, and at first he couldn't speak. So Rosie said, 'Go ahead and apologise,' and Bill said, 'All right, I apologise for doubting that you saw the guy wave back at you. But now I know what goes on in your subconscious mind.'

"And Rosie said her mind wasn't subconscious, it was perfectly conscious, and she knew what she was doing, and Bill said, 'So do I know what you're doing with that cock-eyed philosophy of yours. You're building a fantasy around that aeroplane pilot.'

"So Rosie said, 'Really? What sort of fantasy?' And Bill said he supposed it was the usual thing, the classic day-dream of the knight in gold armor on a white horse—or is it a white knight on a gold horse?—who comes riding to rescue the maiden from the awful fate of permanent maidenhood. Only Rosie had turned the knight into an airman in a white suit with gold braid on his cap, Bill said. But actually her airman was the same old fairy-tale figure, and she probably expected him to drop down out of the sky some day and marry her while his co-pilot flew the plane to Europe.

"Well, by this time Rosie was so mad she said, yes, that was exactly what she expected—except that commercial pilots didn't have parachutes, so how could her dream man drop down out of the sky? And Bill said, 'On the wings of love,' and Rosie swung her hand down to slap him. But he ducked, and she lost her balance and flopped down off the branch right into Bill's arms.

"Well, for a minute he just held her, and you can't blame him, because she's a lovely young thing. And in that skimpy bathing-suit—well, you might think it would take his mind off their quarrel. But no, Bill just stood her on her feet and then went on scolding her.

"He said, 'You're lame. That's why you daydream. You're afraid to face reality;

Continuing . . . THE GIRL IN THE TREE

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you're afraid that your lameness will handicap you in getting the man you want.'

"And Rosie said, 'That's a lot of cheap, second-hand psychology. You don't know what you're talking about!' And Bill said, 'Oh, yes, I do. I went through the same thing when I had to give up the Navy.'

"Then he told her how at first he used to pray for a miracle to give him back his hearing, but finally he had to face the fact that he was definitely handicapped—for a Navy career. So he quit kidding himself and got a good civilian job, because he'd learned to stop believing in miracles.

"Rosie was furious. She said she didn't consider herself a handicapped person, that her lameness was a nuisance, but not really important because she had so much else to be thankful for. She said, 'I'm healthy and strong, and I've had enough men make passes at me to know that I'm reasonably attractive, even if you don't think so.'

"And Bill said he hadn't thought about her attractiveness at all, that he was just considering her as a fellow creature who'd been physically afflicted, and he hated to see her try to hide from that fact behind a curtain of make-believe. And Rosie said she wasn't hiding from anything, that she didn't feel afflicted, and that she'd never stop believing in miracles because she was perfectly certain one was going to happen to her.

"Well, that burned Bill up, so he said O.K., it was her life, and if she wanted to waste it on some fool belief, that was her privilege. Then he said, 'But no miracle will ever happen to you.' And he turned and walked away."

At this point, Jane stopped to refresh herself with another sip of lemonade, and I thought how fortunate I was to have a wife who could bring home so felicitous a tale.

"So the girl was right," I said. "The miracle did happen to her."

"Yes," Jane said. "It hap-

pened last Saturday morning, after she'd finished her exercises. The plane had flown over as usual, and Rosie had waved at it, but this time its pilot wasn't Captain Pride. Captain Pride about then was driving into Lymington in a sports roadster painted white—you might say it was the equivalent of a white horse—and he turned into the Beckwith place just as Rosie came down from her tree.

"She didn't know his name, of course, but she'd had those two glimpses of his face, and anyway she knew in her heart who he was. So she just stood there, and he stopped his car and got out and came to her waiting under her tree."

Down in their hearts wise men know this truth: the only way to help yourself is to help others.—Elbert Hubbard

"How did he find her?" I asked. "How did he know where she lived?"

"That's what Rosie asked him, and he said it was easy. He knew Lymington from the air—it was the point where he always crossed the coast—and he knew that the girl he was looking for lived on a hill marked by one tall tree and a salt-box house. He'd made a couple of inquiries in the village, and here he was and there she was, and he told her he was glad to see what her costume consisted of, because from the air it had puzzled him.

"So then Rosie told him why she wore it and all about herself, and they exchanged names, and she asked him to come to the house and meet her mother. Captain Pride said he'd love to, but if she didn't mind, he'd do that later. Right now he wanted to drive back to the village and talk to some real-estate man. He told

Rosie he'd decided it was time he was putting down some roots somewhere, and he said he'd picked Lymington because he'd fallen in love with it from the air."

"Because of Rosie?" I asked. "Because he told her it was the feeling of friendliness he'd got from her waving at his plane that had started him thinking about living here."

"Then he asked her to have lunch with him somewhere in the village so he could tell her how grateful he was to her, and, of course, Rosie said she would. So he said he'd come back for her and meet her mother after he'd seen the real-estate man, and then he took Rosie's hand and kissed it."

"A true knight of the air," I said.

"Yes," Jane said, "and Bill Browning saw him do it. He was up on the widow's walk of his house again—Bill was—and just by chance he was looking over at Rosie's place through his glasses. Or maybe it wasn't by chance that he was looking over at her place. But Rosie didn't know he'd seen her till maybe half an hour later."

"She'd gone into her house to take a bath and get dressed, and was in her room doing her hair when her mother came in to say Bill Browning wanted to see her."

"He told her right off what he'd seen through his glasses, and asked her if the guy who'd kissed her hand was her airman. Rosie said he was, and that she was going to have lunch with him. And Bill said, 'So your dream did come true?' and Rosie said yes, and Bill said, 'Do you really think it was because you waved at him?' And Rosie said she was sure of it."

"So then Bill Browning did an unexpected thing. For a barbarian, that is. He looked at Rosie with an expression that she told her mother later was ferociously meek. Then he turned and walked to the door. There he stopped and turned around again and said, 'Rosie Beckwith, I've fallen in love

with you. I don't know how it happened, but it started the day we had that quarrel, when you fell out of the tree into my arms.'

"And Rosie said, 'But you haven't seen me since!' And Bill said yes, he had, he'd been seeing her regularly through his glasses, and every time he'd seen her he'd fallen deeper in love. Then he said, in his ex-Navy voice, 'Now hear this, dearest Rosie! I love you, and I have faith that you're going to marry me, not that aeroplane driver!' And then he waved his hand at her."

I said, "Bill waved his hand at Rosie? While he was still there in the room with her?"

"Yes, he did," Jane said. "He stood in the doorway and waved at her two or three times as hard as he could, because he wanted her to know he'd accepted her philosophy. Then he walked out of the house and left her to keep her date with Captain Pride."

But Jane's mind seemed to have wandered strangely from the subject. She said, "It's a lovely philosophy, really. I mean, the idea that you wave at something—or someone—and get back something you want in return. But it doesn't work for everyone, I guess."

"You mean it didn't work?" "Oh, yes, darling, it worked beautifully. Because when Rosie had lunch with the captain he told her he was married and had three young children, and that was why he wanted to move to the country."

"And Rosie told her mother afterwards that up till then she'd been so upset thinking about Bill Browning that she hadn't been able to eat. But when the captain told her he was married, she felt terribly happy and hungry, and ate a whole three-dollar lobster. So then she guessed that she must be in love with Bill."

"Well?" I said. "Did she guess right? Are they engaged?"

"Yes," Jane said. "Bill was waiting outside the restaurant when Rosie and the captain came out, and Rosie introduced him—Bill, I mean—as her fiancé. Bill was stunned, but he recovered very quickly. So

that's how it ended, and I hope you enjoyed Rosie's romance, darling."

"I not only enjoyed it," I said. "I agree that it constitutes a triumph of faith. For however you look at Rosie's philosophy, it certainly worked."

"For her, yes," Jane said. "But it didn't seem to work for me when I tried it driving home from the beauty parlor. I tried it on Mrs. Bodkin, but it just didn't—"

"Mrs. Bodkin?"

"Yes, she's that cleaning woman I've been trying to get for so long. The very best in Lymington—and as I was driving along Main Street I saw her polishing the Wentworths' front-door knocker. So, thinking about Rosie, I slowed down and waved at Mrs. Bodkin like mad. But she just gaped at me, and then I felt a slight bump and—Well, you know there's a fire plug opposite the Wentworths' and—"

"Oh, no!" I said. "Not another fender, Jane! I'll go see." I said, "I got up from the luncheon table and looked down at my wife. 'Your duplicity is plain to me,' I said. 'First you disarm me with a delightful piece of gossip. Then you give me the bad news about the fender. You are a woman of infinite guile and I don't know why I go on living with you.'

"Oh, dear," I heard Jane say, but I was already walking away towards our garage, which is on the street next to our house. But before I got halfway across our lawn I thought of Jane sitting there alone at the table feeling bad about the fender, so I stopped and looked back at her. Her face was turned towards me, and it is a beautiful face, and I thought, Oh, what the heck. If you've got somebody worth waving at, you might as well wave."

So I waved at my wife and she straightened up and waved back at me, and I walked on to the garage wondering if Rosie's philosophy was contagious and thinking it might be a good thing if it was.

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Continuing . . . SO LOVE RETURNS

from page 19

I felt very tired, as though I'd been far out on a dark sea and had come back again. "I guess I was out over my depth," I said. "I was very far out."

She sighed again with relief, and I knew that the moment of danger for both of us was over. "People shouldn't go too far out," she said.

That was what Trina used to say. But it wasn't Trina, it was Kathleen, and I didn't know which of them I loved.

She made no move to come close to me again. We sat by the fire and talked; she told me what to feed sea-horses, and I told her about Mr. Goldberg. We were polite and a little wary with each other. I told her about Dick and Alice, and how they were planning to come down to help me look for her. "I told them I couldn't find you," I said, "and they said they'd come and help me look."

"That was very kind of them," she remarked. "Is that her name—Alice?" "She's quite nice, really," I declared. "She believes in astrology."

"Oh?" said Kathleen. She expressed some curiosity about the book I was writing, and I went to my desk and took out the manuscript. "It's about a sea-witch," I said, and I added apologetically, "I don't know much about her."

She asked me to read some of it to her, and so I read her the opening paragraph:

"The sea-witch came in on the tide, riding on the waves like foam, and her hair floated out behind her like seaweed. She came to the beach and lay there breathing slightly, and her eyes searched everywhere like a hungry gull. And Michael Doyle's little daughter Vicky, walking along the beach in search of colored shells . . ."

"That would be the Caribbean," said Kathleen. "I've never been to the Caribbean," I said awfully. "It doesn't matter," she said, "I can tell you about it." And like a child she added:

"Go on."

But I felt self-conscious, and I went back to my desk and put the manuscript away. "I haven't been able to go on with it," I said.

She didn't say anything for a while. "What do the children think of it?" she asked at last. I told her that Chris preferred stories about pirates, and that Trisha and I hadn't been able to agree about the witch.

"The doesn't want her to be ugly," I said. "And did you make her ugly?" she asked. "I did," I replied: "ugly and hungry, but now I don't know."

I gave an awkward laugh. "Anyway," I said, "Trisha says if she's hungry she ought to have plenty of peanut butter and spinach." But Kathleen didn't see anything to laugh at. "Spinach?" she asked. "No decent sea-witch would bother with it." "That's what I told her," I declared, and I added innocently:

"What was in the chowder?" She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh," she said carelessly, "bits of this and that."

She was thinking about something else; she sat staring into the fire. "So it's my fault you haven't got on with it," she said at length.

"My heart isn't in it any more," I said. She seemed to know what I meant, because she nodded her head. "The daemon has gone out of you?" she asked? "Yes," I said.

"The children love you," she said gently; "isn't that a joy to you?" "Yes," I said; "but it isn't wonder. Love is wonder, Kathleen, as well as joy. Wonder and benediction. That's all lost to me now."

She was silent for a long time, and when she spoke at last her voice was unsteady. "How do you know?" she asked. And then she did what Trina always did; she put up her hand the way Trina used to, with the palm up, and touched my cheek.

I leaned my head against her shoulder and closed my eyes. Her hair was cool and soft and smelled sweet and fresh and of the sea. "Love is never lost," she said. "It follows you, and finds you."

"I read a poem once," I said: "I remember the last lines of it. 'Beauty is only altered, never lost, And love, before the cold, November rain, Will make it's summer in the heart again.' I wish I believed it."

She laughed a little shakily. "I think I'll get you some hot milk," she said, "and put you to bed." "Like the children?" I asked. "Why not?" she said. "Families need a daemon, too."

I took her hand and held it against my face. "I wish you didn't have to leave," I said.

There was a little pause, and then she said quite simply: "I don't have to."

When I woke the next morning, the sun was already glinting on the sea. Kathleen was gone; and so was Chris.

There was a pot of coffee on the stove, and next to it a note from Kathleen, in spidery handwriting. "There was octopus in the chowder," it said, "and deep-sea clams and lobster tails and prawns and merman. Trisha's temperature is down, but she ought to stay in bed another day. I gave her breakfast."

"Kathleen. Don't worry about Chris. I'll take good care of him."

TRISHA was sitting up in bed, looking bright and rosy, when I peered in at her. Her face fell when I told her she'd have to stay in bed, but I brought her a pad and some colored pencils and her paper dolls, and after a while she resigned herself to her fate and began cutting out wardrobes. If she at all remembered thinking she had seen her mother, she didn't say so. "It's nice having Kathleen here," she said.

I went into my study and sat at my desk and stared through the window at the sea lying out there with summer on it. I didn't know whether to be happy or frightened. I wasn't so young any more, and I had two children and very little money; and whatever it was with Kathleen, it had gone beyond wishing and dreaming.

But what was it—actually? I didn't know. A summer thing, I thought; and with this girl of all others, about whom I could find out nothing, who seemed to come from the sea itself.

I thought: This isn't real. This isn't her real life, this sun and sand and sea, these summery nights . . . In the fall she'll go back to her own, to her family, to her life in some city . . . I thought of her family. What use would they have for me? And this escapade, this romance of a young girl and a widower with two children . . .

Unless, of course . . . Unless there was no family. Unless there was only Kathleen and myself. And—somehow—Trina. Out there in the car, in the fog, I'd almost thought for a moment . . . but I'd been drunk, hadn't I? A drunken man could think he saw all kinds of things, couldn't

he? He could even imagine

Or could he? I tried to remember everything that had happened, what I had said, what she had said, but it was all hazy in my mind. Had I fallen asleep in her arms? I didn't know. I remembered only the fragrance of her hair, and a tide of darkness flowing over me; and then waking in the morning alone.

Perhaps, I thought, when I see her again, I'll know. But

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM



then I thought—know what? And did I want to know?

They came back at noon, lugging a big fish up the hill with them, with sea-water all over them, and both of them laughing. "We went away," said Chris, his eyes shining, "and Kathleen got him with a spear. Whoom!" "Way out?" I asked in surprise. "Sure," said Chris proudly, but I thought that he sounded a little surprised; "we must have swum half way to China."

I felt a moment's fright. "You have no business going out so far," I said—too sharply, and too quickly.

"I had him with me," Kathleen said simply, as though that explained everything. I turned away, feeling ashamed of myself, and a little foolish. What's done is done, I thought; and I thought he probably went out on his rubber surfboard, and he was safe enough anyway.

Besides, he was back again and so was she. They must have been a long way out, I thought, to get a fish like that.

Kathleen took Trisha's lunch in to her on a tray, and I could hear them gossiping together, and Trisha's merriment at something Kathleen must have told her. I found that I was feeling sorry for myself, for being so left out of everything, the morning's fishing and the merriment, and I thought to myself: Whose friend is she after all, theirs or mine? And then I remembered how she had said that a family needed someone, too; to look after it, and I felt better, and began to work.

The work went along better, too, with the sound of Kathleen in the house and in the kitchen, and pans rattling, and things getting done. I could draw my own silence down around me, and be warm and comfortable in it, because of the good sounds in the house.

I was writing about Ys, the westernmost city, the City of Death, the key to the underworld or to the sea, where the sea-witch used to be at home; and as I wrote, the twilight world of the past closed in on me again as it used to, and the unknown mysteries sounded their ocean-whisper in my ears. Where was Atlantis now, ruled

by its ten divine and gentle kings? And where was Ys?

"Only the witch knew that," I wrote, "as she headed for the steep valleys of the far Atlantic where the great sea-monsters dwelt. Her sea-horses galloped before her, their tails streaming in the tides . . ."

I crossed out "the tides," and went into Trisha's room to see what a sea-horse looked like. It didn't look as though it could gallop very much.

Kathleen seemed to know where everything was in the house without my telling her. She cleaned the fish she'd

soon found an excuse to leave. "She's a queer girl," I said. "She's shy with strangers."

"You take my advice," said Uncle Harry, "you'll throw her back into the sea again." I thought he was joking, but he wasn't. "Lenny," he said, "I'm an old man, and I've seen stranger things come out of the water than this girl. But just the same—throw her back in. Take my word for it—that'll be the wisest thing you can do."

"She didn't come out of the sea," I said shortly. "Hell, I know that," said Uncle Harry; "what I'm trying to tell you is, she's not for you."

"She's a lovely girl," I said, "and she's lovely with the children." "She'll never belong to you, Lenny," said Uncle Harry seriously, "and you might just as well know it."

I did know it, but I'd already made my peace with it, or thought I had. "All right," I said; "suppose it's only for a summer?" "A summer? Hell," said Uncle Harry; "you'll be eating your heart for Thanksgiving." "It's my heart," I said.

Trisha was allowed up for supper, and wanted to put on her new dress for the occasion, but Kathleen thought it too festive, and so did I. "In my new dress," she said, "I'd feel healthier." "I know," said Kathleen, "but once you've had it on, it won't be new any more."

"Some day," said Kathleen, "there'll be a great occasion, and you'll wear it, and look beautiful." "Will I?" asked Trisha with a startled look.

She cheered up a good deal after that. "I didn't mind being sick," she said, "and I love my little sea-horse. I'm going to call him Henry. I'm going to take him swimming in my bath tub; I think he'll probably like that."

"He'll die in a bath tub," I said; "he won't like it at all." "He won't die," said Trisha. "He loves me."

How sure she was in love, and how willing to offer it! But she knew when to step aside; and seeing, even before I did, how it was with Kathleen and me, she gave me up, at least for the time being. She gave me to Kathleen without regret—in fact, with what I imagine must have been relief that someone had come at last to help her carry a burden too heavy for her, her father's empty heart.

It didn't matter to her who Kathleen was or where she came from; if she had known that she was the sea-witch herself she would have welcomed her with the same innocent joy. Half child less than half woman, she was happy because she thought that I was happy.

Chris, too, rejoiced and in his own shy way made up to Kathleen with arch looks and fiery blushes and sudden leaps into the furniture. It was enough for both children that she was there; it didn't occur to them that tomorrow she might not be. Chris was already planning tomorrow's adventures.

"Kathleen knows a place," he said, "where there's a big old lobster and she said I could get him if I wanted." "Suppose he goes after you?" I asked; "what then?" "He wouldn't dare," said Chris, "because I'd shoot him dead." But he looked uneasy and moved closer to Kathleen and took her hand.

He took heart again when Kathleen assured him that there was no danger. "Ah," he said, "he's only an old lobster."

"Maybe he has children," said Trisha, "and they'd be orphans."

I thought how little difference the death of an old lobster would make to his children, and how Trisha didn't know that; and then, suddenly, as I looked at mine, it struck me how a man's family sets

him apart from all other living creatures. Who else has children he can call his own for longer than it takes to set them on their feet or on their way? The most loving animals, the vixen, the bear, the lioness teach their cubs to make their own world, and to forget them; after the eagle has taught her eaglet to fly she will see him no more.

The spider bears her terrible children upon her back for a while, but not for long; the wasp leaves her unborn daughter alone with a full larder, and that's as far as mother-love will take her. Calf, puppy, colt, grasshopper, dragon-fly all go their separate ways as soon as they can; only man stands with his children from first to last, from birth to death, and to the grave.

Or—did Kathleen say—beyond it?

There is no place in a child's book for a love story; everything is motion and adventure. That's why it's possible to write two or three children's books a year. There are only a few love stories in any man's life, and how many have a beginning and an end?

Kathleen and I walked on the beach together in the summer night. The half moon hung above us clear and lemon-silver in the sky, and the waves broke like breaking crystal on the shore.

She wore a scarf of Trisha's around her hair, and she had an old jacket of mine over her shoulders. "It's beautiful, Lenny," she said. "I had no idea how beautiful everything is."

In the half moonlight she seemed to drift along beside me like a wraith. I, too, felt shadowy; I couldn't see that either of us cast a shadow on the sand. "Kathleen," I said, half as a question, half in reassurance, and she put her hand in mine. It was firm and cool, and we walked that way together for a while.

"Did Chris really swim that far out with you?" I asked after a time, and I could see her smile. "It wasn't really so far," she said, "he only thought it was." "It must have been far," I said, "he only swims a few strokes."

She stopped and looked at me steadily. "You don't believe in me, do you?" she said. "No," I said.

She turned as though to leave me, but I held her hand. "I don't know what to think," I said. She seemed sad and a little weary. "Why do you have to think so much?" she asked. "Because I love you," I said.

KATHLEEN sighed and stood staring at me for a long time. I had a feeling that she hadn't wanted this to happen and that she dreaded what was to come. But a man knows when he is accepted or rejected—though not always why. I opened my arms and she came into them slowly, searching my face. Her mouth was sweet and fresh and seemed to melt into mine.

She pushed me away after a while like any mortal girl, and I saw that she was crying. I kissed her tears; they were salty, like all mortal tears.

"Listen," I said, "I love you. Is that so bad?" She laughed a little shakily and passed the back of her hand across her eyes. "Yes," she said, "it is."

I drew her down beside me on some dry sedge grass at the edge of the sand. I wanted to comfort her, to make it easy for her. "It doesn't have to be anything more than this," I said. "One summer night, but so lovely." "Yes," she said, "so lovely."

She leaned her head against my shoulder. "This isn't real, Lenny," she said; "you know

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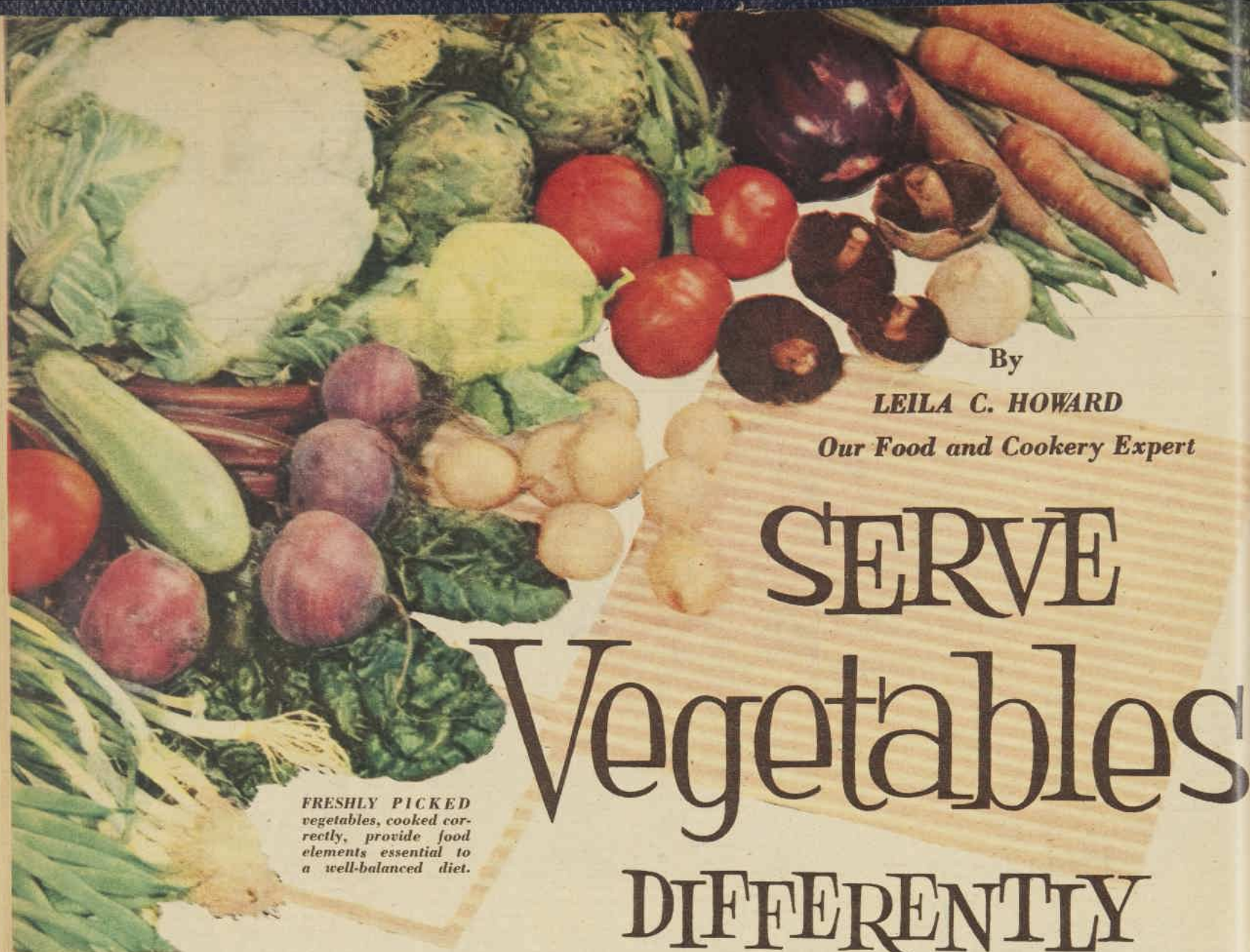
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PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.



By

LEILA C. HOWARD

Our Food and Cookery Expert

FRESHLY PICKED vegetables, cooked correctly, provide food elements essential to a well-balanced diet.

● On these pages are new and interesting methods of cooking green and root vegetables so that their color, flavor, and nutritional value are greatly improved.

IN vegetable cookery most important is the initial selection of fresh, crisp, unblemished pieces. Too much stress cannot be placed on this. No one can hope to serve inviting dishes from limp, tired leaves, or soft, spotty roots.

Vitamin C, the main vitamin in vegetables, is destroyed by heat and is dissolved in water. Therefore, the least amount of water used and the shortest possible cooking time should be employed in order to preserve as much of this essential food element as possible.

The larger the pan the more evenly the heat is distributed, and the shallower the depth of vegetable which the heat has to penetrate. The lid should be kept on the pan to prevent the small amount of water escaping as steam, and reduce the chance of the vegetables burning.

Vegetables should not be cooked until the last possible moment, as standing aside or reheating causes loss of food and flavor.

Salt is added only after the cooking is almost completed, and the amount may vary according to personal taste. Other seasonings may be used as desired.

Spoon measurements used in these recipes are level, and amounts specified are sufficient for four persons.

SWEET POTATOES WITH ORANGE

Four sweet potatoes, 2 oranges, salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar, 1 cup warm water, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1oz. flour.

Scrub potatoes well, but do not peel. Boil with a little salt for 10 minutes, drain, remove skins, and cut into $\frac{1}{4}$ in. slices with a stainless knife. Cut oranges in 1-8th inch slices. Grease a casserole dish and arrange potato and orange slices in alternate layers until all are used. Pour over the following sauce:

Sauce: Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, and blend thoroughly. Add brown sugar which has been dissolved in the warm water. Stir until thickened. Bake in moderately hot oven 30-35 minutes.

GLAZED BAKED ONIONS

Eight medium-sized onions, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup tomato juice (fresh or tinned), 2 tablespoons honey, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika or pinch cayenne pepper, 2 bacon rashers.

Peel onions, cut in halves crosswise, place in greased ovenproof dish. Combine melted butter with tomato juice, honey, salt, paprika or cayenne, pour over onions. Cover, bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until onions are tender. Sprinkle with chopped bacon, return to oven until bacon is cooked. Serve hot with chipped potatoes and garnish with parsley.

CORNPATCH TOMATOES

Four firm, large tomatoes, 4 eggs, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 teaspoons grated onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced bacon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 2 cups cooked sweet corn, parsley.

Wash and dry tomatoes, cut slice from stem end, scoop out centres. Dust inside lightly with salt and pepper, pour $\frac{1}{4}$ of the Worcestershire sauce into each. Break an egg into each tomato, place on greased baking tray. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes until eggs are set and tomatoes softened. Fill sweet corn into greased ovenproof serving-dish, top with grated cheese. Remove tomatoes with egg-slice and arrange on top of corn. Top each tomato with onion and bacon mixed together. Return to oven until cheese is melted and bacon cooked. Serve garnished with parsley.

VEGETABLE-RICE PILAFF

Two cups rice, 4 cups well-seasoned boiling stock (chicken, fish, beef, or lamb, depending on what it is to be served with), 2oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely diced celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely diced carrots, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped shallots.

Place empty casserole dish in moderate oven to heat thoroughly while preparing rice. Melt butter in pan, and when smoking hot add rice, stirring constantly until all the rice is well coated with butter and lightly browned. Remove from heat, tip into heated casserole, and pour boiling stock over it. Cover with a tightly fitting lid and replace in oven for 10 minutes. Remove, add vegetables, stir in well, and replace lid. Return to oven for a further 20 minutes. Quickly fill greased moulds, press down lightly, and turn out on to platter for immediate serving.

BRAISED CABBAGE

(Mock Sauerkraut)

One small cabbage, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 large onion, 2 rashers bacon, salt, pepper, 1 cup seasoned stock, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar.

Wash cabbage and cut into shreds. Chop onions into long pieces and dice bacon. Melt butter in pan, add onion, cook gently 3 minutes. Then add cabbage, bacon, salt, pepper, stock, and vinegar. Cover tightly and cook slowly 15 minutes, tossing and stirring occasionally.

TOMATOES WITH CHEESED CROUTONS

Four medium-sized tomatoes, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mixed herbs, 2 tablespoons chopped chives, 2 tablespoons chopped celery, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, pinch oregano or rosemary, salt, pepper.

Drop tomatoes in boiling water for 1 minute, remove and peel off skin, cut into 4 pieces. Melt butter in pan, add brown sugar and tomatoes and simmer for 5 minutes. Turn tomato pieces over carefully, sprinkle with herbs, chives, celery, parsley, and oregano, cover, and continue simmering for 5 more minutes. Season with salt, pepper.

Serve with the following cheese-flavored croutons: Remove crusts from 4 slices bread and cut bread into half-inch cubes. Sauté in 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute until golden brown on all sides. Drain on white kitchen paper and toss in a mixture of 1 tablespoon chopped parsley and 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Note: These croutons (parsley and cheese omitted) can be made well in advance and stored in covered container to be used with spinach, cauliflower, etc.



MEDLEY of colorful vegetable dishes to enhance a meal include *Glazed Squash, Eggplant Italianne, Buttered Beetroot, French Beans, Vegetable-Rice Pilaff, Tomatoes with Cheesed Croutons, and Snow-white Cauliflower.* Serve them on attractive wooden platters. See recipes on these pages.

GLAZED SQUASH

(Use such varieties as zucchini, marrow, etc.)

One and a half pounds squash, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 shallots, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed dried herbs, pinch oregano, 1-8th teaspoon cracked black pepper, 1-3rd cup water, salt.

Run a fork down the outside of the squash so that it pierces the skin (as for cucumbers). Melt butter in large pan, add seasonings and water. Cut squash into half-inch slices and arrange in pan. Cover and place over high heat until steaming, then turn heat to lowest for 8-10 minutes. Sprinkle with salt and serve with your favorite cream sauce.

LAYERED POTATOES

Four even medium-sized potatoes, 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons finely chopped shallots, salt and pepper.

Place well-greased casserole dish in moderately hot oven to heat. Peel potatoes, slice thinly and evenly. Remove casserole from oven and arrange potatoes, overlapping each other slightly, in rows. Pour over the melted butter, sprinkle with chopped shallots, salt and pepper, and replace dish in oven for 25 minutes. If potatoes are not crisp and sufficiently browned on top, increase oven heat and cook a further 5 minutes.

Note: For extra flavor, sprinkle a generous layer of tasty grated cheese over top during last 5 minutes cooking.

SWEET CORN AND CHEESE

Four or six medium-sized cobs of young corn, 1 dessertspoon melted butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cheese, 2 eggs, 6 tablespoons milk, salt and pepper to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed mustard, parsley.

Drop corn-cobs into boiling water, cook 15 to 20 minutes. Add salt for last 5 minutes cooking time. Drain, strip corn from cobs with sharp knife, place corn back in saucepan with melted butter. Place grated cheese, beaten eggs, milk, little extra salt, pepper, and mustard into a saucepan. Stir over medium heat until cheese is melted and mixture thickened. Fold in corn. Serve on toast, garnished with parsley.

PUREE OF SPINACH

Wash spinach leaves thoroughly under running water, removing white stalk and centre rib. Shred coarsely, place in saucepan with nut of butter, squeeze of lemon juice, and pinch of nutmeg. Water is not necessary; moisture which clings to leaves after washing is sufficient for cooking. Cover closely and cook over gentle heat 8 to 10 minutes, shaking pan occasionally. Drain, press water out thoroughly, add salt, and chop finely. Mix with a little butter or substitute and pepper, and serve shaped into small mounds with a table-spoon.

Note: Stalks and centre rib can be cooked separately and served with a well-flavored cheese sauce.

EGGPLANT ITALIANNE

One large or two medium-sized eggplants, 2 cloves garlic, salt, pepper, 1 cup soft bread-crumbs, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 table-spoons butter or substitute.

Cut eggplant into half-inch slices with a stainless-steel knife. Crush garlic with a little salt and mix with breadcrumbs and a sprinkling of pepper. Dip eggplant slices in beaten egg and milk and coat with breadcrumb mixture. Heat butter in pan and fry eggplant until golden brown on both sides and soft in the centre. Serve hot.

FRENCH BEANS

One pound fresh, crisp beans, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons lightly cooked, diced bacon, 2 tablespoons cooked, diced shallot, salt, pepper, thyme.

Remove strings from beans and cut slant-wise into long, thin strips. Place beans in pan and add only sufficient boiling water to barely cover. Cover pan with lid and bring to boil quickly, lower heat; and cook 8-10 minutes. Drain off any water remaining (there should be little) and add butter, bacon, shallots, salt, pepper, and, if desired, a little thyme. Saute or shake over heat 3-4 minutes.

BUTTERED BEETROOT

One bunch medium-sized beetroot, 2 table-spoons butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon sugar, 3 large lettuce leaves, salt and pepper, 1 table-spoon chopped chives or parsley.

Peel beetroot and slice into thin strips. Place butter in pan and when melted add the sugar and beetroot. Immediately spread over lettuce leaves which have been washed and are still dripping with water. Cover and cook slowly for 20-25 minutes. Remove lettuce leaves, add salt and pepper to taste, and sprinkle over the chopped chives or parsley.

SNOW-WHITE CAULIFLOWER

One small-sized cauliflower, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 3 slices lemon, 3 cups hot water, salt, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs.

If serving the cauliflower as a special dish, cook and serve it whole, but otherwise break into flowerets. Cut a small cross into the stem of each floweret (this will allow the heat to penetrate the stem more quickly so that it will be completely cooked at the same time as the flower section). Sprinkle sugar into saucepan, add lemon slices and cauliflower pieces. Pour over water, cover, and cook for 10 minutes. Add salt and herbs and cook further 5 to 10 minutes after testing the stem by piercing with a knife or skewer. Serve with a coating of well-flavored cheese sauce.

Note: Line the inside of the saucepan with a sheet of perforated aluminium foil, or cook the cauliflower in a wire strainer, so that it can be easily removed without breaking.

CHOKOES SUPREME

Four large chokoes, 1 cup cooked, flaked fish, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup thick white sauce, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, 3 or 4 tablespoons grated cheese, tomato wedges and parsley to garnish.

Wash and peel chokoes, cut in halves, scoop out centre seed. Cook gently in small quantity of water until tender—do not allow to break up. Drain carefully. Combine white sauce, fish, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste. Pile fish mixture into centre cavities of chokoes. Coat liberally with grated cheese and brown lightly under hot grill or in moderate oven. Serve garnished with tomato wedges and parsley.

Continued on page 42

insist on genuine Indian Curry Powder



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**CADBURY'S
BOURNVILLE
COCOA**

TRY THIS TESTED RECIPE

CHOCOLATE CHIFFON SPONGE

4 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 rounded dessertspoons plain flour, 2 level tablespoons CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA, 1 level teaspoon cinnamon, 1 level teaspoon ground ginger, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, 1 level teaspoon cream of tartar, $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda. Pinch salt.

METHOD: Separate the whites from the yolks of eggs. Add salt to the whites and beat until stiff. Gradually beat in the sugar, then the egg yolks one at a time. Sift the dry ingredients three times. Fold into the egg mixture and add the slightly warmed golden syrup. Divide evenly in 2 well-greased 8 inch sandwich tins and bake in a moderate oven for 20 to 25 minutes. Turn on to a cooler. Join the two layers with sweetened whipped cream and cover with a warm, chocolate icing.



ms/12/8

Tasty dish with rabbit

• This week's prizewinning dish, which wins £5, combines pickled onions, mushrooms, wine, and rabbit to make an unusual main course with a delicious piquant flavor the family will enjoy.

RABBIT takes on a new taste of luxury with this tempting recipe from a reader in Victoria.

Consolation prizes of £1 are given for recipes for Chocolate Chip Cookies and Lobster Cocktail.

All spoon measurements are level.

RABBIT GIBELOTTÉ

Two rashers bacon, 1 rabbit, seasoned flour, 3 tablespoons cooking oil, 6 small pickled onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed herbs, pinch nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste, 2 cups stock or water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup claret, 1 tablespoon flour.

Remove rind from bacon, cut into thin strips. Fry until lightly browned in its own fat. Wash, dry, and joint rabbit. Coat with seasoned flour, brown on all sides in heated oil. Place rabbit and bacon in large saucepan, add pickled onions, peeled mushrooms, herbs, and nutmeg, season with salt and pepper. Add sufficient of the stock or water to barely cover the rabbit, add claret.

Cover with a tightly fitting lid, bring to the boil, and then simmer about 1 hour or until rabbit is tender. Add extra stock during cooking if necessary. Blend flour with a little cold water, add to saucepan, stir over heat until mixture thickens, simmer 3 minutes. Arrange on large serving-dish with boiled rice and vegetables as desired.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. F. Snell, 12 Norfolk Ave., Oakleigh, Vic.

CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 2-3rds cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cloves, 1-3rd cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup rolled oats, 6oz. chocolate pieces.

Cream butter with sugar and vanilla until light and fluffy. Add egg; beat well. Fold in sifted flour and spices, walnuts, oats, and chocolate pieces, mix well. Drop mixture a teaspoonful at a time on to greased oven-tray and bake in a moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Loosen on trays, allow to cool.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss A. Pickstone, Dalveen, Qld.

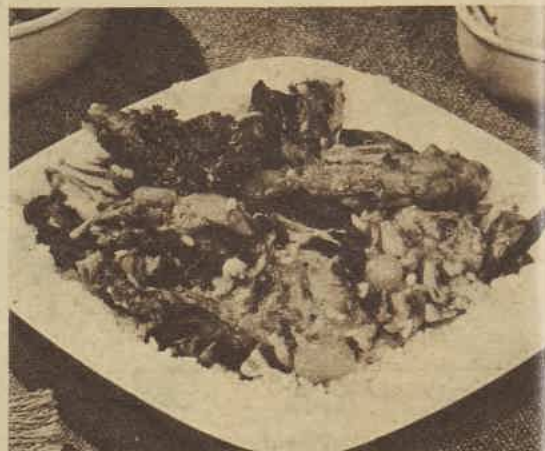
LOBSTER COCKTAIL

One cup diced lobster meat, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups cream, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon Tabasco sauce, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 to 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato sauce, squeeze lemon juice.

Beat cream until thick, add

salt, cayenne, sauces, and vinegar. Fold in lobster and lemon juice. Chill well in refrigerator until ready to serve. Fill into small glasses, garnish with a slice of lemon and sprig parsley, or serve in lettuce cups with other salad vegetables.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss E. Sheridan, c/o Animal Research Station, Wallaceville, P.B. Wellington, New Zealand.



RABBIT GIBELOTTÉ, a nourishing and tasty dish that is simple to prepare. Serve piping-hot with boiled rice and your favorite vegetables.

Serve vegetables differently

Continued from page 41

SAVORY RED CABBAGE

One small red cabbage, 1 onion, 3 small apples, 1 bayleaf, pinch thyme, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 3 cloves, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, salt, pepper, 2 cups water.

Wash cabbage, shred, remove thick inner stalk. Place in saucepan with water, fat, sliced onion, peeled, cored, and sliced apples, pepper, bayleaf, thyme, cinnamon, and cloves. Simmer with lid on approximately 10 minutes until tender. Stir in salt, vinegar, sugar, and cornflour blended with a little extra vinegar. Remove bayleaf and cloves, simmer 3 to 4 minutes. Serve hot.

SAUTEED BRUSSELS SPROUTS

One pound brussels sprouts, salt, butter or substitute, pepper.

Wash sprouts well in water, remove discolored or wilted outside leaves, trim stalks (cutting up the stalk to form a cross, which ensures that the harder stalk will be cooked at the same time as the leaves). Drop into boiling water, cook gently about 10 minutes. Add salt and cook until barely tender. Drain well, return to saucepan with a little butter and shake gently over heat until butter melts. Dust lightly with pepper, serve at once.

HERBED CARROT SLICES

One bunch small carrots, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 large lettuce leaves, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley or mint, 1 tablespoon chopped tarragon or 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar, 2 tablespoons cream or evaporated milk, salt and pepper.

Wash carrots and scrape thinly, cut into thin slices, and place in pan in which butter has been heated. Cover with wet lettuce leaves, then lid of pan, and cook over low heat 15-20 minutes. Take out lettuce leaves, add parsley, tarragon, cream, salt and pepper, and serve immediately.

ORIENTAL VEGETABLE TREAT

One cup sliced celery, 1 cup sliced beans, 1 cup sliced carrots, 1 cup sliced onion, 2 tablespoons shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of garlic and green ginger (chopped and crushed), salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon cornflour.

Melt shortening, fry ginger and garlic for a few minutes before adding vegetables. Stir and fry a few minutes. Add water, cover, and simmer until just tender, add salt. Blend cornflour with a little water, stir into vegetable mixture, simmer 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Serve hot.



You should talk to the "Wales"

I do think a "Wales" cheque account would help you. It would save you running about from place to place to pay the bills for it's much easier to drop a cheque into the mail. Another thing: it's not a good idea to carry a lot of money with you. A cheque book gives you a record of payments, and also is far safer.

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CLASSIC STYLE
for little girls to wear with kilts and pleated skirts. The same pattern is ideal for small boys to wear with full-length jeans.

FOR GROWING CHILDREN

Here's a jumper you can make grow with them. Knitted from the neck downwards it is a simple matter to unpick the ribbing and knit on extra inches when your child needs them. It fits 24in. to 28in. chests.

Materials: 4 (B-5; C-6) balls Patons "Beehive Azalea" knitting and crochet wool; 1 spare ball for either size for future lengthening; 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; 4 small press-studs for shoulder opening.

Measurements: Width to fit 24 (B-26; C-28) in. chest. Sleeve seam, 13 (B-134; C-144) in.

Tension: 8 sts. and 11 rows to 1in. measured over st-st.

Note: All ribbing is done in twisted rib, i.e., knit into back of every knit stitch, but ordinary rib may be used if desired.

FRONT

Using No. 10 needles and commencing at top of left shoulder, cast on 7 (B-9; C-12) sts. Knit into back of sts., then p 1 row. Knit into back of all the following cast-on sts.

Next Row: Cast on 7 (B-7; C-8) sts., k to end of row.

Next Row: P to end.

Next Row: Cast on 6 (B-8; C-8) sts., k to end of row. 20 (B-24; C-28) sts.

Work 9 (B-11; C-11) rows in st-st., ending with a p row.

Inc. 1 st. at end of every knit row until there are 28 (B-32; C-36) sts. on needle, ending with a k row. Break off wool and leave st. on spare needle.

Right Shoulder: Cast on 7 (B-9; C-12) sts. Knit into back of sts.

Next Row: Cast on 7 (B-7; C-8) sts., p to end of row.

Next Row: K to end.

Next Row: Cast on 6 (B-8; C-8) sts., p to end of row. 20 (B-24; C-28) sts.

Work 10 (B-12; C-12) rows in st-st., ending with a p row.

Inc. 1 st. at beg. of every k

row until there are 28 (B-32; C-36) sts. on needle.

Next Row: P, turn and cast on 16 sts., turn and p across 28 (B-32; C-36) sts. on spare needle. 72 (B-80; C-88) sts.

Cont. in st-st. for 10 (B-12; C-14) rows, being careful to knit into backs of 16 cast-on sts.

Inc. 1 st. at beg. of every row until there are 88 (B-96; C-104) sts. on needle. Cast on 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. 96 (B-104; C-112) sts.

Cont. straight for 22 (B-26; C-30) rows.

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of next and every following 6th row until 80 (B-88; C-96) sts. rem. P 1 row.

Change to No. 12 needles and work 26 rows (or length desired) in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off firmly, but not tightly, in rib.

BACK

Commence at back neck. With No. 10 needles, cast on 32 (B-36; C-40) sts. K into back of each st. P 1 row.

Cont. as follows, being careful to knit into back of all cast-on sts.

1st Row: Cast on 7 (B-8; C-9) sts., k to end of row.

2nd Row: Cast on 7 (B-8; C-9) sts., p to end of row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once more.

5th Row: Cast on 6 (B-6; C-6) sts., k to end of row.

6th Row: Cast on 6 (B-6; C-6) sts., p to end of row. 72 (B-80; C-88) sts.

Cont. straight in st-st. for 32 (B-36; C-38) rows and then work as for front of jumper from * to *

Back Shoulder Placket Opening: With right side of work facing, pick up and k 20 (B-24; C-28) sts. along left shoulder. Work 4 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off in rib.

SLEEVES (Both Alike)

With No. 10 needles, cast on 36 (B-40; C-44) sts. K into backs of cast-on sts. P 1 row. Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. at beg. of each row until there are 68 (B-72; C-76) sts. on needle.

Cast on 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. 76 (B-80; C-84) sts. Cont. straight for 6 (B-10; C-14) rows.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every following 8th row until 52 (B-56; C-60) sts. rem. P 1 row. Change to No. 12 needles and work 22 (B-26; C-30) rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off fairly firmly in rib.

NECKBAND

Join right shoulder seam. With right side of work facing and using No. 12 needles, commence at neck-edge of front left shoulder, pick up and knit 102 (B-106; C-110) sts. evenly around neck-edge, including 4 sts. picked up from edge of shoulder placket. Work 7 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off in rib.

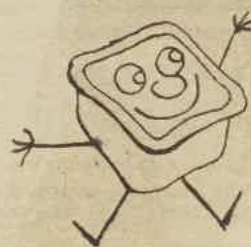
TO MAKE UP

Press all st-st. on wrong side with damp cloth and warm iron. Sew up side and under-arm seams. Sl-st. back and front together on left shoulder at armhole edge with the front overlapping the four ribbed rows for placket on back left shoulder. Set in sleeves. Close shoulder opening with press-studs. Press all seams.

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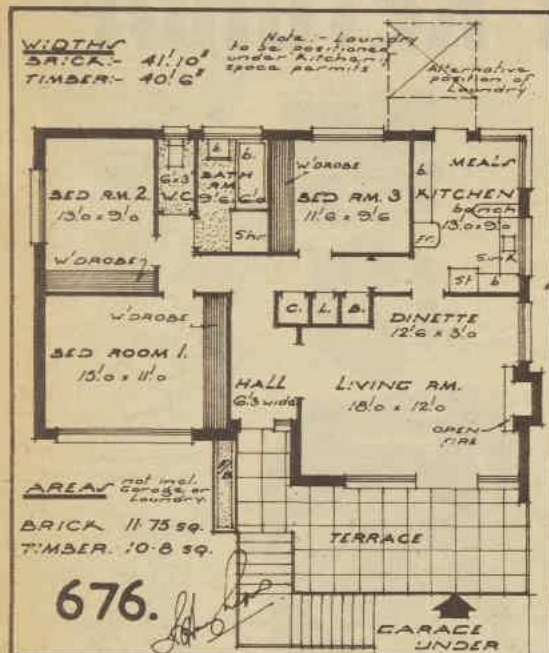
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103/HP

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Plans for this house and other standard Home Plans can be bought for £7/7/- per full set at any of our Home

FLOOR PLAN shows well-designed home with ample cupboard space.

OUR CENTRES

THE plan shown on this page can be bought for £7/7/- per full set at any of our Home Planning Centres, which have been established in conjunction with leading stores.

MAIL ORDERS should give the number of the design and should state the building material to be used. Please include fee.

Addresses of the Centres are:

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's.

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

HOBART: FitzGerald's.

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.

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Planning Centres. See panel above.

These Centres give free advisory service on any aspect of planning, decorating, and furnishing your new home.

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Baby's weight

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

REGULAR weighing is important during baby's growth and development. If there is too much variation in his weight it is a warning for the mother, who can then take her baby to the doctor to check the cause.

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Many mothers worry because their babies do not make big weight gains. They should remember that weight is not the only important factor in a baby's progress.

For instance, there is considerable variation in the amount babies gain at different stages in their development. A baby grows rapidly during the first three months of its life, and this is when the gains are largest.

As this early growth slows down, the rate of gain decreases correspondingly.

A small baby, six pounds and under at birth, usually makes bigger gains during the first three months than a larger baby.

Gains in weight are often smaller during teething or weaning. This is due to the fact that any physical upset can cause a temporary loss of weight.

But a baby will soon make up the weight he has lost, unless, of course, he is really sick.

A leaflet containing the important points about weight and development in a baby can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope with your request.

your block of land. They will also draw preliminary sketches of any plan, which will be invaluable when you are discussing design and cost.

If you are intending to build your own house these Centres will, for a reasonable fee, prepare a material quantities list, which will be a reliable guide when you are buying materials and assessing costs.

Helpful advice

Our Centres will also give you helpful advice on remodelling old homes or the addition of a room, and will advise you on any structural alterations you wish to make.

Home Plan leaflets are obtainable from all these Centres. They feature Home Plans that have appeared on this page and cost only 2/6 each. They are "21 Home Plans," "22 Home Plans," "Architects' Signature Plans," and "Contemporary Plans."

Building costs of Home Plan No. 676 would vary according to the proposed location, and our Home Planning Centres located in the various cities will supply local costs.

Approximate New South Wales costs for this home would be: Brick, £5300; brick-veneer, £5000; timber, £4000; fibro, £3750.

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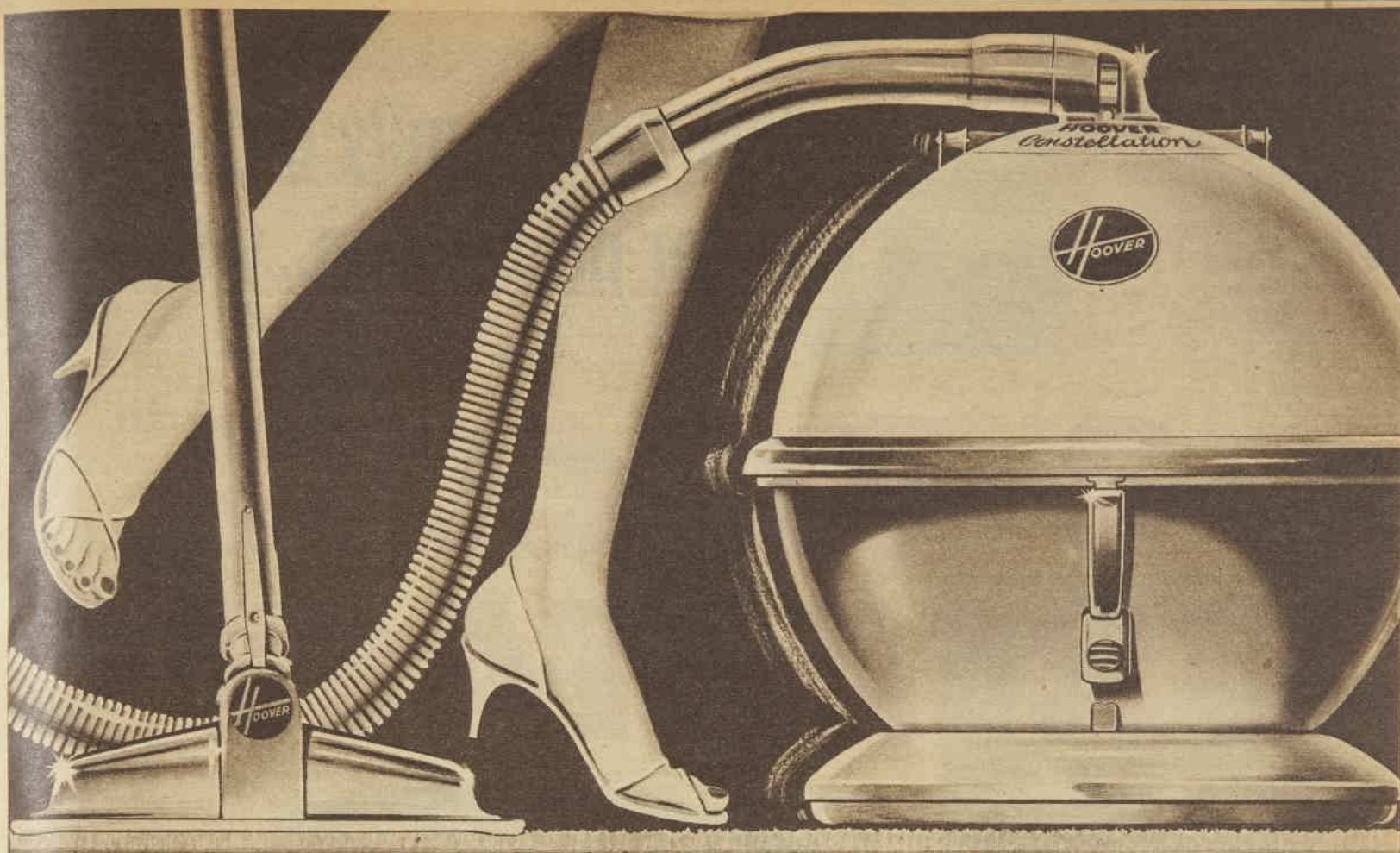


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that, don't you?" "This moment is real," I said, "because we've made it so."

"You don't know who I am," she said.

I told her that it didn't matter, and at that moment I believed it. "I don't care who you are," I said, "or what you are."

"Ah, Lenny," she said, "that's hold of you. But you don't know what it's like for me." "I only know how it is for me," I said, "when you're with me."

"You see," she said sadly, "it couldn't ever be one summer night. It wouldn't be enough. There's not time enough in it."

"I know," I said, "I keep thinking that, too." "And what time have I?" she said. "I may not have very much." "I know that, too," I said.

She put her arms around me and kissed me, and it was like the moonlight and the sweet grass. "I could feel her shiver in my arms," "Oh, Lenny," she breathed, "what are we going to do?"

I was cold, too, and I took a deep breath, because I was afraid of what I had to ask her and afraid of what she'd answer. "Will you marry me, Kathleen?" I asked, and waited, and held my breath, and heard my own heart beating in the stillness.

She turned away with a gesture of despair; she seemed to be struggling with some force outside of herself. The struggle or the rebellion—or whatever it was—didn't last very long, and when she turned back and faced me again I knew that the answer was No.

I didn't ask her why; I think I'd known from the very first

what the answer would be. There was only one thing I had to know. "Do you love me?" I asked, and she answered "Yes." Her voice was thin and far away; she sounded lost and desolate.

I lay back at stared up at the night-blue bowl of the sky, silent and immense above me.

I roused myself at last and sat up, and took her hand; it was as cold as the sea. "At least," I said, "promise me not to vanish as you did before."

"I promise," she said. "Will you be always near me?" I asked, but she hesitated. "Always is such a big word," she said. "It's like forever. And who knows when forever is?"

"Forever is tomorrow," I said; "tomorrow and tomorrow." "It's yesterday, too," said Kathleen gently.

I knew that she was thinking of Trina, and it was like a cloud across the night. "Forget yesterday," I said, and my voice sounded rough and hoarse in my own ears; "there's room for more than one love in a man's life."

I thought that she looked at me strangely, and sadly, too. "Is there?" she asked. "Then you haven't understood."

She stood up. "All right," she said, "forget yesterday."

I glanced up at her in surprise. She was so young standing there, erect and slender in the night, so young and so vulnerable. There was something hurt and bitter in the

Continuing . . . SO LOVE RETURNS

from page 39

way she stood there. "What about Alice?" she asked.

The question took me by surprise. "Alice who?" I asked stupidly, and she gave a light laugh like a jealous child. "I don't know," she said, "you didn't tell me."

"Are you serious?" I asked. "I scarcely know her," she laughed again, but there was a little break in it. "Tomorrow and tomorrow," she said. "There's room for more than one love in a man's life. You said so yourself."

Tools were made, but born were hands. Every farmer understands.

—William Blake

It was so absurd that I had to laugh. Her whole mood had changed; this was no creature without a shadow, out of a mystery or the sea; this was a mortal girl ruffling her feathers against an imagined rival.

"Kathleen!" I cried, turning to grasp her, but my hands closed on empty air. Already she was running down the beach, flitting along like a sandpiper and not looking back.

When I caught up with her she was sitting on a rock by the water's edge, looking dejectedly out to sea. "I suppose if I hadn't caught you," I said, "trying to get my breath, 'you'd have vanished again.'"

She looked up at me and shook her head. "No," she said, "not any more."

I folded my jacket around her shoulders and she drew it tight, not so much for warmth as though she wanted to hide in it. "Are you angry?" she asked in a small voice. "I am so ashamed of myself."

I told her that I wasn't angry; that on the contrary, her behaviour—which reminded me of Trisha in one of her moods—enchanted me. She made a little sound of distress. "Now you are laughing at me," she said, "and that's even worse. I think."

"No, truly, I am not," I said. "I don't know what came over me," she said. "I was afraid . . . There was tomorrow waiting for you—and I wasn't part of it."

"Lovers are like that," I told her, but she refused to believe it. "Would any other girl be jealous so soon?" she asked. And she added decidedly: "Besides—we're not lovers."

"What else are we, then?" I asked. "Yes," she said in a low voice, "what else?"

"Ah, me." She bent her head and rubbed her cheek against my hand. "I'm trying so hard to understand," I said. "I, too," she whispered.

She drew a deep sigh and laid her head against my breast. "I'm very unhappy," she said. "I stroked her hair that was cold as night. "Look," I began uncertainly, "if all this makes you so unhappy . . ."

I stopped, because I realised suddenly that I couldn't say it. I couldn't say "we'll not see each other any more." I couldn't even bear to think of it.

I didn't have to. "It isn't that," she said, "it's only that I'm not used to being happy. And now I'm happy, and unhappy, too."

And she added mournfully: "I've never been in love before."

There is something about sadness in love that is more real than joy even. Whatever fears and doubts I'd had melted away; I felt suddenly light and tall and ready to undertake anything, to promise anything. It was no ghost sitting there at my side, but a young girl in her first sorrowful surrender, and if she was enchanted, then the night and I were enchanted,

too. I thought in that tall moment—that it wouldn't make any difference, anyway. All love is an enchantment and makes a hero of a frog or an Empress of a courtesan. Without it I was only a writer of children's stories.

She got up slowly and turned, holding out her hands to me in a gesture pleading and child-like. "Can't we take each other for what we are?" she said, "without asking what we'll be tomorrow?"

"Tell me that you'll love me," I demanded, "at least till then." "It may not be for very long," she said. "My shadow is light on the earth."

"Then for what it's worth," I said, "tell me." "For what it's worth," she said, "I'll love you tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow."

We went slowly back to the house together, up the hill from the sea, and the low moon made a path in the water between my house and China.

We were together all night. She was new to love and it was a glory and a wonder to her. We fell asleep in each other's arms and woke again, and slept and woke, and watched the dawn spread itself across the sea.

We breathed the cold, fresh morning air; it was a new day, a golden day. We laughed at nothing and at each other; we cooked fried eggs on the stove and ate them with bread-and-honey.

Morning lay like a pearl on the sea when we went down to swim. It was full day when we came back to the house and the children were awake.

There began then, for me, a period of enchantment. I don't know what else to call it; perhaps I can best describe it by saying that I woke each day into a new, bright, morning world, and that it was the same world I had known once before.

I was happy, I was no longer lonely. And sometimes I had a curious feeling that Trina was happy, too; happy for me, and happy for herself. Perhaps, if she had lived, we might have had as much pure joy together, but even so, it wouldn't have been the same. You make your peace with marriage; the lover becomes a husband and a father; morning becomes noon, a deeper light.

THE children accepted Kathleen as a natural part of their lives. Neither Chris nor Trisha ever spoke of her again in connection with their mother; they were only anxious that she shouldn't ever leave us.

Kathleen said nothing now, about leaving me. She found a little house on the beach near our own, and after signing a year's lease moved in. It had been empty for quite a long while, and dust lay all over, but Kathleen was delighted with it.

I found her sweeping the floor with an old broom, and Trisha's scarf over her hair. "See," she said happily, "it has a fireplace and a stove, and there's a room for my bed, and a dressing-table; and it is only a little walk from here to your house." "Do you have a bed?" I asked, "and a dressing-table?" Her face fell. "No," she said, "I thought maybe you would have an extra one."

We found a bed and a dressing-table, by letting the two children sleep together in my room, and my taking Trisha's room and giving Kathleen Chris' bed and Trisha's table. We carried them down to her house the next day, along with a few kitchen utensils and a blanket. She told us she had her own linen and silver.

Already the little house was transformed. She had laid mats of woven rushes on the floor, and she had brought in branches of coral, rosy shells, and screens of driftwood inlaid with mother of pearl. She had made a table of a sea-washed plank, and she had hung curtains at the windows of dyed tapa cloth. Her linen, which she showed us proudly, was very old and fine, and so was her silver, some of which showed the royal arms of Spain, and some the Lion and Unicorn of England.

The little house glowed with her treasures, and she glowed, too, looking around her with such a childish joy that one would have thought she had never had a house of her own before.

Uncle Harry Cole came down to look it over from his own shack in Nichols Canyon in the hills above us. I could see that he was surprised. "Well, now," he said, drawing me aside, "this looks like a real home." "What do you think," I said, smiling, "shall

I throw her back into the sea?"

He didn't answer right away as I expected; instead, he looked grave and pursed his lips. "I do believe," he said at last, "I'd think twice about that." "Aren't you afraid for me any more?" I asked. "By heavens," he said, "I don't know. I think I'm more afraid for her now I've had a good look at her."

We left the children to help Kathleen in the house, and walked out along the beach. "It's a funny thing," he said, "I didn't know was she real or not before, and I still don't know. But maybe it doesn't matter. There's a world of things around us we don't see for what they are. I loved a woman once that held me to be a grunion."

"I know," I said. "You told me." "What I mean is," he said, "she was no more woman than that tussock over there. But I kept seeing her as a woman for quite a while. It was the way I thought of her."

To page 53

TO LOOK YOUNGER AND LIVE LONGER

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 1, 1959



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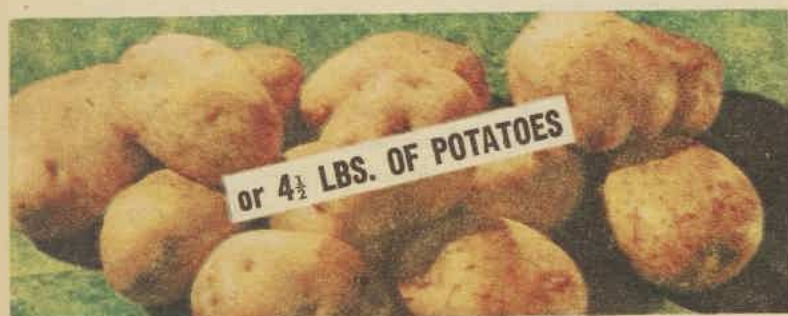
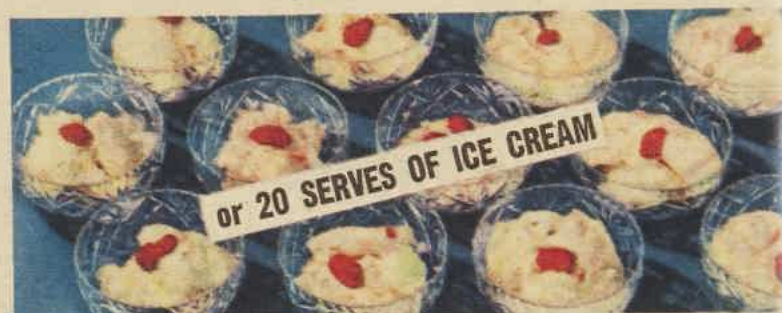
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EQUIVALENTS ABOVE ARE BASED ON FOOD COMPARISON TABLES, ROYAL PRINCE ALFRED HOSPITAL "DIET MANUAL", BRIDGES "DIETETICS FOR THE CLINICIAN".

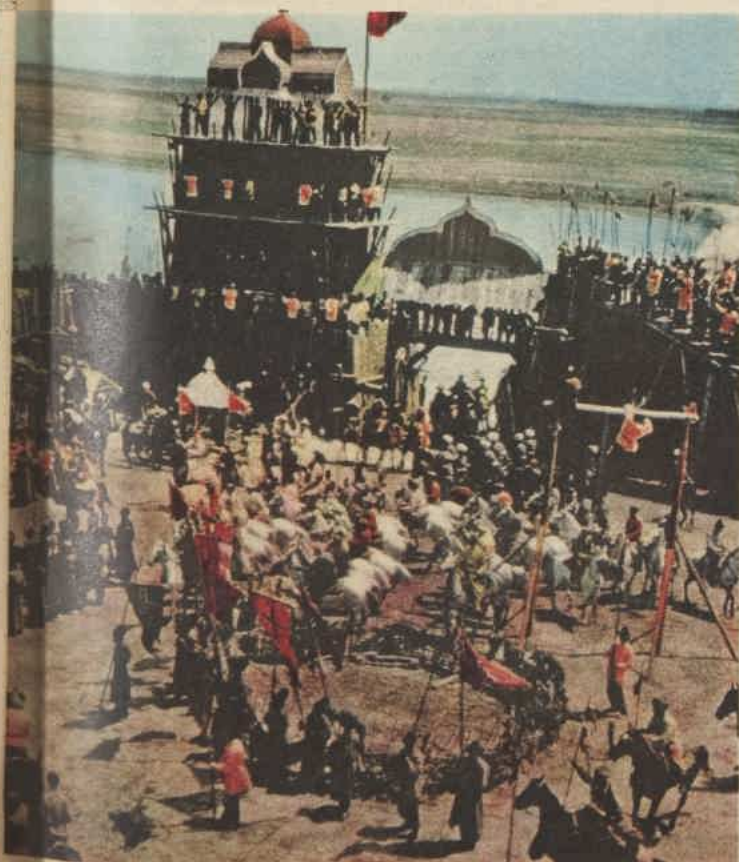
Australia's Luxury Spread at the Margarine Price



CENTRAL FIGURE in this rich and violent feast scene is Van Heflin, cast as the self-proclaimed Czar Peter III of Russia.

VAN HEFLIN PLAYS CZAR

● First of the current cycle of European-made "epic spectacles" to be finished is Italian producer Dino De Laurentiis' "The Tempest," based on the Pushkin novel "The Captain's Daughter." It was photographed in color with an international cast in Yugoslavia, and is a Paramount release.



SPECTACLE and action are handled by De Laurentiis in his sweeping "War and Peace" style.

Film Parade

ELEGANT contrasts are scenes such as this, with Viveca Lindfors as Catherine of Russia.



Stomach upset — a risk you take with ordinary aspirin

and aspirin-containing pain relievers

Ordinary aspirin—the ingredient of most pain relievers—does not readily dissolve: it merely breaks up into coarse acid particles. Medical experience shows that these aspirin particles can lodge in and irritate the stomach lining—a cause of serious conditions, in some people, of indigestion, dyspepsia and heartburn in others.



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Brains and brawn agree—variety best

● American women don't like the news on TV according to the latest American TV survey, a slightly different type done by the University of California to establish TV tastes.

AMERICAN men like the news, but apparently don't get much chance to watch it because their wives are not eager to learn what has happened during the day.

This is interesting for Australians because a survey taken here some time ago showed it was the woman of the house who controlled the TV set here—but not a man missed the news, although he did miss out on many documentaries.

A huge number of television set owners were questioned in all income groups and from all educational levels. Here are the other findings of this survey:

- Westerns appeal to white-collar and semi-skilled workers.
- Workers below the semi-skilled category prefer general light entertainment and sensational news.
- Unskilled workers particularly enjoy variety programmes.
- White-collar workers and college graduates like any good drama series.
- Older and less-educated women prefer quiz and participation shows.
- Younger and lower-education groups prefer mysteries.
- Older people use TV for information and education sooner than entertainment.

And, to finish up with, a general blanket finding is that comedy and variety are enjoyed by viewers of all ages, education, and both sexes.

IN the past few weeks Channel 7 has shown a number of "spectaculars," that over-worked word that means something special in TV jargon. There's been the regular Bob Hope show, the much-advertised Stan Freberg hour, and a Bob Dyer super show.

Most ballyhooed and the most waited for of them all was the Stan Freberg show.

I'll guarantee there were more televisioners poised waiting for the Freberg spectacular than there have been for any new show for a long time.

They didn't stay poised for long, from what I hear. Personally, I stuck it out to the end, waiting for it to start.

Didn't start

It never did, to my mind. Whimsy with a capital "W" was the keynote, with Mr. Freberg climbing in and out of Television Land, and finding signposts which said "Commercial Here," "Lavish Opening," "Pull string for commercial," and so on.

Like all Freberg fans, I was waiting for the star to do some of his rock-'em-in-the-aisles satires, but he didn't.

His friend Orville arrived from the moon and gave a good 10 minutes, but that was all televisioners saw of Mr. Freberg's very special talents.

He starred in a parody of a Western, but Western parodies are figuring so regularly lately on Australian live variety shows that they have to be very distinguished to keep the attention. This one wasn't.

The Freberg show was a big TV disappointment. I'd rate it as lowest of the three spectaculars, the Bob Hope show at the top, and sandwich the local product, Bob Dyer, in the middle.

His show got away to a quick start with no messing around with anything fancy. His co-star was Graham Kennedy, Melbourne's TV phenomenon. He had far too little scope for such an accomplished artist.

I'd like to have seen more of Panda, too.

Perhaps I should say simply that there was too much Dyer, but it was a good show, anyway.

Bob Hope at his international best can't be beaten, but sometimes the local American flavor means Australians miss out on some of the humor.

Thinking over all the variety shows, local and overseas, I'd nominate the Friday night Bobby Limb Late Show on Channel 9 at 10 p.m. as consistently good Australian entertainment. It's always good for a laugh, and it has a certain scrambled spontaneity about it that I like.

WHEN "The Rifleman" (Channel 7, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.) gave a charity picnic on his ranch the other night, I was amazed at the number of inquiries asking

TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

what the sign "Covered Dish Picnic, Gents two dollars" meant.

It's exactly the same as an Australian bush function run on the "Ladies a plate, Gents 5/-" line, and means that ladies bring a plate of food for admission and the men pay hard cash.

Being brought up in the country does add to your education.

THERE'S no need to tell fans of the Perry Mason Show to be sure and watch Channel 9 on Tuesdays at 8.30, but there's such a special one coming up next week, June 30, "The Case of the Jaded Joker," that I feel I must be a spruiker for it.

The "Jaded Joker" is none other than Frankie Laine making his straight acting debut as Danny Ross, a TV comedian who has been dropped by his sponsor.

Frankie doesn't sing a note from start to finish.



FRANKIE LAINE, far right, photographed with, from left, Perry Como and Frank Sinatra when they sang together for a special TV benefit, and, according to critics, "sounded awful." Frankie makes his straight acting debut in the Perry Mason show next week. (See story.) He doesn't sing a note.

Famous jazz musician Bobby Troup plays the role of Buzzy, a beatnik musician, and also composed the theme and incidental music for this episode. He plays it on piano, and it's very cool jazz.

Beatniks are a fascinating phenomenon, and if you're not quite certain what they are, and many televisioners aren't, I'm sure you'll find out about them in this.

In the courtroom scene Buzzy tells what a beatnik is and why he is one.

The beatniks are all mixed

Every time I saw him in the pulpit I expected one of his congregation to unmask him as a masquerading detective. I feel more now for these character actors, although I'm sure Perry Mason couldn't get on without Lieut. Tragg.

"HAMLET," ABC-TV's first live presentation of Shakespeare, was two hours of engrossing TV.

I'm no culture vulture. A Shakespeare play, live or any other way, brought back to me the smell of a schoolroom, and the laborious paraphrasing of "good metaphors" for exams it didn't mean pleasure. So it was duty, laced with curiosity, that made me watch.

After the first 10 minutes or so there was no duty. It was just pleasure and wonderful entertainment.

Even if you didn't like Shakespeare, any televisioner would appreciate the notable production and camera work.

My favorite characters were William Job's Hamlet, Geoffrey King's Polonius, Frank Taylor's Horatio, and Delia Williams' Ophelia, after she went mad. She was a hard and unsympathetic Ophelia when she was sane. I also liked Georgie Sterling's Queen Gertrude, about which I've heard many arguments.

Good fight

Owen Weingott's Laertes was good, but my special praise for him is for the fight, one that looked real and sounded real, too. It was so real that he even got a credit line for arranging it.

It was a most satisfying night of TV. And no one can say the ABC isn't thoughtful—they even provided a 10 minute coffee-break.

THE problems of identification with TV characters really struck home with me the other night when I saw Lieut. Tragg himself playing the role of a parson in an old, old movie, "Good Sam."

Now Lux bath size comes in four exquisite pastels in addition to famous purest white Lux toilet soap, which has guarded the complexions of the world's most famous movie stars for over 30 years.



SANDRA DEE co-starring in "IMITATION OF LIFE"
A Universal-International Picture in Colour

"No other beauty soap quite so gentle" says Sandra Dee

As one of Hollywood's loveliest young stars, Sandra Dee knows how important it is to have a complexion that looks lovely at all times. So she uses Lux.

Lux is all gentleness day after day. Its wonderful cosmetic lather gently awakens your skin . . . softly

it cleanses. The delicate fragrance quietly complements your favourite perfume. The pastels bring colour to your bath. This is the beauty of Lux. 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars know it. The world's loveliest women know it. You, too, should know it.

That's the beauty of LUX



How lovely you look tomorrow...



depends on how well you clean
your face tonight... and cleansing means more
than just soap and water!



Quick, refreshing — each night it takes only 3 minutes for a luxurious deep-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. It's a glorious fresh-clean feeling for your skin — keeps you at your loveliest for the fashions you'll wear tomorrow.

Hat by courtesy of William Beale, Melbourne.

Tonight—see and feel how POND'S COLD CREAM cleanses completely—whisks out dirt and make-up.

Did you know?

- Modern make-up is designed to *stay on*. You can't wash it off with water—you can't clean it off with soap.

What do you do?

- You cream it away with light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream—that's the one *sure* way to whisk out stale make-up of any kind—and everyday dirt, too.

Cleans Deeper

- Pond's Cold Cream works down between the upper skin cells, where dirt hides, and literally floats it out. Pond's leaves pore openings really clean—refreshed.



Tubes 2/9, jars 4/11 and 7/11.

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Now! bring youth-giving moisture to your skin—



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Every day, every year—your skin loses some of its precious oils, and some of the inner moisture of youthful skin.

Even from the age of 19 the first signs show—in tiny lines, crow's feet, flaky patches.

Pond's Dry Skin Cream restores the balance of oils in your skin. It provides rich lubricating lanolin and reviving, young-making moisture.

Tonight, see for yourself how Pond's Dry Skin Cream eases away tense frown lines... relaxes tautness... sinks deep, helps soften and firm your skin.

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C193

Tubes 2/11, or jars 5/3 and 8/11.



BEARDED Peter Ustinov (due in Australia in September for "The Sundowners") congratulates stars Jean Simmons and Rock Hudson at the Hollywood premiere of "This Earth Is Mine." Jean's husband, Stewart Granger, is second from left.

NEW RELEASES

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★ NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS

Comedy, with Andy Griffiths, Nick Adams, Myron McCormick. Regent, Sydney.

If you like your humor broad, simple, and heavily underlined, you should find this good for laughs.

If you like it subtle and played down, then this will be just another peacetime comedy of Service life, and the best part of it the rather endearing performance of Griffiths as the simple backwoods draftee.

This is the role in which he made his name on Broadway, and he makes a really funny and touching figure of the naive Southerner.

Some nice work, too, comes from Adams as a weedy fellow draftee.

But the stogy, old-fashioned acting of McCormick in the major role of the bedevilled sergeant, grown old and cunning in the Service, and that of the supporting actors, harks back to the days of the Keystone Cops.

Director Mervyn LeRoy, whose work no longer holds up too well by modern standards, lets the sequence in the lost aircraft get completely away from him.

In a word... **DEPENDS.**

★ THE MATING URGE

Native courtship documentary. In color. Esquire, Sydney.

At its best, some exceedingly interesting footage has been obtained by the 17 cameramen who have contributed to this record of courtship and marriage customs in other lands.

These include Africa, India, Ceylon, Bali, New Guinea, and some small Pacific islands.

Unfortunately, a determinedly frivolous commentary does its best to reduce even

Film Parade

the most beautiful customs to a commonplace level. So does a studio musical score which on one occasion features a distinctly rock-n-roll beat.

Especially interesting is the New Hebridean sequence with its spectacular dives to the ground from a high platform by youths whose fall is broken by vines tied to their ankles.

Though tedious at times, the film as a whole is a good deal above the level suggested by its advertising.

In a word... **UNUSUAL.**

★ BACHELOR OF HEARTS

Romantic comedy, with Hardy Kruger, Sylvia Syms, Ronald Lewis. In color. State, Sydney.

THIS affable though aimless tale of a German exchange student at Cambridge University is apparently intended to "popularise" Kruger, the young German who made such a promising British screen debut in "The One Who Got Away."

Though he displays oodles of charm and a forced boyishness, his talents would have been better served with something more suited to his proven dramatic ability.

By trying to crowd in too much color and too many characters, the film comes close to missing all round. With more cohesion it could have been first-rate light entertainment.

In the general welter of girls, ragging undergraduates, vintage cars, and some very pleasing glimpses of the colleges and their environs, the work of Eric Barker, a middle-aged jazz-enthusiast lecturer, stands out.

In a word... **AMIABLE.**

Well, I was as far off the truth as from here to the Equator."

"I don't know what the truth is, Uncle Harry," I said. "Somebody loves you in the world," said Uncle Harry, "or out of it, and that's the truth."

What I had now from Kathleen was not only love and companionship, it was the union of a gentle spirit to mine. Except for the hours at my desk—for I still had a book to write—we were with each other most of the time. After breakfast the children went to her house to spend the morning with her while I worked.

At noon all three came up to lunch, and we spent the afternoons on the beach together, lying in the sun and swimming in the sea. I was alarmed at first to see the children go so far out with her beyond the breakers, but after a while I grew used to it and didn't worry any more. We were together in the blue dusk of evening, sometimes she cooked our dinner for us, sometimes I did, sometimes, when the children had gone to sleep, we listened to music from the record-player and sat before the fire and dreamed.

Or we walked along the beach under the night sky, watching the white surf rising and falling in the darkness, listening to the waves foaming at our feet.

Once we heard an owl hooting in the hills behind us, and I felt Kathleen shiver and press closer to me. "It's such a lonely sound," she said.

A little later she said: "Do you know what it is to be all alone in the world? With no one to belong to?"

Still later she said: "How do you belong to someone? I want so terribly to belong to you." "You do," I said, but she only shook her head. "That isn't what I mean," she said.

At another time she asked me to tell her about Trina. "Did you love her very much?" she asked. I told her yes, very

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . . SO LOVE RETURNS

from page 47

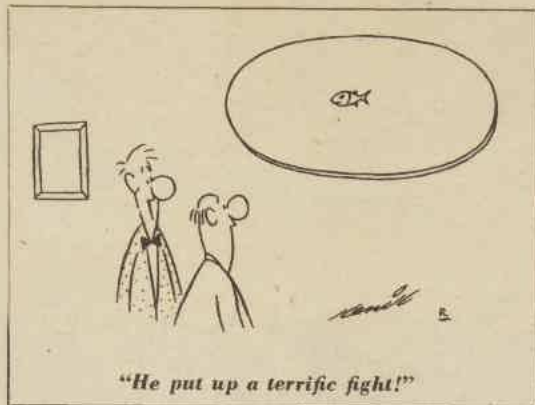
much, and she seemed pleased. "Am I like her?" she asked, and when I told her she was very much like her it made her happy. "I feel as though I were," she said. "I think she wants me to be."

"She loved you very much," she said gently. "And so do I."

But often we said nothing, content merely to be together, or we said the small things that

a seal." He laughed and slapped me fondly on the shoulder. "I'm glad," he said. Then he said, simply: "Alice and I are going to be married."

I gaped at them in surprise; it was a shock to me at first; I'd never have thought that Alice was Dick's kind of woman, she struck me as being



people say when they're happy. I took Kathleen marketing at Trancas; we joined Uncle Harry Cole surf-fishing along the shore (she named a strange-looking fish which Uncle Harry caught and which no one recognised; it was, she told him, a kelp fish), and each time he caught a perch she asked to be allowed to throw it back into the sea again, and whispered something to it before she let it go.

But she never wanted to go beyond Trancas or to the city itself, and so, when Mr. Goldberg called for me to come in again, I went alone.

I met Dick at the Sportsmen's Lodge, and he had Alice with him. Only this time it was different. "You look wonderful, Lenny," he said. "Did you find your girl?" "Yes," I said, "I found her. And her name is Kathleen and she's not

too lightheaded. But after all, what did I know about her?"

"Well!" I said, "congratulations!"

We had a drink on it, all three of us clinking our glasses, and I told them they'd have to come down to the beach to meet Kathleen. "We'll have that picnic we were talking about," I said. Dick's eyebrows went up. "You sure she'll be there?" he asked. "She'll be there," I said, "unless she's turned into a sandpiper."

But I felt sad. It was going to be so easy for Dick and Alice.

"Did you find out when her birthday was?" asked Alice. I looked at her blankly. "Do you know," I said, "I forgot all about it." "It's very important," she said seriously, "when you're going to get married to know when your birthday is."

Towards the end of lunch I

asked Dick if he knew what Mr. Goldberg wanted to see me about, and his manner changed; he looked mournful and uneasy. "I don't think he likes the story any more, Lenny," he said. "I think he wants to give it up." "Can he do that?" I asked innocently. "Sure," said Dick, "why not? All he has is an option."

When we got to Mr. Goldberg's office the little producer looked mournful, too. "Lenny, Baby," he said, "you got to understand this. Personally, I like your story very much, but I'm going to have to give it back to you." "Why?" I asked. "What's the matter with it?" "The matter with it," said Mr. Goldberg morosely, "is it's a love story. You know, and I know, we got to have love, but how many other people know? How many people got romance in their lives? I was afraid of that right away; remember? It's understandable; I, for one, understand it."

He rose heavily from his desk and patted me on the arm. "I'm sorry, Baby," he said. "I just can't sell the idea upstairs. They say it's too gentle. Love with passion—yes; with suspense, with faces in the window. From somewhere should come a shot or some nervous trouble, otherwise the Trendex rating is 5.1, like Shakespeare."

We went back to the Lodge, and had a drink. I should have been feeling bad, but I wasn't; it didn't seem to matter any more. "That's how it is in television," said Dick. "There's always someone further upstairs." "Just the same," I said, "without love, what have you got? What does a man have more than a cricket? Only love. They both got troubles."

I was talking like Mr. Goldberg, and enjoying it. "What does astrology say about me lately?" I asked Alice. She fished in her handbag, and brought out a folded piece of newspaper, with the day's horoscope on it. "Let me see," she said. "Virgo . . . no, that's me . . . favorable contacts"

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Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 61. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

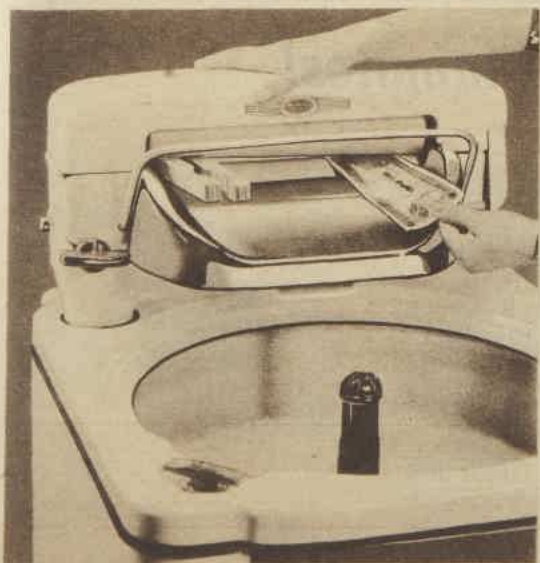
"CATHIE."—Attractively styled dress has an unusual collar, pleated skirt, and three-quarter-length or short sleeves. The material is no-iron cotton with colored flowers printed on a grey-shadowed white background. Color choice for the flowers includes new-blue, lilac, turquoise, and coffee-beige.

Ready to Wear: With three-quarter-length sleeves—sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 79/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 82/6. With short sleeves—sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 75/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 77/3. Postage and registration 4/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: With three-quarter-length sleeves—sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 44/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 47/3. With short sleeves—sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 39/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 42/3. Postage and registration 4/3 extra.

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Exotic china pieces like this 50 years-old tureen are unfortunately rare, but Chicken Noodle Soup with real, old-fashioned goodness can be freshly cooked at a few minutes notice — with the help of a Continental brand packet.

You taste real chicken in this chicken noodle soup ... freshly home cooked in minutes!



... cooked by you in just 7 minutes, till the rich egg noodles are soft as butter, and you can taste that chicken in every sip — Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup.

Betty King Home Economist of World Brands, says:

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Continental soups

Chicken Noodle - Cream of Chicken - Chicken Broth - Mushroom - Tomato Vegetable - Thick Vegetable - Green Pea - Beef Vegetable



BRIGHT NEW SCHOOL-LUNCH IDEA!

Here's a simple, nourishing way to brighten the children's cut lunches. Send them happily off to school with a vacuum flask of steaming Continental's Chicken Noodle Soup.



CHICKEN CROQUETTES

Cook 1 pkt. Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup in 1½ cups boiling water 7 minutes. Cool. Boil 1 lb. potatoes without adding salt. Drain and mash, using prepared soup. Add 1 cup diced, cooked cold

meat and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Shape into croquettes on a floured board and coat with egg and bread-crumbs. Fry till golden brown and serve hot with sauce and vegetables as required.

CS39.WWFFC

Here it is: Capricorn. Those in authority are watching you. That's what it says, honey. "I know," I said. "I know they are." "One more drink?" asked Dick. "A last one for the road?"

"Don't forget to ask her when her birthday is," said Alice. "I won't forget," I said, "but I don't think she'll tell me."

It was good to come home and find the house without that empty look any more, but warm and humming the way it used to be. Kathleen was in the kitchen. Trisha was setting the table, and Chris was hunting imaginary dragons with his space gun. The children came pelted out to the car, wanting to know if the next cheque had come, and if I had brought it home with me.

When I told them no, their faces fell, but only for a moment. They were happy enough with what they had, and made few demands; if they were disappointed today, there was always tomorrow.

I said to Kathleen that night: "I'm sorry for Mr. Goldberg. He's a nice little man, and he's caught in a formula. The people upstairs have the answer, and it isn't love."

"You don't believe that, do you?" she asked. "No," I said. "And neither does Alice." "Oh," she said in a small

voice; "was she there, too?" "I had lunch with her," I said.

She started to get up, but I held on to her. "Dick was there," I said. "He and Alice are going to be married."

Her face lit up. "Oh, how wonderful," she cried. "How beautiful for them." A moment later she was weeping.

I left her to cry; there wasn't anything else I could do. There was no way to comfort her. Or myself.

Later she came to me in an apologetic mood. "I'm sorry," she said. "It's like a woman to want the best of both worlds." "Yes," I said, "it's like a woman." I could see her thinking about it, turning it over in her mind. "Thank you for that," she said gently.

She stood on tiptoe and kissed me on the mouth. "That's the answer," she said; "not what they think upstairs."

It was the only answer for me, anyway. I was sorry about the money, because I could have brought her something, and I told her so. "That's dear of you," she said, "but what would I have done with it? I have everything."

She had nothing, really; and

Continuing . . . SO LOVE RETURNS

[from page 53]

I had little enough, but I felt the same way about it. We had enough for our needs, and for the children — or I had; and we had each other, at least until tomorrow. We weren't planning on a bright future, or a long life together. The few little gifts I'd given her didn't amount to much, and what she gave me were things of her own: a Spanish coin, a piece of amber, a gold signet ring. Her clothes struck me as strange at times, and old-fashioned at others, but where they came from I never asked.

All I knew was, she was beautiful in anything, and it made me happy to tell her so. It made her happy, too, though she always turned shy when I told her, as if she didn't believe me. Perhaps she didn't. Trina had been like that, but Trina was never what you'd call beautiful.

Or was she? Strange: I must have thought her so at one time; but I grew used to it. On the other hand, I hadn't thought Kathleen beautiful at first; that came later, and seemed to grow out of being in love with her. Why hadn't it happened that way with Trina, whom I had loved, too? Life itself must have worn that beauty away. Whereas with Kathleen each day was like a little season of its own, and only the beach and the sea made up our world — as far removed from the life around us as though we were on another planet. There was no way that summer to grow used to beauty.

We planned our picnic for Dick and Alice, but first I had to get a permit from the authorities to make a fire on the beach. It wasn't easy to get, the season being so dry and the danger of brush fires in the hills so great. But I promised to keep my fire below the high tide mark, and after grumbling a bit they gave it to me.

I don't know who was more excited, the children or Kathleen. She was like a child herself, giving her first party, and everything had to be perfect. She wanted to know what to cook, what to buy, what to bring in from the sea, what to wear . . . it was obviously in her mind, an important occasion.

I tried to get her to see that it was only a picnic for some friends. "All we need, really," I said, "are frankfurters and beer. And marshmallows for the children, to toast in the fire."

She gave me a stricken look. "You're making it seem just ordinary," she said, "and I wanted it to be wonderful."

We set a date with Dick and Alice for the following week when the tide would be right, and Chris and Kathleen went fishing for lobsters. Trisha stayed at home and baked a cake; it was a little soggy, and leaned a bit to one side, and she was doubtful about it.

"Never mind," I said; maybe it will straighten itself out before the party. But she had another solution which she thought more appealing. "Maybe if I eat some of it now," she said, "people won't see how leany it is."

I had to tell her that she couldn't wear her new dress to the picnic. It was a great blow to her, and for a whole day she went around looking sorry for herself. "I'll never get to wear it," she said plaintively. "I'll be a grown-up woman before I get to wear it. What good is it?"

She cheered up a little when I assured her that nobody ever wore her best clothes to the beach. "Well, all right," she said; "but there's no use having any, if nobody ever sees

them." "Next winter," I said, "I'll take you to dinner in town, and you can dress up like a Christmas tree." "We'll have to wait till the next cheque comes in," she said, "and I'll be an old woman."

I drove up into Nichols Canyon to invite Old Uncle Harry Cole to the party, and I noticed how dry it was up there in the hills. It was a bad place, that canyon; a fire could spread there in a hurry. I wouldn't want to be caught in it.

On the way back, I stopped at Trancas and bought a green scarf for Kathleen's hair, and some frankfurters.

It was a fine picnic. Alice came dressed in slacks, which greatly relieved Trisha's mind, and Dick brought Mr. Goldberg with him, which I didn't expect. Uncle Harry Cole came down from his canyon with a bottle of bourbon, and we had lobsters and corn and Trisha's cake, or what was left of it, and frankfurters and beer and marshmallows and milk, and potatoes burned black on the outside, hot, and crackling and apple-sweet.

The tide was out; beyond the yellow firelight the surf rose up out of the darkness in ghostly foam, and fell in a dim, white smother among the rocks. The moon lay over us, small and round and silver and far away.

The children were drawn by the fire, and sat as close to it as they could get, gazing into the flames with dreamy eyes. "I love a fire," said Trisha; "it makes me sleepy." "This is a very good fire," said Chris; "I bet they can see it in China." "They can't see it in China, silly," said Trisha; "it's on the upside-down side of the earth."

"Well," said Chris stubbornly, "they can see it on the moon." "They can't, either," said Trisha decidedly. "Why not?" asked Chris. "We can see them; why can't they see us?" "Because there's nothing on the moon," said Trisha, wrinkling up her nose in disgust, "except spidery horrors."

ALICE, lying with her head against Dick's shoulder, shivered delicately. "I don't like spiders," she said; "I have a thing about them. I don't mind big things, but little things scare me." "I don't scare you," said Trisha, "and I'm only little."

"The biggest things are usually gentle," said Kathleen, "unless they're hungry, or frightened. You take the whale, he doesn't want to hurt anybody. Even the giant squid won't hurt you, unless he's frightened. Or hungry," she added.

"What's a giant squid got to be afraid of?" asked Uncle Harry Cole; "a thing like that?" "I knew one once," said Kathleen. "He wasn't afraid of anything. But he was hungry all the time."

There was a little silence, and I saw Dick and Alice look at each other, and then turn and look at Kathleen. Uncle Harry Cole saw it, too, and cleared his throat. "Well, now," he said gently, "I expect he had a large stomach to feed." "He was all stomach," said Kathleen simply. "Except his arms, of course."

"People are the only ones who hurt each other for the fun of it."

Alice declared that she didn't think it was much fun to hurt people. "I try to live by the golden rule," she said, "and by what my chart tells me every day. Astrology," she said in answer to Kathleen's inquiring look: my Horoscope.

And leaning forward on one elbow, she explained to Kathleen that she followed the advice of the stars. "That's how we're going to be married," she said; "when the stars are fav-

orable. Tell me when your birthday is, and I'll tell you what Sign you're under; or do you know?"

Kathleen shook her head. "I don't know what Sign I'm under," she said. "I don't know when I was born, it was so long ago." "It couldn't have been so long ago," said Alice. She studied Kathleen for a moment, her head cocked to one side. "I've got an idea you're an Aquarius," she said finally. "Am I right?" "I don't know," said Kathleen.

I was glad that she and Alice seemed to be getting along together. I wanted everyone to like her. Trina had been liked so much; I wanted it for Kathleen.

The fire made a warm, rosy place for us in the night. The hills rose up behind us, and the night stood around us, silvered by the moon. I thought of our fire being seen all the way to China; China had been one of the strange, far-off, exciting places in the world, and now you couldn't think of it any more. There weren't very many places left.

"I used to dream I'd go to China one day," I said; "right out over the edge of the world." "You like to dream, don't you, Baby?" said Mr. Goldberg.

Maybe I did, but I didn't want to talk about it, not there. "It's a living," I said lightly, and shrugged my

shoulders. But Mr. Goldberg had serious things on his mind. "I suppose we got to dream, in our business," he said; "but the way I see it, dreams don't tell people how to get along in life."

I looked helplessly around, wanting somebody to say something to keep the discussion from getting too serious. I thought maybe Alice would say that the stars could tell them how, and I looked over at her, but she was gazing up at Dick. "It isn't life they've got to get along with," said Dick, "it's death. That's what scares them."

So there goes the evening, I thought. I didn't want to talk about death, with the fire there in front of us and the moon over us. Besides, death didn't ride with them the way it did with me.

But Mr. Goldberg wanted to talk about it; the blood of his ancestors, great questioners and arguers, ran in his veins. "Do you believe in the hereafter, Lenny?" he asked.

I shook my head. "I don't have the answer to that one," I admitted.

It didn't satisfy him, as I knew it wouldn't. "Come," he said, "you can do better than that." "All right, then," I said; "the way I look at it is this: I don't know what's out there

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An information-packed article about your baby's care, feeding, growth and fun.

What you may not know about your newborn...

The "cross-eyed" look.

Baby get "cold feet"?

● When you finally see your wonderful baby girl or boy (after all those months of imagining) you're probably not surprised by a reddish-pink skin or the soft spot on top of baby's head. But were you prepared for a cross-eyed look? Don't be alarmed; new babies can't control their eye muscles for a few weeks.

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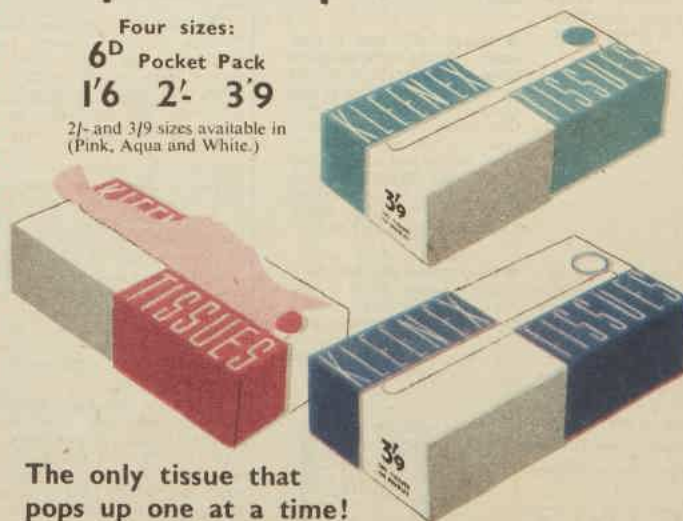
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Continuing . . . SO LOVE RETURNS

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beyond the stars. But I know that whatever it is we've got to get along with it. And I know something else: we've got one thing working for us, and that is love."

"That's nice poetry, Lenny," said Mr. Goldberg, "and I understand it. But would sixty million people understand it?" "Yes," I said. "I think they would." "They don't think so upstairs," said Mr. Goldberg.

Alice let her head sink back on Dick's shoulder. "I like to think that love comes from beyond," she said drowsily.

"Beyond what?" asked Mr. Goldberg. "I don't know," she said. "Just beyond."

"All right," said Mr. Goldberg mildly. "Love comes from beyond. You say so, and I buy it. But love is easy to get along with. Our friend Dick here says that what we have to get along with is death, and this is not easy; and this, also, I buy. Only, now I ask him: from where comes death?"

He peered around the circle of firelight, but no one answered. The fire shook a sudden shower of sparks into the air. "I carry it in my bones," he said, "and you would think my bones and I would get along together. Maybe love should not be so far away; so death would not be so lonely."

I glanced across at Kathleen, and she was looking at me, with the firelight rosy on her face. "Love has been known to follow death," she said. "Is that an answer?" asked Mr. Goldberg. "Yes," she said.

Warmed by the bourbon and the fire, Uncle Harry Cole leaned forward and held his bottle up to the light. "Beyond is beyond," he said. "There's valleys in the sea, and spaces between the stars no mortal man has ever laid eyes on. He can see them in his mind. But there's a beyond that the mind can't see; and that's where the answers are."

We were silent for a moment, listening to the little crackle of the fire, and the sound of the waves breaking on the shore. Well, I thought, we're serious, all right. I looked at the children; they were already half asleep. "Yes, sir," said Uncle Harry, "we'll probably know all about those starry spaces some day, we'll travel in them. And we'll go down into the valleys of the sea, and look around. But what lies out there beyond the mind — that we'll never know."

Mr. Goldberg traced a figure in the sand at his feet. "Men have one death," he said, "but sometimes many loves. How can that be, if death still has its love?" "Don't ask me," said Uncle Harry, lifting the bottle to his lips. "I never had but one, and I was wrong about her."

MR. GOLDBERG turned to Kathleen. "What do you think, Miss Kathleen," he asked. "Is it possible to love more than once?"

She looked across at me, and smiled, and her eyes caught the firelight and shone green. "The body renews itself," she said gently. "Why not the heart?"

I could see that he was puzzled. "Am I renewed?" he asked plaintively. "I am still the same Goldberg which I see every day if I look. So what is the change? It is still the same body." "It is still the same heart," said Kathleen. "That doesn't change, either."

The same heart, I thought; and the same love. The heart that loves Kathleen, and that Trisha loves.

I looked at Uncle Harry Cole; he was staring at Kathleen across the fire, and his face was humble and thoughtful. "So that's it," he said. "If a man takes it with him when he goes . . ."

"Well," he said, "I expect he can send it back again."

Kathleen's head was bent, she seemed to be studying the sand under her fingers, lifting a little at a time and letting it sift idly down again. "Do you mean," Alice asked, "that if a man loved a woman enough, he might come back to her? Like a ghost?" "No," said Kathleen; "not like a ghost."

She didn't look at me, but I knew that she was speaking to me, and only me. I think that Uncle Harry Cole knew it, too. "There's the word, Lenny," he said.

Alice settled back with a thankful sigh. "You had me

● To keep the color of vegetables after cooking, splash them lightly with cold water immediately they have been strained, then serve.

scared for a minute," she said. "I thought you meant a ghost."

And she added, with a little laugh:

"When Lenny first told us about you, we thought you were a seal."

Kathleen laughed, too, a sweet, easy laugh, and we all laughed, and that was that, and afterwards it was like any other night for lovers, with the fire-smell and the sea-smell, and the pale moon sailing over us.

Uncle Harry Cole told us stories about the sea, and Mr. Goldberg told us about his early days as a song writer. Dick and Alice didn't talk much; they drank beer together out of a can, and gazed up at the stars. "There's Jupiter," said Alice; "that's Dick's planet; and mine is Mercury." "Jupiter," said Dick; "the power and the glory." "I like the evening star best," I said.

"Bright Star, would I were steadfast as thou art —

'Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night . . ."

We sat around the fire and sang in the soft summer night the old songs "Juanita," "Sweet and Low," "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms" . . . while the embers died and the moon rode through the sky, and the children slept under their blanket. A plane drummed through the night, far out above the black water, its red lights winking on and off. A sand-piper skittered along the beach at the sea's edge. Alice lay smiling with her head on Dick's shoulder and I held Kathleen, warm and dear and for a while mortal, in my arms.

It was three or four days later that Kathleen told me she wanted to give Dick and Alice their wedding at our house. She was telling the children a story when I came in and I stood in the doorway watching. She sat at the foot of Trisha's bed, her hair in a witch-cloud around her shoulders, and the two little faces looked up at her with round eyes from under the bedclothes.

It was the story of a little dog who was sent up into the sky in a balloon and sailed around and around the earth looking down at it. "He saw the oceans," she said, "all blue beneath him, and the great continents lying in the water like stones in a pond, green and brown, and white with snow. And he saw the countries and the rivers and the cities, and he saw his own country, and his own city, and his own house where he lived with his master, Dr. Kubie, and Helen the

housekeeper, and Lee Sharon, the housekeeper's daughter, and Tabitha the cat.

"He remembered how he used to have a rubber ball to play with, and he remembered the clean bones, and the clear water, and man's love, and afternoon tea. He was very lonely up there in the sky all by himself, and he was afraid he'd never get home again. And he thought, if only there was some way to send my regards to my family and my friends. Just then a sparrow came flying past, and stopped and asked him why he was so sad, and what he was doing up there in the sky in a balloon, and where he was going."

"Alas," said the little dog, 'nobody told me where I was going or what I was supposed to do, and I am sad because I am all alone here, far from those I love, and I wish I could send them my regards.' 'I'd be glad to take your regards to them,' said the sparrow, 'if it is not too far out of my way.' So the little dog very eagerly sent his regards and his love to Dr. Kubie and Lee Sharon and Helen the housekeeper and Tabitha the cat, and to clean bones and clear water and rubber balls and afternoon tea at No. 12 Andover Road, Beverly, Massachusetts."

"I wasn't planning to go to Massachusetts," said the sparrow, "because my connections are all in New Jersey," but when he saw how the little dog's face fell and how disappointed he was he said, 'I will go to Beverly, anyway, and give them your message.' So the sparrow flew down to earth and the little dog went sailing on around the sky, but he was happier now, because his family and his friends would know that he loved them."

TRISHA'S eyes, which had been like saucers at first, were almost closed. "What happened to the sparrow?" she asked sleepily. "The sparrow?" said Kathleen lightly, "why, they all said thank you very much and asked him in to tea."

"I baked him a cake," murmured Trisha, and mumbled her prayers: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep . . ." She had a long list of blessings, including Old Uncle Harry Cole and Mr. Goldberg, "and God bless Dr. Kubie and Lee Sharon and Helen and Tabitha the cat and the little dog and the sparrow . . ."

"Thank you," said Kathleen, and dropped a kiss on Trisha's cheek as she fell asleep. Chris, with a much shorter list, was sleeping already.

Kathleen came out and closed the door behind her. "Lenny," she said, "I wish we could give the Bassets their wedding. Here, in this house, I mean, or in mine. Do you think they'd like it? Or do they have a lot of friends . . .?" "I think they'd love it," I said. "Anyway, I can ask."

"Of course," she said, hesitating, "if they were planning a church wedding . . ." "If I know Dick," I said, "they were probably going before a justice of the peace."

"They'd want to ask a few people," I said, "but we could manage that. The only thing is . . ." I stopped, because I didn't know just how to say it. "I mean," I said, "are you sure you want to?"

She looked at me, almost in surprise, I thought. "Yes," she said, "of course I'm sure. Why not?"

I didn't want to tell her why not; I didn't want to tell her that I thought it would make her sad. To have to watch,

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Here's why the makers of fine baby wear say:—

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like that, what she could never share... But I didn't know my Kathleen. She had no envy in her heart.

There was still one other difficulty: my next cheque hadn't come, and I had no money for the expenses. Kathleen went down to her house, and after a while she came back with a necklace, and put it in my hand. "Sell it," she said. "It will pay for the refreshments."

It was a beautiful necklace, and it looked old and valuable. "This is a very rare piece," the jeweller said when I took it in to him the next day: "it really belongs in a museum. It's what we call gem coral, and it's quite flawless, and a fine color. I'm afraid I can't buy it myself, but if you'd care to leave it with me I might be able to find a purchaser for it." He held the necklace up to the light and turned it this way and that, admiring it.

"There is a description of a necklace like this," he said, "in the Memoirs of Ninon de L'Enclos. It belonged to a friend of hers, a Mrs. Wibberley, an Irish lady who was drowned at sea in 1687. It's the first time I've even seen another like it."

I told him to keep it until he found a purchaser, and to give me a small down-payment, enough for the champagne and the flowers. He gave me a hundred dollars, and I telephoned Dick. "Kathleen wants you to have your wedding at our house," I said. "I'll have to ask Alice," he declared; "we were going to Las Vegas." "How do you feel about it yourself?" I asked. "I'd love it at your house," he said.

Alice thought she'd love it, too. "I like your girl," she said; "I think she's sweet. Maybe some day we'll do the same for you." "Sure," I said; "sure. Maybe some day."

Dick gave me a list of guests and the name of the minister at the Church of The Living God which Alice had attended a few times, and we sent out the invitations and ordered the champagne and the flowers and the chicken salad and the wedding cake.

I have never seen Kathleen as happy as she was those few days before the ceremony. She was so happy she made me feel happy, too. She was like a dancer on tiptoe waiting in the wings, breathless with anticipation. "It's going to be so lovely, Lenny," she said.

The day of the wedding was sunny, and the afternoon warm. Because the ceremony was being held in my house, and because I wanted to be with Kathleen during it, I had asked Uncle Harry Cole to hold the ring for Dick, and Alice had asked Mr. Goldberg to give the bride away. Trisha was to be flower-girl; the new dress had been brought out and put on at last, and she wore a little wreath of rosebuds in her hair. How proud and shy she was! Chris had already stuck his finger into the icing on the wedding cake.

Only the minister was strange. The pastor of Alice's church had been taken ill, and another had come in his place. He was a heavy-set, rough bearded man, uncomfortable in his clothes, with deep-set eyes; I thought of Proteus rising from the sea, or Triton and his horn. None of the guests appeared to know him, and I noticed that Kathleen steered away from him whenever she could. She looked troubled, but when I asked her if anything was wrong she shook her head. I thought perhaps she was worried about the wedding not going off all right.

"Throw some salt over your left shoulder," I told her, "and keep your fingers crossed." She gave me a tight little smile, and touched my cheek with her hand, the way she always did. "I'll do that," she said; but she looked concerned.

It was a lovely wedding. The house was filled with flowers, and the sea lay blue as the sky

Continuing... SO LOVE RETURNS

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they are composed; and must be so returned.

"So love returns, to love." "From the marriage of insects, other insects are born; the swift, shy birds give birth to winged forms from whom the same, sweet songs ascend. From the wedding of minds, new thoughts are conceived. And from the wedding of souls,



"Could I say Hello?"

love goes forth into the universe.

"All marriages are fruitful. May this, too, be fruitful: of understanding, and peace."

The adjuration came to an end, and Kathleen was quiet at my side; she scarcely seemed to breathe. I felt her hand withdraw itself gently from my clasp, and when I turned to look at her I saw that her cheeks were wet.

"I now by the authority invested in me..." The ceremony was over. Mr. Goldberg was shaking Dick by the hand, and Uncle Harry Cole was kissing the bride. Kathleen and I were left alone.

I took her in my arms, although I didn't know it, for the last time. "Lenny," she whispered; "my love." I kissed her wet lips and her mouth for the last time. "Hold me a moment," she said; "and then I must go." I said that I'd go with her, but she shook her head. "No," she said; "I have things to do."

She seemed composed, gentle, and gay again, as though she had got over whatever it

was that had grieved her. "You have work to do, too," she said. "You have things to do here."

Chris came up to me at the moment and tugged at my knee. "Can I serve the refreshments now?" he asked. "Can I?" I turned to tell him yes, and when I turned back to Kathleen she was gone.

I thought she might have stepped into the kitchen, to make sure of the arrangements, and as soon as I had congratulated the bride and groom went to look for her. But she wasn't there. She wasn't in the kitchen. She wasn't anywhere.

I went back to my duties as host, but my mind was on it. I kept wondering where she was. Had she slipped away to her own little house—cry a little, perhaps—any woman? But why did she come back?

The afternoon went on as on, interminably. Dick and Alice left in a shower of laughter and rice; the minister had disappeared long since, apparently without saying goodbye to anyone. Trisha at Chris kept running in and out of the kitchen with plates of food, and I kept filling glasses, but we needed Kathleen, we missed her. "I don't know where the spoons are," said Chris. "I don't know where anything is." And Trisha kept looking for Kathleen, pin the wreath of roses more securely in her hair.

The daylight began to fade, the lamps were lit. Uncle Harry Cole and Mr. Goldberg were the last to leave, and I saw them to the door. "Say goodbye to your own girl for me," said Mr. Goldberg.

Uncle Harry Cole shook hands with me. "It was a good wedding," he said; "a little strange, maybe. I kept waiting for the Twenty-third Psalm."

I watched them go up the hill to the road. There was a grey fog rolling in from the sea. It hid the beach; couldn't see Kathleen's little house at all.

I went down the hill, as when I got to the fog it was wet and icy, as though it had

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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Birthplace of many good yarns (8, 5).
- The winner is not among them (4, 3).
- Hang sideways as Icelandic narratives (5).
- An inwardly unhealthy young horse (5).
- Such a scholar is one of the one hundred and ninety (6).
- Where Dr. Earl may keep his food (6).
- If rest is rightly taken it can be a contention (6).
- Married daughter of a Shakespearean king (6).
- The red ones are disliked in private or public business (5).
- Mental weariness in France, England, or Australia (5).
- Broad and flat like a table, and without its head could be a lubra (7).
- Rural women often associated with crooks (13).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

- Place to lose your head (8).
- In a slur (Anagr. 7).
- Jerky (5).
- Any Ron can make a group of nine (6).
- To give this instruction to a laundress is a fiasco (4-3).
- Bird which carries a broken leg (5).
- Look the holy man is forfeited (4).
- Blames Ceres when she swallows the sun (8).
- Language in his glen (7).
- Transfixes the beer in the devils (7).
- Trains (Anagr. 6).
- Clergyman's home in man's elbow (5).
- Let swallow a sailor to be a piece of furniture (5).
- Muddle in the officers' living quarters (4).

Solution will be published next week.

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OFF HIS FOOD ...
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HIS COUGH AND
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SHE FELT WEAK,
DEPRESSED ... NEEDED
A STRENGTHENING
TONIC DURING
CONVALESCENCE ...



BRONCHIAL ATTACKS
WERE GETTING HIM
DOWN ... HE WAS
"NERVY," IRRITABLE!



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come up from the depths of the ocean. I called Kathleen's name, but there was no answer.

The house, when I got to it, was empty. All the curtains were gone from the windows. The woven mats from the floor. The screens inlaid with mother of pearl, the corals, the shells, all were gone; only the bed and the dressing-table stood there in the bare room, with the fog, and the sound of the sea outside.

It was then I heard the crying. At first I thought it was my own, but it came from somewhere in the fog, far out, in the direction of the sea. It was a sound of weeping, the loneliest sound I ever heard.



Give Your Baby LOVELY CURLS
Banish nasty cradlecap
4 weeks treatment 4/10
Curlypet

Continuing ... SO LOVE RETURNS

from page 58

I walked down to the water. Everywhere in the sand were the marks of sandpipers.

There isn't much more to tell. I had no feeling at all at first, beyond the sense of emptiness and loss, but that's the way it is with a wound—if it's deep enough it hurts afterwards. The first thing is the shock and the disbelief, and then, when it begins to heal, you feel the pain. I felt forsaken, and this time without hope; for a while I tried to forget, to put my mind on other things, but there were no other things. Later I tried to remember, to comfort myself with memories. I tried to understand. I wanted so much to understand. I wanted Kathleen to come back to me.

SHE never did come back. But there was a time when the sense of her presence returned to me and I felt less forsaken. It was after a night late in summer, when coming into Trisha's room where she was sleeping I thought I saw a slender, shadowy figure bending over the bed.

The figure turned as I came in, put a finger to its lips, and vanished, and Trisha woke and held out her arms to me. I put my face down on her warm, drowsy, petal-soft cheek, and stayed there with her. The presence of love was all around me and filled my heart.

The children accepted Kathleen's absence without surprise: they asked no questions; they remembered her only with joy. Later on, when they were older and in another place, she began to merge in their minds with Trina, and then I found them talking about things that had happened "when Mommy was here"—such as the wedding and the picnic on the beach.

I stayed away from the beach at first, hating the ocean, and not able to bear the sight of Kathleen's empty house. But when the healing set in I took to going to the little house myself, and more and more often. I found a comfort in it, as though love still warmed the bare rooms, and sometimes, when I'd been there awhile, I could almost see them as they used to be, with the curtains drawn at the windows, and the screens and the shells. At such times she seemed near me, and yet less than the air around me.

Now, when I worked at my book, Trisha sat with me and cut her paper dolls, and Chris played by himself in the yard. No daemon spoke to me or guided my thoughts beyond myself to better worlds.

My friends were gentle with me, they tried to take me out of myself, but I had no desire to see anybody. There wasn't anything I could say to them, there wasn't any way to explain what had happened to me or how I felt. Perhaps Uncle Harry Cole might have understood, but he was away on a fishing trip up north. Once again, as before, there was no one to talk to.

That was the way things were the night the hills caught fire.

A Santana, the strong, dry wind from the desert, had been blowing all day, scattering sand and dust across the Coast Highway and bending the tops of the eucalyptus. The fire must have started about midnight in one of the canyons, and it swept outward and downward, and it went fast.

I was asleep when I thought I heard someone calling me. It sounded like Trina's voice, very far away, and then the sound of the sea was in it, and then it was Kathleen's voice, and I woke in the darkness and there was nothing there.

I could see a murky glow through my window, and I got up and went to the door and looked out. The whole line of hills back of the house was on fire, with flames licking the crest and falling in golden streams through the canyons. I could smell the smoke and see the sparks explode into the sky as the eucalyptus went up, and the pine. It was a big fire and I didn't know where it would go. The low, glittering, snake-like lines of flame extended as far as I could see.

I went in to wake the children. It was four o'clock. "We'd better get out," I said.

We didn't take much with us, there wasn't time. We piled a few things into the car—a blanket, some clothes, and a few treasures; Trisha took her sea-horse and Chris the little fishing spear Kathleen had given him. I took the branch of coral from the mantelpiece and a picture of Trina.

We drove south through the smoke and the smell of burning, with the low, steady roar of the fire in our ears, watching the hills blaze up behind us and the sparks float like stars

across the highway on their way to the sea.

The children sat wrapped in their blankets, shivering in the night cold; Chris whimpered once or twice, but Trisha looked around her with eyes like saucers. I remember thinking it was lucky that Uncle Harry Cole hadn't been home in Nichols Canyon.

We were well past Las Flores when I remembered that I'd left my manuscript in my desk. It was too late to go back for it. The fire-engines and the police cars passed us, going in, their sirens wailing and their headlights blazing at us through the dark. Perhaps if I hadn't had the children with me I'd have gone back, anyway, but I couldn't risk it.

At Topanga the sheriffs were stopping northbound cars and turning them back. It was a big fire.

We found room in a motel at Santa Monica and stayed there the rest of the night and the next day, and after that the Bassets took us in. They were very kind. We never spoke of Kathleen; I knew they thought she had deserted me.

It was several days before the fire was out and the roads clear, and we were able to drive home again, past the scorched fields and the burned-out canyons with their black, twisted trees. The air was still smoky with the fire smell, and here and there we could see the blackened timbers of houses on the hills. Beyond Malibu the flames had reached the sea in several places; Paradise Cove had been swept and the moors beyond Trancas.

WE got to our own house at last and it was gone, and there was nothing left of the little house on the beach but charred wood and broken tile. Sparks must have come over in the wind and set fire to the roof and nothing could have saved it. Nothing remained of the summer but what I could remember, a branch of coral and a fishing spear.

Trisha cried a little, but Chris was stoic about it. "We had a good time in that old house," he said. "I baked a cake," said Trisha, "and I gave a party, and I was sick and Mommy came." "You mean Kathleen," said Chris; "Kathleen came."

We left the beach and went to live in Sierra Madre near the mountains. Perhaps my children would get to know the mountains the way they knew the sea.

My book was gone with the house, but it didn't matter; I had a different story to write now, for I knew there was still wonder in the world. Wonder and benediction.

It was in Sierra Madre that I found a copy of the strange wedding ceremony the minister had used to marry Dick and Alice. It was in a little-known work by Bernard of Treves, translated by Ben Ray Redman. The minister hadn't read all of it, for after the line "So love returns, to love" there was another paragraph.

"These Beings," Bernard had written, "are indeed Sendings, for they are sent to the Beloved to take the place of one gone from his side. But being not of Mortal Flesh, for them to love as a mortal is forbidden; and such taking place they must find themselves recalled into the Element from which they came."

Beauty is only altered, never lost.

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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning June 29



ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a happy ending.

* You have now reached the end of a cycle. Within the next few weeks the direction of at least some of your activities will change, perhaps so slowly that you do not at first perceive it. New people of a different type may become your associates, a new neighbor may be a factor in some cases an old love fades out and a new one appears.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sun. Luck on an outing.

* Accept that invitation to roll along the highways. It could open the door to a new world. You may gain ideas for a future home, discover a new pastime, improve your skill in a hobby, or follow byways which arouse your interest in Australian history or literature. Draw your belt beloved into the orbit of new experiences to avoid friction.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in practical affairs.

* Keep those schemes of yours down to earth, and they'll work beautifully. Put your imagination, make sure the odds does not exceed any possible return. You're a fine salesman, but if the proposition is up in the air, you will result. You may, through the efforts of a member of the opposite sex, make money in a sideline, or find a bonus.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, green. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in personal magnetism.

* Cultivate those likely to have influence, prestige. If you have an errand, go yourself rather than send a messenger. You will make the right impression, and the most convincing words. Should you be applying for a job or standing for office in an organization, your chances of success are bright. Romance is well expected.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat. Luck in independence.

* A small sum of money stacked away is the homemaker's delight. When it comes to giving a present or a little surprise to loved ones, she has the means to do it. If in paid employment regular savings are a must, unless you are willing to be led to your job. Occasionally you might share expenses on a date with your beloved since he should not pay always.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in clubs, organisations.

* You're in demand as a committee member. You may be active in preparing for an important social event. If a voluntary worker you find both appreciation of your efforts and sociability among congenial people. It is easier to have friends in groups than to entertain them singly at home. A staff club will be particularly active just now.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck through authority.

* This is the right moment to make requests to the boss. An improvement in working conditions could make all the difference on the job. If you're a voluntary worker you may serve as a deputation. Any application to the Government is under good aspects. An older person could be instrumental in furthering your objective, or your love affair.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, rose. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in know-how.

* If you are uncertain about anything, look it up or seek advice. The more skilled you are, the faster you can complete a task. Domestic arts are a form of self-expression. Any woman who can cook an attractive meal at short notice, make herself a hat from bits and pieces, or run up a dress for a special occasion is really living creatively.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a windfall.

* That extra something makes all the difference, giving more elasticity to your plans. You might be successful in a speculation, or persuade a friend to embark on a scheme which yields good dividends, such as exchanging services with a neighbor. A few turn a hobby into a modest money-maker. Love affairs may be stormy. The air clears.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 23-JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 19. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy, red. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck through your beloved.

* The person who matters most to you will bring you good fortune. If young, in love, the wedding date may be fixed. If already married, a step-up in career or a fatter pay envelope for the husband could bring many wishes within your reach. If still a child, parents may indulge you by allowing you your heart's desire.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Thursday, Sat. Luck in playing safe.

* Stick to your programme of essentials; don't fluster aimlessly from one half-finished task to the next or you'll be caught at a disadvantage. Be dressed, presentable, early for visitors may arrive unheralded. Lock up if leaving the house for any length of time. Frayed electric cords or fixtures that are in need of repair constitute a hazard.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, blue, green. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in taking a chance.

* Nothing ventured, nothing gained. If you're in love, send your prettiest dress. Baffle your beloved by listening to his conversation; he'll respond by thinking you are perfect. That diamond may be just around the corner. If you are eager for a modest speculation now is the time to invest. For those of you who venture into new fields, success.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological chart as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



washing
cleans
your
clothes
it's true,
but all-white
things need
Reckitt's Blue

And remember!



Robin STARCH

keeps things crisper, cleaner longer.

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Fashion PATTERNS

F5365.—Tailored dress has flared skirt with inverted pleat back and front; contrasting collar and cuffs. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material, ¾yd. 36in. contrast material. Price 4/-.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F5370.—Beginners' three-way pattern for easy-to-make blouses. Sizes 28 to 40in. bust. Requires "A", 2½ to 3½yds. 36in. material; "B", 2½ to 2½yds. 36in. material; "C", 2½ to 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.



F5366.—Sheath dress has front-buttoning bodice; the slim skirt is trouser-pleated. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.



F5367.—Pretty and feminine dress has a bloused bodice, gathered skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.

F5368.—Frisly, lace-trimmed slip has matching panties. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material, ½yd. lace. Price 4/6.

F5369.—Dress for a fashion-conscious girl has short or three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 3 to 3½yds. 36in. material or 2½ to 3yds. 54in. material. Price 3/-.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

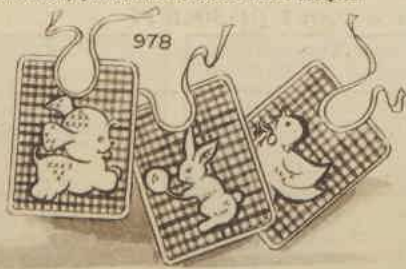
No. 977.—GUEST TOWELS. The towels are obtainable clearly traced to embroider on huckaback. Color choice includes white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size of each towel, 15 x 24in. Price, 2/11 each, postage 6d. extra. Set of three, 11/3; postage 1/3 extra.

No. 978.—BABIES' BIBS. The set of three bibs is obtainable clearly traced to embroider on check cotton. Color choice includes red and white, blue and white, pink and white, and yellow and white. Size: 9 x 12in. 3/9 for the set of three. Postage 6d. extra.

No. 980.—SKIRT. The skirt—with an inverted pleat back and front—is obtainable cut out ready to make in tulle. Color choice includes dark brown and white, cherry and white, cocoa-brown and white, grey and white, grey-striped in green, grey-striped in lemon. Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34in. waist, 33/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

No. 979.—BLOUSE. The tailored blouse, with three-quarter-length sleeves, is obtainable cut out ready to make in tulle. Color choice includes white, pink, lemon, and nil-green. Sizes: 32 to 34in. bust, 34/6; 36 to 38in. bust, 36/3. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

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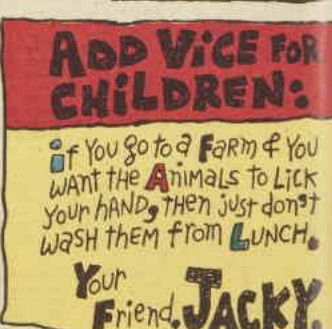
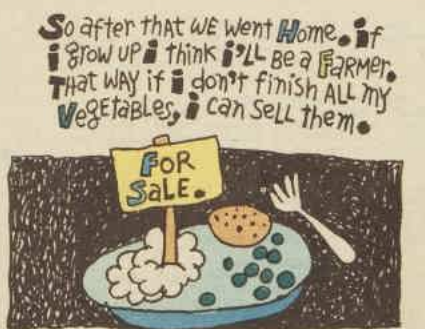
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SOUPS

JACKY'S DIARY.

BY JACKY MENDELSON
AGE 3 1/2



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD



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... Margaret Merrill

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AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 1, 1959



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and THE CHIEF OF POLICE are investigating reports of two mysterious thefts. The victims claim the crime was committed by an invisible thief, who caused the valuables to seem to move by themselves. They said they saw only a blur, like a heat-wave. At

first their stories are not believed, but, by using his power of Hypnotic Telepathic Projection, Mandrake has proved that they have been telling the truth. Meanwhile, in another part of the city, two men are delivering a payroll when the bag seems to fly out of their hands. NOW READ ON:



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2. BRIGHTENS — removes stains.
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Page 63



Positive Relief from Coughing ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT



NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY
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Stops burning and itching of cold sores and cracked lips. Specially medicated to soothe and heal. The CREAM keeps lips soft and supple while it heals. The LOTION dries up the cold sore until it quickly disappears. Cream 2/9. 3/9; Lotion 2/9.

N.56.59



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Contains the sedative Codeine. Calms nerves and soothes inflamed membranes of the throat to stop severe coughing.



2. LOOSENS PHLEGM.

Five gentle expectorants liquefy and cut away bronchial secretions which cause irritation... rapidly clears phlegm-congested membranes.



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The only cough formula to use Phenylephrine — an exclusive agent for relieving congestion. Shrinks swollen, congested bronchial tubes quickly.

When nocturnal coughing disturbs your rest night after night, the thing to do is to take NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR—and be sure of positive cough relief.

This modern formulation breaks stubborn coughs far, far better than ordinary mixtures. Day or night, the three-way expectorant, sedative and decongestive action of NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR brings quick, positive relief from coughing.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

July 1, 1959

Teenagers

WEEKLY



**GIRLS IN BOYS'
CLOTHING... Pages 8, 9**

Supplement: Not to be sold separately.

LETTERS

He doesn't prefer blondes!

I HAVE two girl-friends, one is a redhead, the other a brunette. I don't like blondes because I think that they love themselves and wear too much make-up.

I took my girl-friend (brunette) down to my church dance last month, and one of the blondes who was there came from another church. She had red fingernails, eyebrow-paint, lipstick, and that much perfume on her that she smelt like a second-hand cosmetics counter. I found all this out when I danced the progressive barn dance with her. The only make-up my girls wear is lipstick, and I am not against that.—C.R., Sydney.

P.S. If you publish my letter please do not include my name or address. Only my initials. Otherwise I would get a belting and not be allowed out with a girl for one month and that would be horrible.

Experience

MY ambition is to be a sales-girl. I passed my Intermediate at 14, and for the past six months I have been waiting for a job. Whenever I apply for a job I am asked if I have had any experience. How could I have any experience—I have not had the chance to learn anything. I think it would be a good idea if we were given a chance, and if not good enough for the job be dismissed.—"Inexperienced," Guildford, N.S.W.



FUN WITH A CAUSE: Members of the South Coogee Build-A-Hall Association's Younger Set at their recent barbecue—the first "do" they organised. About 150 teenagers ate huge quantities of snags, sauce, and lolly water, and raised £40 in the process. Their aim is to provide a hall for Scouts, Guides, and other young people of Sydney's eastern suburbs. On June 28 they're having a car rally—from South Coogee to Windsor. Pete Sealy, at FX1266, will tell you more about it.

There are no holds barred in this teenage forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used.

OUR COVER

THIS time the girls have turned into wolves and are going round in clothing that makes the boys look sheepish. On pages 8 and 9 you'll see what we mean. In the meantime, girls, heed this warning:



"If you never want to see me again, give me back my shirt."

Too young

I DISAGREE with "S.B." (T.W., 17/6/59), who says that 15 is not too young to go steady. In Mediterranean countries girls mature at a much greater pace than we do in Australia. At 15 years these girls are women, and are quite prepared for marriage. In Italy careers for girls are not encouraged, and they make their choice of a future husband quite early.

But I understand your point of view. Some of our 15-year-olds have given some unsavory performances in public, and most older people are apprehensive that their children of that age could mar their future happiness by foolish, unrestrained behaviour. A girl's reputation is a delicate thing, and a dutiful parent should guard her daughter well.—"Jane," Mosman, N.S.W.

All foreigners

I MUST congratulate Carmel Purcell (T.W., 10/6/59) on bringing into view the fact that Asian students have some real charm. Not only these students but many other people from different parts of the world who have come to make their homes here are not only charming but very friendly. We are foreigners to them just as they are to us, so look into the future with a happy smile for these new settlers.—Joan V. Mordaunt, 12 Augusta St., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

Married at 17

ABOUT "Teenage Marriage" (T.W., 17/6/59)—I was married two weeks after my 17th birthday and am very happy. But in marrying young, I would advise teenagers that you don't marry because you both agree you love one another, or that you both idolise Tab Hunter or Jiving, etc. I wholeheartedly agree with Patricia O'Connell that the key factor to happy teenage marriages is maturity, understanding, sympathy, and faith and trust in each other.—L.V.W., Kenthurst, N.S.W.

Hamburger blues

I HAVE often been called "widgie" just because I was seen in a hamburger shop. I can see nothing wrong with this, although there are many people who would say, "It's only the common people who go to these places." I have seen some very decent people in these places. I think that the teenagers have every right to go into hamburger shops without being called "widgies and bodgies."—"Elvis Forever," N.S.W.

Boys are childish

WHY is it, I wonder, that schoolboys of our age are so childish? I am in fifth year, and, honestly, the boys in our class play pranks that would make first year blush. And they think they're smart! You have set out "Forty ways to get a date" (T.W., 10/6/59), but they are little or no use to us. The only boys to whom these could apply have all left school and have little use for us "school kids." Our school-mates, boys, are so childish that they are undesirable anyway. Is there no



LOIS HOPE . . . wants Elvis at home.

way to make them grow up so we can try your "forty ways"?—Helen Moore, 304 Summer St., Orange, N.S.W.

Local talent

RECENTLY the American singers have been flowing in and out of Australia like the



MALCOLM YATES . . . give Aussies a go.

tide. Sydney radio stations play all American records and announce every little thing about Americans. Why don't they give the "old Aussie" a go?—Malcolm Yates, 54 Wentworth St., Oak Flats, N.S.W.

Pops at home

I THINK parents should encourage their teenagers to invite their friends home and have a gay time of pop songs and rock-n-roll. What is wrong with Elvis Presley singing "Hound Dog," etc., and why shouldn't we look lively when we dance? A few bottles of fiz and a couple of bags of chips and there is a really gay evening of good clean fun for about a dozen people.—Lois Hope, 28 Florance Street, Cootamundra, N.S.W.

Bing and Perry

MOST adults today refuse to give young teenage singers a chance. Whenever we speak in praise of Tommy Sands, Ricky Nelson, Col Joye, etc., we are howled down and lectured on how Perry Como and Bing Crosby outshine them by far. Most teenagers agree that Bing and Perry are really terrific, but their records have been at the top for years. What more can they ask?—Bettyanne Downs, 20 Boyce St., Glebe Point, N.S.W.

Brickbats

What do you dislike most about the opposite sex? Let those brickbats fly—at the rate of £1/1/- for each published.

HIS WHY don't girls dress for the occasion? If you arrive for a date to the movies dressed in (say) a suit, you expect the girl to dress properly also. Slacks or sweater are okay, but only for drive-ins, barbecues, and so on.—Bruce Stewart, Tempe, N.S.W.

SOME girls get on my nerves, especially some who are in my class. You see a new boy moved into our class and a whole mob of girls immediately "fall in love" with him, but are too scared to admit it, so they talk about him. They say he has a bad reputation, but they know this isn't true. And they write nasty notes to him. Surely people should have more sense than that. All they do is make a name for themselves.—"J.M.," Casino, N.S.W.

HERS MY pet hate of the opposite sex (male) is their dreadful clothes and carelessness of dressing. The girls dress nicely to go out, but the boys? Oh, no, they dress any old way. No sense of color or style and those horrible luminous socks!—"Teen-ager," Wyong, N.S.W.

I AM fed up with the way boys exaggerate for our benefit. If they think we are impressed by their constant talk on cars, motor-bikes, wild parties, etc., then they are sadly mistaken. Nothing annoys me more than the exaggerated details of a fight or how they arrived home half-drunk from a party. I wish they would realise that instead of being impressed we are bored stiff!—"Fed - Up," Kensington, N.S.W.

Turn your DREAMS

Slender, brown-haired Ellen, with a pretty pixie face, is about to lose herself in a dream. She is seventeen years old and goes to a girls' school in a large city. Her marks are high, her creative abilities good, and she gets along beautifully with her mother.

BECAUSE Ellen meets a few boys, her infrequent dates loom as big-production rituals, and she approaches them with nervous tingling fear.

She usually manages to pull herself together by the time the boy comes to call for her, and she is able to get through the evening by occasionally repeating to herself that "this, too, will pass."

But Ellen doesn't really care much about all this, because she's in love with her history teacher.

Patty, who'd rather play records than anything, is much younger — just fourteen. She's in danger of getting lost, too.

Her parents insist she's too young to date. Patty tries to convince them she isn't by using all the feminine tricks at her command, and by telling them long wistful stories about the fun her friends have on their dates.

But she can't seem to get anywhere with them, so she dreams instead — safe in the knowledge that no girl is too young to dream. Especially about Ricky Nelson. And especially when there's nothing else to do.

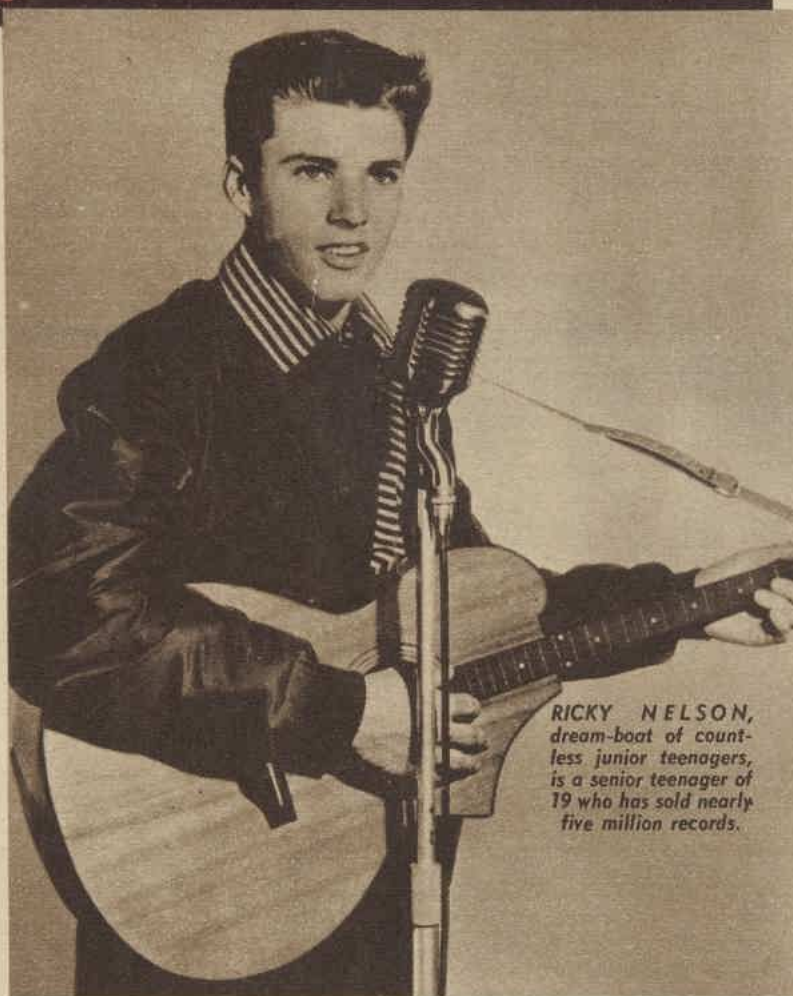
Carolyn, a third dreamer skating on thin ice, looks twenty but is only sixteen. Because her figure is more mature than her years, and her brunette looks have a certain smoulder about them, she almost has to fight boys off — although she would be furious if anyone suggested that she deliberately led them on.

The perfect married man

Carolyn dreams of the manager of the local picture theatre. He is the perfect married gentleman.

Do Ellen, Patty, or Carolyn sound familiar? Could any of them be you?

Well, why not, you might ask. There's nothing unusual



RICKY NELSON, dream-boat of countless junior teenagers, is a senior teenager of 19 who has sold nearly five million records.

in a girl's having lovely day-dreams about handsome, charming, sophisticated men. And what's wrong with it? It's harmless enough. To be transplanted . . . to float away from impossible demands and "hang-up-your-coat" and "get-off-the-telephone" and tomorrow's math test and the whole maddening routine . . . to have some peace, and dream of golden idols . . .

No, there's nothing wrong with it. It's as natural and acceptable as the color of the sky, and the safest trial run you'll ever have for future patterns and values.

Even when you were a baby, you had idols. They were close at hand; they were your parents. You depended on them for fulfilment of your every need, and as you grew you thanked them by trying to be like them.

You clutched little gloves and a handbag when you were taken out to visit, because you wanted to dress as your mother did.

You looked at the Sunday comics the way your father read his papers, with your legs nonchalantly crossed. They loved you for it, and you were secure . . .

Then your world enlarged, and while you continued to imitate the things about your parents that appealed to you most, you also found new idols who were fascinating to identify yourself with.

A girl can be inspired by dreams, but day-dreaming can never replace day-to-day living.

Perhaps one of them was the blond lady at the cake-shop counter, so crisp and glamorous in her white uniform and flowery pocket handkerchief. (Remember how you tried to make your handkerchief look like a cabbage rose, too?)

And there was your piano teacher, who epitomised talent and sensitivity . . . and your very best friend, who was a twin to you in clothes and moods and attitudes . . .

Regardless of who they were, these early idols have an important place in your life even now. You tried to be like them because you admired some quality of theirs that was good.

Suddenly everything changes

But suddenly things changed! More and more, as you entered your teens, your idols became masculine.

Now your needs and your dreams were, and are, centred on dating and romantic love — and it's all so new that you want them and are afraid of them at the same time.

You're not alone; other girls go through this perplexing transition, too.

What about the boys of your own age, the ones at school or in the neighborhood? Don't they have the same feelings?

Probably, but not as early as you do, simply because girls mature more rapidly than boys. While you're beginning to think in terms of steady dates and love and wedding ceremonies, the boy next door may still be immersed in football or cars — areas notorious for their no-girls-allowed signs.

And the chances are he's an awkward boy, red as a beet when you pass him in the street,

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into DATES





• From
page 3

DREAMS into DATES

shy and incoherent when you say hello. And all you really hope for is reassurance, the reassurance of some kind, intelligent, thoughtful, protective male...

It's pretty frustrating when all around you there are such men. Your brother may have brought one of his school-friends home for the weekend. He was polite, of course, but not very responsive to the searching expression in your eyes.

Or there's that divine tennis coach who held your arm to show you the correct racquet grip. The touch of his hand was marvellous, but he never seemed to realise how much you loved it.

Why, why, why can't these men sense the deep feelings you have for them?

And last, but maybe most, there's that actor or singer. When you see or hear him you almost shriek with emotion. When you read about his broken home and how he was kicked around as a child, you want to reach out and comfort him and tell him he'll never be rejected again.

Attraction of the unattainable

You love him from afar, even though you know you'll never meet him.

Why, again? Why are you so willing to give so much of yourself to men who won't or can't return your love?

The answer goes way back: because your idols have the most lovable qualities that men can have. They're mature and worldly. They're wise and tender and physically attractive, with endless endearing traits that make you almost melt away with rapture.

And they're unattainable.

It's because they are unattainable that your dreams of them are so rosy. In your dreams you and your idol enjoy the purest love—but you have none of the strain for your share of giving.

You face no competition for him—so you don't have to worry about dieting or doing something with your hair. You never resent anything he says or does, because he doesn't do or say anything that isn't perfection itself.

You have everything you want, without ever having to take a single positive action of any kind. Why, when you think of dating those boys you know, you could just about die.

That's what happens when you lose your heart to a romantic idol. No real, live available boy of your own age (give or take a year or two) can possibly compare to your dream.

The dream is so satisfying

that you don't pay much attention to these callow youths, and naturally they don't pay much attention to you.

If you do go out on dates, your dream follows you around right up to the goodnight kiss. If you don't date, you'll be lucky ever to be asked... as long as you prefer your dream idol to available flesh and blood.

And the trouble with the whole distressing business is that it's so normal!



If you're afraid of real boys, you'll try to escape into dreams of Tommy Sands.

Like the three girls at the beginning of our story, do you feel you've been forced into the dreaming you do?

Let's take Ellen, who goes to a girls' school and who has so few dates that her nerves go awry whenever she does have one.

Do you escape into your dreams because you're afraid of reality, afraid of what boys might ask you on a date?

Or are you like Patty, who wants to date so much but whose parents won't permit it?



If you're afraid of where your dreams may lead, you may pick on a star like Pat Boone—who is happily married to his wife, Shirley, has four daughters, and is unattainable.

Is your life organised so that you have no choice but to dream?

Or is your problem like Carolyn's? Carolyn has lots of dates, but feels miserable because she fears people talk about her. Her refuge—naturally—is in dreaming.

Surely there are many possible solutions to these and other problems concerned with dating—and dreaming.

Be honest with yourself

All are different from one another, but all have this in common: they involve turning on the bright X-ray of honesty, so that the frustrated dreamer sees clearly why she is not the successful dater.

Here's how Ellen, Patty, and Carolyn might do it.

Ellen tells her friends that she doesn't really care about dates, but secretly she does—very much. She knows she can't possibly go out with her history teacher, but on the other hand she's afraid of the real demands that boys might make of her.

What can she do? First, she can try to avoid freezing up when a date is imminent. She can get ready for it slowly and leisurely, to minimise as much as possible the panic factors that usually surround her preparations.

Second, she can make a concerted effort to meet more boys, through youth clubs, church groups, parties, and dances—not as a form of self-punishment but more as a research project.

What Ellen needs most is to become used to the presence of boys, for as she does she will begin to view them as people—who share her insecurities—and not merely as

poor substitutes for her dreams.

As she learns to relax with boys in nondating situations, Ellen will be less tense on actual dates, too. This will make things easier for both herself and the boys, who at last might be able to show the gentle affection that Ellen won't be frightened of.

Patty would rather play records than do anything else—including straightening up her room, applying herself to her homework, and coming home on time after an evening at a friend's house. Which is precisely why her parents say she's too young to date.

Real maturity begins at home

Patty can't quite see the connection, but if she thought about it hard it might occur to her that she does behave irresponsibly.

Before she can convince her parents that she is old enough to go out with boys, she'll have to act old enough—and, like charity, this kind of maturity begins at home.

If Patty were to prove to her parents that she was growing up in the true sense, they would probably be glad to modify their restrictions.

Carolyn's world is all mixed up. She has plenty of dates, but somehow they're not the kind she wants.

She's so busy keeping her engagement diary straight that she hasn't had time to take a look at herself in over a year—a look inside, that is. (She's constantly admiring the surface: the omnipresent eye make-up, the too-fitted clothes, the studied sultriness of her movements.)

People's impressions depend on you

If Carolyn were to take stock she'd realise that a boy's impression of her is always the result of fact not fancy. And if she wanted to change this general impression these are the things she would do:

- Try to look her age, by wearing softer make-up and choosing clothes with less of a come-hither look.

- Renounce those sultry-siren mannerisms in favor of the fresh naturalness most of her contemporaries have.

- Stop trying to be all things to all boys. Only by being herself can Carolyn ever hope to meet the one boy she's going to marry some day. And he won't be the married picture-show manager!

And here's the special bonus—for Ellen and Patty and Carolyn and every girl who's willing to turn her dreams into dates. Just as your childhood idols became a part of the overall you, so will your later romantic ones.

Even after you've started to live in the immediate present of sharing and giving, you need



"When Como sings it's romantic, but when I suggest it it's fresh!"

never turn your back completely on your dreams.

The older man or the movie star is no less admirable because you've "dropped" him romantically; his good qualities are still as good as ever.

Go on admiring, but spend your precious emotions on that wonderful two-way street known as girl meets boy... and love every living minute of it.

A POINT OF ETIQUETTE

TEENAGERS now seem to do half their courting over the telephone—so make sure your telephone manners are perfect.

First, don't monopolise your family's phone. From their point of view that's the most important thing of all.

BOYS: When you're ringing a girl to ask her for a date and one of her parents answers the phone, say: "Hello, may I speak to Cathy, please. This is Jim Brown speaking."

After you've said "hello," don't immediately blurt out your invitation. Chat for a while, then say: "I was wondering if you'd like to come to the pictures with me on Saturday night?"

GIRLS just can't ring up boys to pass the time of day—they'll be labelled boy-chasers, but fast. Wait till you've a valid reason, or, better still, till they ring you.

Don't affect bored disinterest and say "yes" or "what." Nothing could be ruder.

When your conversation is finished, say: "Thank you for ringing. Goodbye."

Just remember to be NATURAL—and that telephone will keep on ringing for you.

LISTEN HERE — WITH BERNARD FLETCHER

She pulled herself up with pink shoe laces

● **Dodie Stevens, the girl with pink shoe laces, is quite a little oldtimer in the entertainment world—at the age of 13.**

HER "Pink Shoe Laces" platter, released in Australia on April 9, is skyrocketing to the top of the hit parades in all States.

Having just entered her teens, she has taken her older teenagers by storm in a matter of weeks.

Dodie has been singing in public since she was five.

She was born of Italian parents in Chicago on February 17, 1946, and being one of an Italian family is just about the best way to become a singer.

Italians are always singing. Dodie learned Italian folk songs from her father and mother.

In 1949 the family moved to Temple City, California. She won three trophies at contests held by the Los Angeles Bureau of Music.

At six she became a pupil of Mrs. Helen Bishop, voice coach and music arranger.

From 1951 Dodie gave many shows for Service clubs, hospitals, charity groups, and other organisations.

In 1954 she appeared on the Art Linkletter show "House Party," with Dick Clark, Pat Boone, Bob Hope on "American Bandstand," and other shows.

She did four filmed TV shows with Frankie Laine, was chosen from 150 children for the spec-

tacular "Bell For Adano" as one of the 12 singers.

She likes rock-'n-roll, but prefers George Gershwin.

Dodie is good at swimming, table-tennis, and all subjects at school. But she lives to sing.

Eddie Cantor calls her "the greatest young talent since Judy Garland."

WAY up near the top of "Billboard's" hit chart in the States is the ballad "A Teenager In Love," and by this time next week it should be available in Australia on HL 1533, a 45 r.p.m. single.

The lyrics, we must admit, strike a new low in banality, but you're sure to like the work of Dion and the Belmonts, a new vocal group. Dion, the leader, takes the vocal lead and gets catchy support from baritone Carlo Mastrangelo, first tenor Angelo d'Aleo, and second tenor Fred Milano.

Dion was a troupier at 11, having made his debut with a Paul Whiteman show, and the boys teamed up just two years ago. Since then they have clicked on stage, TV, and personal appearances.

"I've Cried Before" is the backing they've picked for their local disc debut.

A DISC of party piano music should be in every collection, so if you're in the market for such a platter help yourself to a trial spin of "Pack Up Your Troubles," a long-player (330SX.1120) released last week with a generous collection of twenty tried-and-true tunes.

Piano man Russ Conway has turned out some good albums lately, but this is his happiest effort to date. He doesn't go in for any airy-fairy pianistics; his style is uncompli-

cated and packed with rhythm.

Together with a small group directed by Geoff Love, Russ introduces such durable melodies as "Margie," "If You Knew Susie," "After You've Gone," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and "Bye Bye Blackbird."

A rollicking disc like this should make even the most staid guest let her hair down.

THE Glenn Miller legend must be one of the phenomena of show business. As you know, he was reported missing, later presumed dead, during the war, and you'd have thought that would have been the final chapter.

But no. His story was filmed and his wonderful band reorganised. Soon I'm hoping to hear the hitherto unreleased soundtracks from two of his movies, "Sun Valley Serenade" and "Orchestra Wives," but in the meantime I got a terrific amount of pleasure from "Reunion in Hi Fi" (CL.7631, released in May), which features the former Glenn Miller singers.

The numbers on "Reunion" are all the familiar Miller standards, but the charm of this nostalgic LP is being able to meet up again with Tex Beneke, Marion Hutton, Ray Eberle, and that polished group The Modernaires—Paula Kelly, Hal Dickinson, Francis Scott, Johnny Drake, and Dick Cathcart.

However, don't think the vocalists steal all the limelight. They have to share the honors with a terrific orchestra of almost 40 top musicians, all of which adds up to real luxury in Hi Fi listening.

WEBER, Schumann, and Debussy can hardly be counted as musical giants, yet each has produced some very durable music. Faint strains of the graceful "Invitation To The Waltz" may be heard in the mind's ear whenever Weber's name is mentioned, and, sad to say, poor Debussy seems fated to be known as "that Frenchman who wrote 'Clair de Lune.'"

I was very cheered to come across a record containing some comparatively rare music by these three composers, and par-

ticularly because the featured instrument is the clarinet.

Records for orchestra, piano, violin, and so on we have in plenty, but the clarinet is all too frequently overlooked. It's a fresh experience to hear the fluid tones of the clarinet, combined with piano, coming from your gram.

Clarinetist Reginald Kell, once prominent in the catalogues, has not been very active lately. However, in the States, where this English artist now lives, he has just made two stereo recordings—Clarinet Quintets by Brahms and Mozart—and out here we can welcome on FL.7030 his performances of Weber's Grand Duo Concertant, Op. 48, Schumann's Fantasiestücke, Op. 73, and Debussy's First Rhapsody.

Kell is still the No. 1 man on his instrument. He has always been noted for his tone, smooth and beautifully modulated, but we mustn't neglect applauding his partner, pianist Joel Rosen, who so skillfully complements him throughout.

This LP presents a brief glimpse of the clarinet's use over a span of nearly 100 years.



DODIE ("Pink Shoe Laces") STEVENS, near the top of the hit parades at 13, is a veteran of eight years on radio and television.



Dion and The Belmonts are expected to reach the top pop lists in Australia with their new release, "A Teenager in Love."

OTHER GIRLS' JOBS

She's going to be a "legal eagle"

By MIRIAM FOWLER

● At Sydney University's Law School sixty girls are studying to enter what has always been considered essentially a man's world — the legal profession.

FUNDAMENTALLY the law is a man's profession, according to Miss Christian Jollie-Smith, well-known solicitor who has been practising in Sydney since the early 'thirties.

"There isn't any great prejudice against women in law," she said. "Women are always treated with the utmost courtesy and the same opportunities are there for them to make good.

"But it's terrifically hard work. And in law you have to have a flair for abstract thinking. Women usually don't."

Whatever the reason, the law seems to be a profession which does not appeal to many girls.

Certainly, there are 60 girl students at the Law School, but on the other hand there are 640 male students.

In New South Wales there

are only 70 women solicitors practising (2600 males) and two women barristers (400 males).

One girl who has entered this man's world with high hopes is 19-year-old articled clerk Stella Collins.

"Yes, law is still regarded as a profession for men," Stella agreed, "but I have found the men of the legal world very pleasant and helpful."

Stella's choice of a career is not altogether surprising — she is the eldest of the five children of the Hon. Mr. Justice W. H. Collins and Mrs. Collins, of Epping.

"You see, I was brought up in a legal atmosphere," Stella explained. "When I was a child my father was a barrister, and I used to go with him whenever he had to examine the scene of an accident or anything like that. Whenever he would take me, of course," she added.

There are three different ways to study law. Stella decided to study through the Sydney University Law School in Phillip Street—Sydney's legal headquarters.

As well as attending Law School lectures, Stella works as one of six articled clerks in a solicitor's office. She has just entered the second year of her five years' articles.

"I am the first female articled clerk my firm has had, so I have quite a responsibility showing them that a girl can do the work just as efficiently as a boy," she said.

One of the main essentials for an articled clerk is a good pair of feet. Almost the whole of the articled clerk's first year's work is done out of doors, on foot.



DRESSED UP for a date, Stella waits for her escort to arrive at her home.



YOUNG sister Kathleen gets some help with her homework from Stella, who has two brothers and two sisters.

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ARTICLED CLERK Stella Collins stops to speak to a barrister on the verandah of the Supreme Court in King Street, a favorite meeting-place for articled clerks.

The second year of articles doesn't require quite so much footwork. The clerks then get their first "inside work," dealing directly with clients in simple matters, but still under close supervision.

"Two months ago I was given my first land-dispute matter to handle," she said. "But that doesn't mean you stop running around outside. That takes years."

With more experience, the work becomes correspondingly more complicated.

Through this gradual training, and the lectures and examinations, the articled clerk becomes competent, and at the end of five years should be capable of dealing with the public as a qualified solicitor, or appearing in court as a barrister.

This is called "going to the Bar."

"I'm thinking of going to the Bar, but won't make up my mind until I'm nearly through," Stella told me.

"In any event I intend to first become a judge's associate to gain experience, and will probably decide my fate

then." (An associate is right-hand man to a judge of the Supreme Court or High Court.)

But the life of an articled clerk isn't all as serious as it sounds.

The articled clerks' "coffee break" after lectures has grown into almost a legal tradition. If you were to pop into a coffee shop near Phillip Street after lectures each day you would see earnest little groups everywhere discussing the latest gossip on the legal grapevine.

Stella is a keen fencer, water-skier, and a member of the Sydney University Players.

In the very little spare time she has left, she likes to stay at home curled up in a chair with one of her favorite books, or in the kitchen experimenting with Continental and Chinese recipes.

Are articled clerks interested in fashion? Stella is.

"I like slim skirts and bulky men's jumpers, sometimes with black or colored stockings or Bermuda socks," she said.

Which all goes to prove you don't have to be a blue stocking to be a legal eagle.

How to become a lawyer

YOU can do law through three different bodies:

- The University Law School.
- The Solicitors' Admission Board.
- The Barristers' Admission Board.

For the Law School you can do either the full-time (4 years) or the part-time (5 years) course, after which you qualify for your Bachelor of Laws degree. Whichever course you take, to be a solicitor you must be articled. This is not necessary for barristers.

Fees for the four-year Law School course are £416/8/-; for the five-year course, £429/15/-.

The average weekly wage for an articled clerk ranges from £5 in first year to £13 in final year.

Both Solicitors and Barristers' Boards conduct examinations, but do not give lectures.

42-DAY PLAN TO CHANGE YOUR FIGURE

● Your grandmother could blame her avoirdupois, or lack of it, on an absent ancestor . . . a relative who was "fleshy" or "born skinny." Your mother had a convenient villain to account for figure faults . . . she called it "glandular." Today there are no scapegoats!

ALL of us know the healthy body is overweight or underweight because it isn't getting the right diet, rest, and exercise.

It may be a harder fact to face—but it has one great plus. You know you can change your shape, bring it closer to your heart's desire and its proper contour, make it feel better as well as look better.

Notice we give no table of "ideal" measurements here. There is no such animal, Brigitte and others to the contrary.

The best plan is to ask your doctor what he considers the best weight for you, and when your weight conforms to this your figure will come into proportion. You lose quickest where you are heaviest.

True, each of us has a small deviation from what we think of as ideal; a bust that is a bit smaller or bigger than we might wish, a waist that is thinner or thicker than a friend's, hips we would like to see a little smaller.

But if you follow our 42-day Figure Plan every day for all 42 days . . . you'll see a happier figure on the scales.

Please—PLEASE—take all 42 days for the plan. Eat everything listed every day; skip no meals; skip none of the foods. You may think you can eat half as much and lose your poundage in 21 days, or twice as much and gain your poundage in that span. It doesn't work that way.

Whether you are a T.R. (too round) or a T.S. (too straight), your basic three meals each day are surprisingly alike—in print. The difference is in the size of the servings, in the amount of sugar, starch, and butter-fat.

And remember one other important thing; breakfast is a health and energy meal, not a weight-adder. Everyone needs it, regardless of poundage.

Do you know the two exercises that do the most for

every part of your figure? They are walking and swimming.

As for exercises of the toe-touching variety, begin with these three. Do the first two ten times the first day, increasing to twenty times by the end of a week.

For your bustline, "Twin Propeller": Stand erect, raise arms at sides to shoulder level with palms face down; keeping arms straight, rotate in ten-inch circles towards your back. You'll feel the muscle-pull in your upper chest and back. "Twin Propeller" strengthens the pectoral muscles that support the breasts, tends to lift the bosom, firms up back muscles.

For your waistline, "Row, Row, Row": Lie on your back on the floor, "anchoring" your toes under a chest, bed, or heavy chair. With arms over head, sit up slowly, lean forward to touch your toes (or as close as possible), hold the position, then slowly lie down. As you get more agile at this, don't anchor your toes but keep your legs flat on the floor. As you get even more adroit, begin with your arms at your sides, moving them to touch your toes only after you are in a sitting position. "Row, Row, Row" tends to slim down a waistline, tends to add right tone and curves to a too-thin middle.

For your posterior, "The Bike Ride": Lie on your back on the floor, roll back on to your upper back and shoulders, legs in the air, and support yourself in this position with your arms on the floor, your hands "cradling" your thighs. Now pedal slowly, then faster, then slowly. Unless you feel this acutely, you could do this for one minute the first day, working up to five minutes. "The Bike Ride" helps buttocks, thighs, and legs to lose their too-round or too-straight look.

And there it is—a 42-day plan for three meals a day, three exercises a day—nothing you can't eat and do, right in your own home.

BREAKFAST EVERY DAY

*Fruit—Citrus or Tomato Juice
Whole Grain Cereal
or
Egg(s) and Toast
Milk*

TOO ROUND:

Small cereal, little or no sugar on it; all milk is skimmed. Your egg(s) is 1 egg. Your toast has no jam or jelly and very little spread.

TOO STRAIGHT:

Cereal, sugar, and whole milk. Or if it's eggs, two eggs, please; your toast has butter, jam, jelly, or honey. Your beverage is whole milk.

LUNCH EVERY DAY

*Meat or Eggs or Fish or Cheese
A leafy vegetable (lettuce, spinach, broccoli, beans, etc.)
Bread
Beverage
Dessert*

TOO ROUND:

Your meat is always lean—beef, lamb, veal, or chicken; your cheese is cottage cheese; your fish is a lean fish, un-fatty, non-oily; your eggs are poached, boiled, or scrambled, minus butter or oil. Your leafy vegetable gets "trimmed" with lemon juice. Your dessert is fresh fruit or a diet fruit that avoids thick sugar-syrup—and your cookies are non-existent. If you must have bread, keep to one slice with little or no spread.

TOO STRAIGHT:

Hamburger, lamb, veal, chicken, pork, ham, duck. Your fish can be any you like. Your leafy vegetable gets decorated with mayonnaise or French dressing if it's salad, butter or sauce if it's a hot vegetable. Your cheese can be any kind. Your eggs can be cooked as you wish, but eat two, if they are your "meat." Your dessert is fresh fruit or canned fruit—and live it up with a cookie or two, a slice of cake and some ice-cream.

DINNER EVERY DAY

*Meat, Egg, or Fish Dish
A leafy vegetable
A potato or rice or spaghetti or macaroni
A raw or yellow vegetable . . . tomatoes, or carrots, onions, scallions, cucumbers, radishes
Bread or Rolls
Dessert*

TOO ROUND:

Eat as the family is eating; pick your way around the fat parts; leave the potatoes or limas, if it's stew. Don't cut out potatoes or other starchy foods—just eat less of them and only once a day. Let the bread tray slide past you untouched. And ask mother to let you make your own desserts, using unflavored gelatine made with lemon juice or diet fruit.

TOO STRAIGHT:

Eat whatever the family is eating . . . but eat more than you have been eating. (Sure you can . . . think of that figure.) Your leafy vegetable and your raw or yellow vegetable get garnished with whatever seems easy and tasty . . . butter or hollandaise or dressing. Your potato gets well buttered; ditto your rice. Your dessert is whatever the family has.



Your doctor's pounds

Date	Weight	Date	Weight

GIRLS IN BOYS' CLOTHING . . .

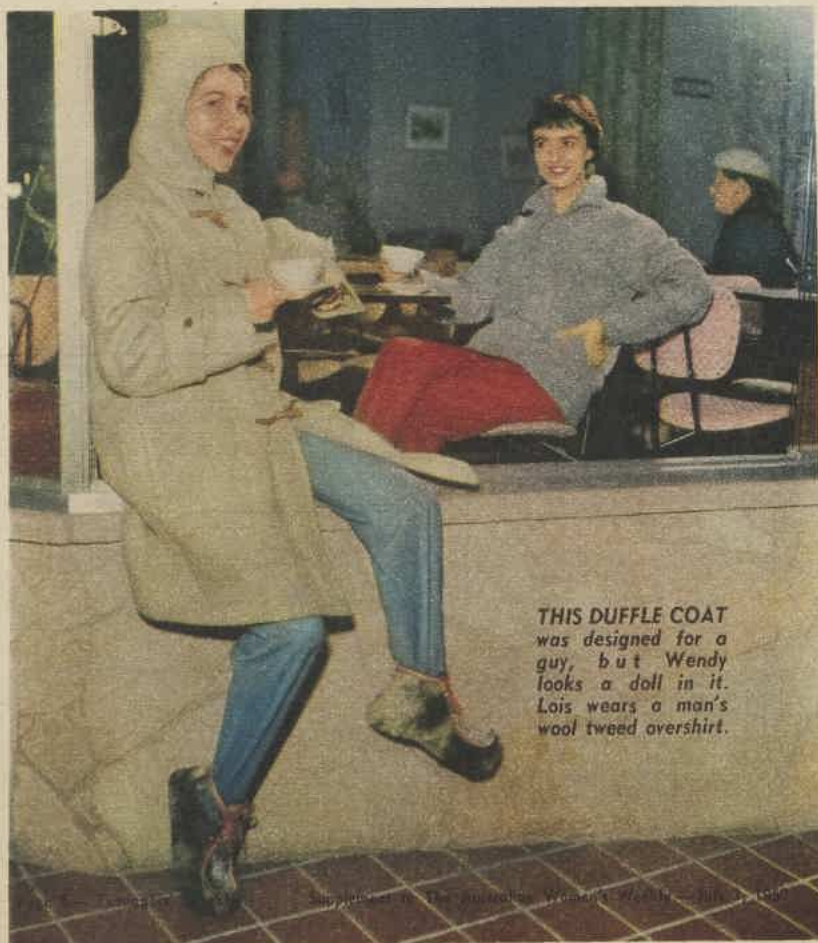
THE



HE WENT THATAWAY when he saw Wendy (top) and Lois wearing his ski jumpers. Both boys and girls agree these jumpers look wonderful in the snow and just as attractive when worn with black or gaily colored slacks for lounging around the house on those cold, wintry weekends.



CUT A DASH in one of Dad's grey flannel singlets—costs only £1. You'll soon get used to having the shirt-tail at your knees, or you can cut off the tail and it will look just like a blouse. This fashion will swivel heads when you stroll.



THIS DUFFLE COAT was designed for a guy, but Wendy looks a doll in it. Lois wears a man's wool tweed overshirt.



THE BIG STEAL

Look out, boys—the girls are wearing **YOUR** clothes—but it's too late now to stop them.irate brothers are putting locks on their wardrobes to keep clothes safe from fashion-conscious sisters. Pretty girls are raiding the men's stores in droves—and the clothes they are buying are not for their boy-friends. Be daring. Experiment with some of these gay "men-only" fashions.



HEARD THE LATEST? asks Lois. First you take a schoolboy's shirt, then knot the shirt-tails around your waist, roll up the sleeves, and what could look better with your Bermuda shorts.

EYES LEFT and you're right: Wendy and ski champ Paul Reader wear identical men's mohair sweaters. Lois chooses a man's wool jersey in an eye-catching chequer-board design. Girls have decided that bulky sweaters, coats are ultra-feminine.

NO MAN'S SAFE if he has these snappy woollen waistcoats in his wardrobe. They're just the thing to wear over casual shirts with slacks or Bermuda shorts and long socks. These boy-and-girl fashions are fun, new and so warm, too.



Source: The Australian Women's Weekly - July 1, 1957

Here's your answer

Send an invitation

"I AM 14 and although I don't know many boys there is one whom I particularly like. I met him at dancing lessons and he seemed to like me as he danced with me quite a lot. He was at a dance I went to about seven months ago and danced more with me than anyone else. Since then I haven't seen him. I don't even know if he knows my name. Next month is the school dance and I would very much like to ask him. As he no longer goes to dancing lessons I am not likely to see him before the dance. Do you think it would be all right for me to write and ask him? If so, what should I say?"

"Ignorant," Vic.

Yes, I do. Write him a note and tell him that you have been asked to take a partner to the school dance and would he like to go with you if he is able to do so. Tell him, if it's true, that he'll meet many others of your mutual friends from Miss So-and-So's dancing class.

I think it would be ideal if you invited him by letter. It gives him a chance to think of a graceful way to refuse if he wants to. Also I'd suggest that if he could go he called round to your place beforehand so that you could make arrangements about meeting him on the night of the dance.

This would give you a chance to introduce him to your parents, too, without it being too obvious.

Older-men problem

"I AM nearly 16 and I hope you will be able to help me. I find that older men well out of their teens are much more attracted to me than boys of my own age group. I find this rather embarrassing. I hardly ever enjoy a dance because I naturally prefer boys of my own age. I am rather a quiet girl by nature and have left school. Also what would be a polite way to refuse a boy a date if you didn't like him?"

"Puzzled and Unhappy," Vic.



A polite "No thank you" is all that is necessary to refuse a date. No excuse is necessary.

The older-men situation is a bore for you. There's a generally held belief that the older a man is the younger he likes his casual girls to be, and not always his casual girls, either. Bing Crosby's second wife, for instance, was in her early twenties and he was in his middle fifties when he married her.

But I wouldn't worry, the boys of your own age will discover you one day.

Does he like me?

"I AM in love with a boy of my own age who last year liked me. I knew this, but I didn't return his feelings, but now I find I am quite attracted to him. A few months back he started taking another girl out, and then later switched over to a younger girl. He is still supposed to be going with this young girl. By his actions I am sure that he still likes me, as he always turns up somewhere near me and at sports which I am in. I would like to ask him if he still likes me, but it isn't my place to do so, is it? I am sure he knows I like him. Also, the two of us are judged by our friends as 'those two steady friends.' Do you think I really love him, or is it jealousy for the other girl?"

"Not Sure," N.S.W.

I don't really think you love him. I think you'd like him to be your boy-friend and you certainly are jealous of his other girl-friends. But for someone who threw him away last year, you seem to be doing pretty well. Why don't you just keep on the way you are going? Something will happen, I'm sure.

Travel or marriage?

"I AM 19 years old and have been keeping company with a 23-year-old man for 18 months. We plan to become engaged in 18 months when I finish my general nursing training, and to marry 12 months later, when I have completed a midwifery course. Previously I had planned to travel for six months after I finished training, but my friend is anxious to marry and does not wish me to go abroad. He says we could go later when we are established and have paid off our home and furniture. I feel there would be too many obligations later for such a trip. My friend is very understanding and generous and is saving for our future, and he becomes rather hurt if I mention the trip. He feels if I love him sufficiently I should be content to settle down. I do not wish to hurt him. Should I make this trip abroad before marriage, and am I being selfish or should I be content to settle down?"

"Nineteen," S.A.

Go for the trip before you are married. If you don't, you'll regret it always, and so will your husband.

Once the wedding is over and the two of you settle down to paying off the house and furniture, it is quite likely that the trip you didn't go for will be the weapon you use against your husband in every difference of opinion, row, or serious estrangement.

It will become more than just a trip you didn't have, it will be the big sacrifice you made for him. And we women are inclined to harp on such things.

You have obviously planned this trip for years, and I really do think you should go.

Mind you, I don't think your man is being completely selfish when he says he doesn't want you to go for the trip. He is just being human. He is unsure that you'll come back to him, and he loves you so much he wants to marry you and get you firmly anchored beside him.

I think it will be a feather in his cap if you go for the trip, come back and marry him, and that if you do, the two of you will have a great chance of real happiness. But with you feeling the way you do, I don't think you'd stand a chance.

I don't think you are selfish, either, nor do I think you will ever know the true depth of your feelings for this man unless you go.

Boys are shy

"I AM a senior student of 17 and I have a boy-friend at school. He takes me out, but when I am at school he just walks past me as if he doesn't see me. Sometimes I say, 'Hello' to him and he doesn't seem enthusiastic to talk. How am I to know whether he is still going to escort me out. Could you please advise me what to do?"

"Worried," W.A.

When you're at school you should keep a schoolgirl's place, which is certainly not talking to your boy-friend in the playground.

I think his smile is quite sufficient to let you know he is still keen about you.

If you insist on the public announcement of his feelings for you—which is what talking in the playground is—I think you can kiss him goodbye. Boys are shy and and sensitive about their first romances, it doesn't take much to send them running for cover.

A milkshake date

"I AM a boy of 17. I am in love with a very shy girl of 16 whom I see quite often and whom I think likes me, but because she is so shy she says hello and smiles at me occasionally when no one else is near. Do you think I should approach her, if so, how? Do you think she likes me?"

"Wondering William," Qld.

Yes. Why don't you stop and talk to her some day? You could ask her to the pictures if you wanted to, but don't rush her. A drink at a milk bar is a good start to a friendship. A ten-minute talk with a drink doesn't give anyone a chance to be shy.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



DATES with the girls for shower teas are always part of the rush and excitement of the last few weeks before a girl's wedding. There's nothing better than a shower tea with friends and the wonderful gossip that goes with them.

Anyone can give a bride-to-be a shower tea, but it is generally a bridesmaid, a sister or close friend.

Who is asked? The hostess asks the bride-to-be for a list of the guests she would like to come, and invites them. Shower teas are one of the occasions when the hostess doesn't have to know all the guests personally. She invites them via the telephone or a little note, as friends of the bride-to-be and meets them when they arrive.

You can give any kind of tea party you like. It can be a kitchen tea (very popular), a handkerchief tea, a pantry tea, a linen tea, a garden tea (with packets of seeds and cuttings struck in pots as gifts), or anything you like.

It's a thoughtful hostess who sets a limit on the cash value of the gift for her guests. Nothing over 5/- is a good idea. If you don't do this you'll find someone will arrive with a gold-plated colander and embarrass all the other members of the party.

If you'd like to fete the bride-to-be at a tea without putting her friends to any expense at all, a recipe or kitchen hints tea is the drill. The hostess buys a recipe file and during the party every guest writes her favorite recipe or time-saving kitchen hint on one of the cards.

Food for the tea—generally afternoon tea, although it can be luncheon if you like—can be simple or elaborate, but it's generally just sandwiches and afternoon tea cakes.

Sophisticated girls sometimes like to have a mixed tea, late in the afternoon or in the evening, with fiances and boy-friends as well. This changes the whole thing and cuts out the gossip. I don't think boys go with shower teas. Leave them be.



WHAT FOUNDATION? Young girls need only a light base—complexion milk or pale cream.

*A lot of make-up is a pity,
but a touch of color turns
a girl who doesn't turn
heads into a girl who does*

MAKE-UP MAGIC FOR BEGINNERS

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Nearly every teenage girl wears a little make-up these days—or is planning to do so—and there is no harm in that as long as she uses cosmetics for the prettiest effect.

YOUNG teenage skins need no heavy make-up to pretty them—they can stand on their own merits—but a little make-up goes a long way at any age.

Anyone who is hep uses color not merely to catch the eye but as a form of emphasis to point up pretty eyes, to highlight good bone structure, or to draw attention to a good skin.

Quite young girls look nicest with very little make-up, just lipstick and eye-pencil, some pale nail varnish, and hair loose and longish.

A healthy, shining skin is most attractive and young looking.

Later there are ways a girl can add items like foundation and face powder, mascara, and eye-shadow and still look understated.

Look at the pictures on this page and see how to apply four different cosmetics and still look as if you aren't wearing any make-up at all.

Our young model, Barbara Roseworn, is wearing a pale foundation, thinly applied, to give her skin a smooth surface. No rouge is necessary when a girl has all the natural color she needs.

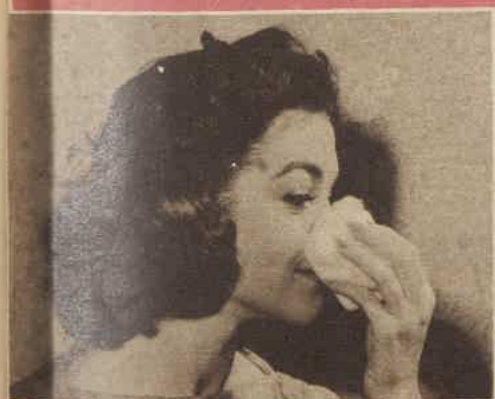
Her face powder is just slightly darker than the foundation and the lipstick is one of those spirit-raising creamy pinks that look dreamy on everyone under 20.

Brown pencil and mascara, put on brows and eyelashes with clean brushes, define the eyes.

When a teenager uses cosmetics this way she doesn't look like a film star, but it's a cinch everyone she meets will notice how pretty she is because all her features are lightly accented.

PERFECTLY SIMPLE
and girlish is the
finished make-up with
natural lips and just
enough eye glamor.

EYE GLAMOR takes
practice and for that
there is no place like
home. Rules for the
beginner are: use a
very light hand and
DON'T overdo anything.



PRESS powder gently but firmly into the skin, over the whole face and neck. Always apply with a clean cotton-wool pad, then fluff off surface powder outwards from the centre of the face.



A LIP BRUSH outlines the natural lipline cleanly. Then work in more color, using the brush or a lipstick. **ABOVE:** Lips are blotted on a tissue.



LONDON

Travel abroad

By
CAROL
TATTERSFIELD



ADEN

Last week we gave you facts about planning a trip abroad. Now you can start packing.

- First of all you need something in which to pack. A cabin trunk is ideal, and take big, strong suitcases.

IT doesn't matter if you find you won't possibly have enough things to put in your bags. Empty space is easy to travel with, and you'll need all the space you can find for the return voyage when, seemingly overnight, your wardrobe has swelled alarmingly.

Now, what do you take? First impulse will be to thrust aside all your old work-a-day clothes to younger sister or poor friend. Don't! The sort of life you're planning on your trip won't be nearly as glamorous or dressy as your normal Australian routine.

It's true that you'll need dinner and dance dresses for the ship, and presentable sun-clothes, but don't buy new ones before you leave. The other ship passengers won't have seen you wearing any of your old wardrobe before. It will be new and smart to them for the whole voyage.

Well then, what for London, England, the Continent? Old clothes again. If you are intending to go to a Garden Party, the theatre in the expensive seats, and to dinner once or twice, you can still wear the best of your old clothes.

Once again it is unlikely that you will be mixing with the same crowd of people at all of your outings, so you needn't worry about "being in the same thing twice."

Or it would be a rather good idea, and a much more exciting one, to wait till you get to England to buy your really best, once-in-a-trip-time, grand clothes.

Take all your casuals

But you'll be mostly touring round in casual clothes, so take all your Australian hard-wearing casuals.

Go easy on the number of shoes you take, though. They are heavy travellers and the quality and price of English and Continental footwear will

leave you drooling and happily shod for a long time.

Don't forget your shoe-cleaning kit or any of those fiddly little toiletry bits. Clothes brushes, cakes of soap, needles and cotton, hairclips cost the same amount of money the world over, and your hard-earned cash for Europe is worth too much to dribble away on such mundane things.

And what about a hot-water bottle from home? Even a hot-water bottle costs money in England that could be better spent on something more glamorous and unusual.

If there's a spare sleeping-bag or inflatable rubber mattress lying round the house at home, take it, too. It will come in handy for your camping trip round the Continent, or may even see you through the night in a friend's London flat.

If you are intending to use the Youth Hostels in Europe you will have to have a special hostel "sleeping-sheet." Buy this before you leave. It costs £1/16/6.

Have you got everything now? Coat-hangers, too? Well, now you must fill in the labels the shipping company has sent. Stick them on your bags and arrange for a baggage agent to deliver them to the ship.

By now, your embarkation notice has arrived. You tuck your ticket, large address book, letters of introduction, passport, travellers' cheques, cosmetics, income tax clearance, driving licences, and probably a spare toothbrush into a large, large handbag which should close securely.

You're nearly off.

Suddenly friends and family are just tiny specks on the wharf. Streamers break. After a year's planning, THIS IS IT! You're off, and you'll probably want to cry. But not for long. Ship-board life will soon absorb you. Have fun and relax.

Just a word of warning, though, before you start. Don't fall too desperately in love with that handsome ship's officer. Charming the passengers—or,

more specifically, you — is all part of his job.

Another warning: beware of the hawkers who swarm aboard in Eastern ports of call. You may buy a bargain fountain pen which disintegrates, a camera with a phony lens, a bottle of scent which is heavily watered down.

You'll pay a bit more for bargains in a shop which has been recommended by your travel agent or a ship official, but the bargains will be real.

Towards the end of the voyage—or even at the beginning—you will probably start to worry about tipping.

Let your cabin steward and table steward understand, at the outset of the trip, that if they look after you satisfactorily during the trip you will tip at the end of it.

Just how much you give them is a purely personal matter, but generally a cabin steward can be given from £2 to £5 sterling, a table steward about £2, a bath steward £1, and a stewardess anything from 10/- to £2. Tipping in the bar is usually done each time drinks are ordered.

Don't buy too much at first

No sooner have you adapted yourself to your new shipboard home than you have to leave it. Friends made aboard disperse and become strangers again, and a little of your sense of security is dispersed with them.

So you are in London. Abroad! It is a little overwhelming, so do not try to do too much in your first week there. And don't buy too much. The shops will be tempting, but there is a lot of time left for shopping.

Put your name down in the book at Australia House and you will probably meet there lots of friends from home. Write or telephone all those people in your address book. You will need all the help you can get to organise your accommodation and your touring and working programme.

First, accommodation. After

your two weeks in a guest-house or hostel you will hanker for a more permanent base. Even if you plan to do a lot of touring you will probably need somewhere for your luggage and a "home" for the week or so in London between trips.

Join up with about three other girls and set about finding a flat. This seems the cheapest and most comfortable type of accommodation, and, though four people may seem a bit too hectic, you will probably find that you are not often all there at the same time.

After a couple of weeks you will have a general idea of what you want to see and do, where you want to travel, how, and with whom.

As June is the month of great events in London—Wimbledon, Trooping of the Color, etc., time will not hang heavily there. During that month you will probably make plans for a trip to the Continent.

If you plan a Youth Hostelling, hitch-hiking trip, best to get under way for Scandinavia in July and August. September and October are the best months for travel in Italy, southern France, and Spain.

August and September are good months for Scottish travel and you may take in the Edinburgh Festival, Highland Games, and other events en route.

There are a hundred and one ways of transport and accommodation at your disposal both in the United Kingdom and on the Continent.

Hitch-hiking is quite reputable and reasonably safe in the United Kingdom, but it is not recommended alone on the Continent.

For gregarious travellers, the coach tours are good value, but it is usually better to embark on one of these with a friend, as you could easily be thrust in with a busload of terribly nice croquet players on their annual

tour—this time round the ruins of Italy.

The advantage of the coach tour is that it is entirely care-free. No currency worries, no risk of accommodation troubles, and no likelihood of running out of petrol in a desert in Spain.

However, more full-of-fun touring, and much more eventful, can be had by a carload of congenial teenagers, travelling independently.

A car can be cheaper

Even if a group of four actually buy a car and then resell it after the touring season, the cost of the tour is probably cheaper than a tour by bus or public transport.

Hiring a car from one of the reputable English firms for both English and Continental travel is also popular, cheap transport.

Shocking though the thought may be, it is often a good idea to travel in mixed parties. A boy in the car crew is not only a boon mechanically—helping with the driving, burnt-out generators, fixing up insurance papers, etc.—but a great source of moral support to a party of girls.

For in Europe unattended girls are "fair game" to the over-attentive opposite sex, and girls alone are not often able to sample the community bistro, night-life aspect which is such an integral part of the European life-pattern. Such fun, too.

Travelling by car, with the minimum of luggage, you will be able to stay cheaply in the inevitable youth hostel in each

What to take— and what to do



COLOMBO

centre, and in Spain, France, and Italy small guest-houses or pensions are cheap and often curious and quaint.

Car-users in England, however, are not eligible for youth-hostel accommodation, but pleasant bed- and -breakfasts abound at prices ranging from about 7/6 to 12/6 a night, and it's usually not necessary to book ahead.

And what about camping? This is the cheapest housing of the lot. In England and in agricultural European communities a polite request of the local landowner will give you a wonderful free accommodation with usually some cut-price farm-grown produce thrown in to the bargain.

Don't be stumped by the simple lack of a farm plot. There is an international society for tent tourists, which you can join in England, and which runs highly organised camping grounds throughout Europe.

Camping at

only 2/6 a night

You can also join the International Federation of Camping and Caravanning, to which the Camping and Caravanning Club of Great Britain and Ireland is affiliated.

For approximately 1/6 to 2/6 per person per night, campers can find bathing, laundry, toilet, and often cooking facilities, as well as space for tent and car, often in the heart of the great cities—even in Paris, Madrid, and atop one of the seven hills of Rome.

Though some of the camps run cheap restaurants, it is more usual for campers to cook their

own meals, and this entails shopping for fresh foods in the local markets.

The early morning shopping excursions are often the most exciting part of the day's travelling. Milk and meat are often expensive and hard to come by in remote parts of Spain and Italy, so it's a good idea to pack milk powder and tinned meat in with your camping kit.

But it's possible to live cheaply and royally on the fantastic variety of fish and fruit. Oh, those Roman peaches!

Sign language is the recognised form of communication in the markets, and in some countries you can even try before you buy. An easy way to consume a fresh breakfast, this, but it's neither wise nor fair to antagonise the local peasant grower, who has a much leaner existence than you are ever likely to know.

If you are interested in winning and dining, try to eat in a local restaurant at least once in each country or gastronomic region.

Each produces a wine or a dish or cheese which is probably famous throughout the world.

Following this pattern—camping and travelling by car, shopping in markets, and eating

out occasionally—it's possible that your grand tour of Europe can cost a mere £5 to £7 a week.

And the language problem? Don't worry. It's not really necessary to command anything but English, but a handbook of foreign phrases is a "must."

It's a good idea to learn the names of the towns in their own language. For example, Florence does not exist for the local peasant whom you ask, but "Firenze" may be just over the hill.

Currencies change with each change of border. You will have your sterling traveller's cheques marked "negotiable for Europe," but it is wise to cross each border with a couple of cheques cashed into the jingly currency of the new country.

If you study the rates of exchange for sterling you may be able to "make" on the switch by waiting till you have crossed the border, or perhaps by cash-



ing all the cheques you think you'll need for the new country before you cross the border.

Different banks will give you different rates of exchange, so deal with the most consistent one—most young tourists find the American Express Company reliable and accessible.

DON'T deal with black-market racketeers. You will come across them—or vice versa, they will spot you first—all along the European line.

● **NEXT WEEK: How to get a job in London or Europe.**

A GUY talks about DOLLS

● Girls have always been hard to understand. Their likes, dislikes, logic, intuition, all that sort of stuff, I mean.

BUT now—brother!—even the language of some girls is yet another sweet mystery of life to the mere male. And, of course, that's me.

For instance, look at the communication problem I had on a date the other night.

She was sweet, 17, truly a dish fit for a king—until she opened her mouth. We were dancing. And the band was giving out with a few really hot licks.

"Nervous!" she suddenly breathed into my ear.

I said I shouldn't imagine so; they'd been playing in public long enough to have got over stagefright.

"I didn't mean that, silly. I meant they were good!"

The floor became crowded. "This is Antsville!" she said.

Well, it was a cha-cha, but for the life of me I couldn't see any little fellow of the Argentine variety.

"Antsville?" I said. Blankly.

"You know, full of people." Impatiently.

Then the night that had been a pup became a dog that had had its day and we were home.

"Dad," she sighed as I was embarking on a life of crime by trying to steal a kiss, "tonight was ginchiest!"

Dad? Ginchiest? That stopped me faster than any father turning on the porch light ever had.

It was time to have the thing out, and over a cup of coffee she gave me the lowdown on her high-flown talk.

"Dad" was me. "Ginchiest" meant that the outing had been "the most," as we squares say.

It turned out that all she had been doing was making with the King's jive—speaking English to you (and me)—"as she is spoke" by a current TV thriller character and hit-parade singer who has caught the eyes, and vocabularies, of several thousand Sydney lasses.

He's Kookie, a lad who wends his way through the thud-and-blunder series "77 Sunset Strip."

According to a lot of girls, he's the hottest cookie since King Alfred's burnt cakes.

And since the private eye has hit the young female public eye, many parents and boy-friends who think they are "hep" to teenage girl-talk have found they are out of date.

But after a talk with my date that night I'm able to help them get the beat (start to understand).

To do this I'll give them the file (facts) on a doll (girl) and a Dad (boy) who wanted to be mushroom people (come out at night and live it up).

Now although this Dad was pretty nervous (that's good, remember?) he wanted to hero (impress) the doll.

So he tried to saddle the homestead horse (borrow the family car).

But The Man (it used to be the old man B.K.—Before Kookie), remembering the last loan of the car when the Dad had driven with his heels on fire (in a hurry) and was almost buzzed by germsville (put in hospital), insisted that the horse stayed in the stable (the garage).

No horse, so the Dad—a sort of "my son's father is my father's son" riddle, isn't it?—buzzed (put, okay?) his doll on to a bus and they visited Disneyland (went to the movies).

But the show was so poor that it looked as if they would pile up the Z's (go to sleep) in it. So they left.

They went to a dance hall that was Antsville, and the music soon had them blowing the jets (getting excited).

She was on the hook (caught) and long and airy (flying high) because as a dancer he was ginchiest.

He thought she was nervous, too.

But unfortunately, when the song was ended, and they were home, the melody didn't linger on.

She decided he was only a Tom Thumb (a squib trying to be a big noise) and gave him the Eskimo's roast (the cold shoulder).

The course of true love never DOES run nervous, does it?

—Robin Adair

● To page 16 for a pin-up of Kookie.

Love story





PARTY ICEBREAKERS



TEACHERS from the famous Arthur Murray School of Dancing will give courses to four Contest prizewinners.

No 'slow shows' for this hostess

● Perfume and lipstick are the very best weapons for breaking the "icy" barrier at parties, according to 17-year-old country girl Robin Flukes, of the Pilot Station, Narooma.

ROBIN'S original ice-breaker has won her the second £5 progress prize in our "Party Contest."

"Before I discovered a really effective icebreaker, my parties were typical 'slow shows,' no matter how well people knew each other," Robin told us.

Here is Robin's recipe for starting off a party:

"When I invite the girls I tell them all to bring a bottle of the perfume and a tube of the lipstick they are wearing. As they arrive, they line up both the bottles and lipsticks.

"Each boy then chooses one of each, and during the first hours of the party he must find their owner. She becomes his partner for the next game or dance.

"As the finding of owners entails much undignified sniffing and very close inspection of faces, reserve is quickly forgotten," Robin said.

All you have to do to enter our "Party Contest" is to write and tell us your favorite icebreaker. Keep your letter fairly short and don't worry if it isn't an original idea.

The contest will close on July 15.

Address your entries: "Party Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

There are still four £5 progress prizes to be won, and these weekly winners are also eligible for the big prizes totalling £600 in value!

FIRST PRIZE: A Philips Model 215 9-valve True 2-Unit Stereophonic Radiogram in walnut or maple finish, valued at 159 guineas.

OTHER PRIZES:

FOUR Philips Model 198 push-button all-transistor portable radios, valued at 42 guineas each.

FOUR 25-guinea courses at The Arthur Murray School of Dancing. The course of 26 private and group lessons can be taken at the Sydney or the Parramatta studio.

ONE grooming and deportment course at the June Dally-Watkins School, valued at 20 guineas.

FOUR Agfa Opticus 100 Slide-o-matic color slide projectors, valued at £19 each.

SIX prizes of two vouchers each for 12-inch LP stereophonic Philips, Polydor, or D.G.G. recordings, valued at 3 guineas each.

● This contest is governed by the rules as published in our issue of June 10.



Long-haired but hep

KOOKIE (Edward Byrnes), 25-year-old hep car hop of "77 Sunset Strip," the popular TV mystery series, has recorded a sensationally popular new song, "Kookie, Kookie, Lend Me Your Comb." A survey of his American fans showed they are 100 to 1 against his cutting his long hair, which he continually combs when on the set.